BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1938

1/-

CHANNING POLLOCK
ACHMED ABDULLAH
FERDINAND TUOHY
ANTHONY WEYMOUTH
HARRY J. GREENWALL
F. MATANIA R.I.

COMPLETE HOME and FASHION SECTIONS

THEY'RE WORKING FOR A SCHOLARSHIP

This means constant application, mental and bodily strain. Mother would be wise not to neglect . . .

'The Five Food Values'

THE 5 FOOD-VALUES IN SHREDDED WHEAT

Vitamin 'B'	For Growth
Proteins	For Body-Building
Mineral Salts	For New Tissues
Carbo-Hydrates	For Energy
Bran	For Regularity

THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY HELPING!

SHR
WHOLE WH
SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE IN ENGLAND
BRITONS MAKE IT-
IT MAKES BRITONS

JUST two normal youngsters going through their early struggles. But so much depends upon their power to tackle stepping stones like this. That is why parents should never forget the importance of Shredded Wheat's "Five Food Values".

EVERYTHING FOR SOUND NUTRITION

Study these vital elements carefully. All play a vital part in healthy and progressive child development. And every helping of Shredded Wheat contains them in abundance. Everything that young bodies require for sound nutrition is supplied by this pure whole wheat food in a form that is easily assimilated and rapidly transformed into vigorous strength and energy—giving all that is needed to meet the most exacting demands of strenuous work and play. And this is why in the new national aim for a higher standard of fitness, Shredded Wheat plays such an important part.

ENJOYMENT IN EVERY HELPING

And how much the actual enjoyment of Shredded Wheat means too. Youngsters look forward with eager zest to every delicious helping, and mothers find the adaptability and economy of Shredded Wheat a constant boon. It can be served in so many delightful ways without the need of cooking. Serve Shredded Wheat to every member of the family. Let "The Five Food Values", in their own natural way, safeguard the health and happiness of all.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

"I learned this beauty lesson at an American Varsity match"...

THE LADY TENNYSON

"*It was before I came out. I was still at finishing school in America. And my room-mate's brother had asked me to be his guest at the great varsity match of the season — between Harvard and Princeton.*

"*I longed to go — but I was afraid my skin wouldn't compare with that of older girls who would attend. My skin was so rough—and not clear at all!*

"*But I'd read about Pond's Cold Cream. So I got some. And how my skin improved as I used it faithfully through the next two weeks!*

"*I went to the match. And I must have looked all right—for I had a very good time at the dance afterwards. . . . Since then I've used Pond's Cold Cream daily.*"

You can have the beauty that makes Lady Tennyson so lovely.

These facts explain why Pond's Cold Cream will make your skin like hers:—

Skin faults start *beneath* the skin you see — in the *underskin*, a network of blood-vessels, glands and muscles.

How to get rid of Blackheads and Lines

When your *underskin* is active, your complexion is really beautiful. But even before you are 20, your underskin starts to get sluggish: the nourishing blood flows slowly; glands and muscles fail to do their work. And then skin troubles start.

To fight off those skin faults you must rouse your underskin. And you can! By using Pond's Cold Cream. Its fine oils sink deep into the pores, soften the dirt and float it out. Then, as you pat this cream into your skin, *it wakes up your underskin.*

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night.* At once your skin will be fresher, clearer, softer and smoother. As you continue, your pores will become finer and blackheads will go. Lines will be softened away. Use this cream in the morning, too, and for removing make-up.

Before you powder, use Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It holds powder on smoothly for hours. Also it softens and nourishes your skin, making it smooth and firm.

Start today making your skin lovely with Pond's Creams . . . At chemists' everywhere. **POND'S**

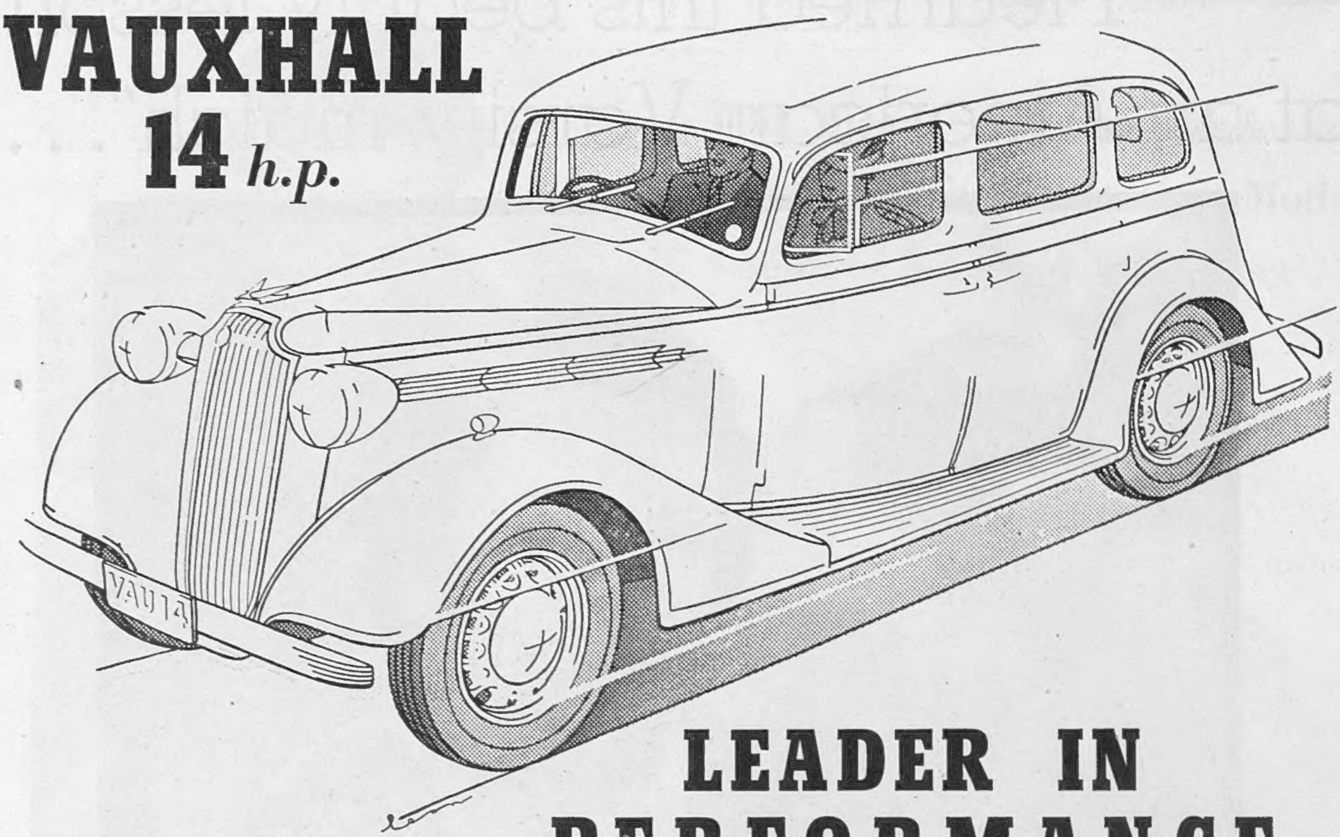
FREE: *For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept.* **C 1779** , *Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.*

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: *Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.*

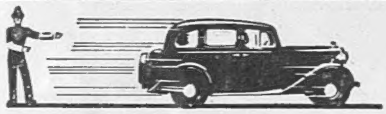
The VAUXHALL 14 h.p.



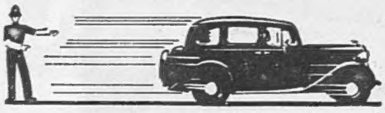
LEADER IN PERFORMANCE

Vauxhall's lively acceleration, instant pick-up in top gear and fine hill climbing, make it the fastest car of its class in terms of safe, high average speeds.

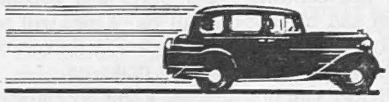
Vauxhall also leads in miles per gallon. An efficient six-cylinder overhead valve engine allied with Vauxhall six-phase carburation gives unusual economy. Owners report 30 m.p.g. on long runs.



FROM 10 to 30 m.p.h in 5⅘ seconds



FROM REST to 50 m.p.h in 20 seconds



FROM 10 to 30 m.p.h in Top Gear in 10⅕ secs

MAXIMUM SPEED 65-70 m.p.h.

AND POPULARITY

There is a choice of a round dozen makes of 14 h.p. cars—yet more than 1 out of every 3 motorists choose Vauxhalls. Latest registration figures show that 36% of all new 14 h.p. cars licensed during the past twelve months *were Vauxhalls.*

Why this success? The Vauxhall 14 h.p. offers the finer points of motoring—outstanding performance, the gliding ride of independent springing, with such features as controlled Synchro-Mesh gears, No-Draught Ventilation and Body Conformity seating. Compare Vauxhall with *all* other "fourteens." Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to place a car at your disposal, or you can write for catalogues direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds.

THE VAUXHALL RANGE

10/*four Saloons from*	£168
12/*six Saloons from*	£215
14/*six Saloons from*	£225
25/*six Saloon*	£315

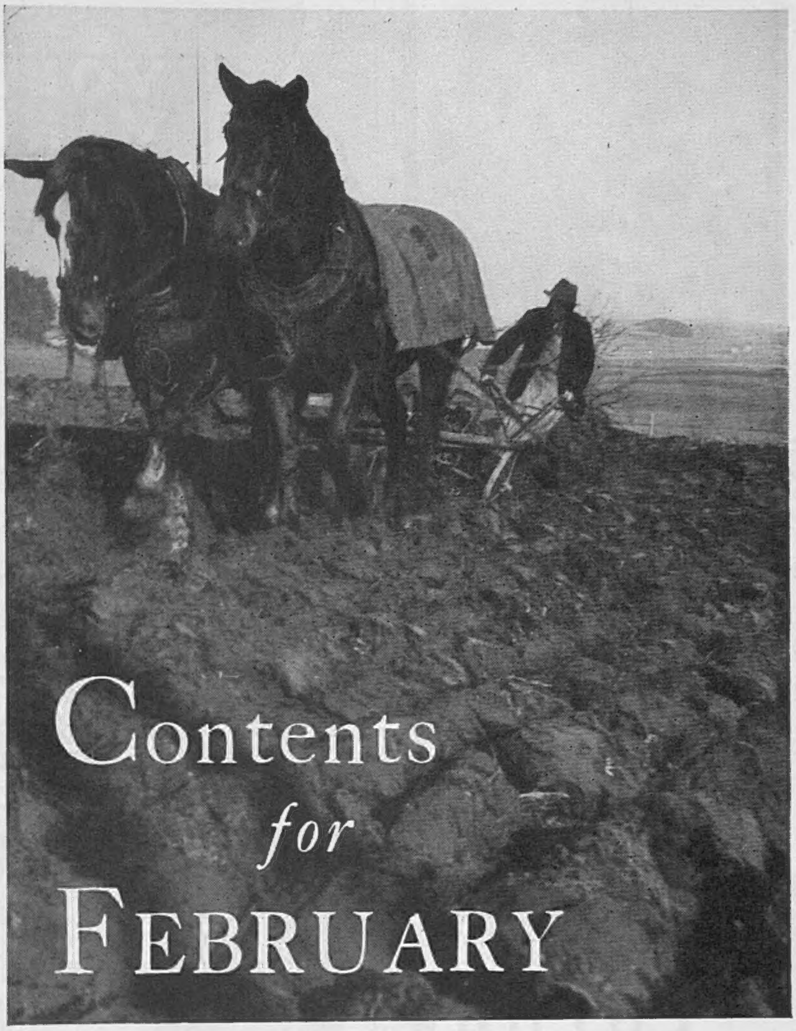
Vauxhall 14 h.p. De Luxe Saloon, with sliding roof and No-Draught Ventilation. **£225**

14 h.p. Touring Saloon with additional built-in luggage accommodation. £230.
Wide range of special coachwork styles.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE VAUXHALLS MADE WE CAN ALWAYS ARRANGE A TOUR OF THE WORKS

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 16, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1938



Contents *for* FEBRUARY

Cover Design
by *Fred Purvis*

Articles

Show Business is Breaking All Records:
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 8 and 118

New Gypsies for Old:
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 10, 11 and 113

Kitchens Which Feed Some Two Thousand People at Once:
by *Beatrix Moore* 16, 17 and 83

Hollywood's Matrimonial League of Nations:
by *Margaret Chute* 22, 23 and 121

I Travel to See People:
by *Channing Pollock*
Illustrated by *Edgar Spenceley* 28, 29 and 98

Old Tales Re-told:
The Loves of Charles II
Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 32–37

Good-Bye to Bohemia:
by *Harry J. Greenwall*
Illustrated by *C. Walter Hodges* 40, 41 and 96

In the Zoo's Laboratories
by *Craven Hill* 53 and 102

Home Section

Slimming Exercises in Bed, Bath, While Dressing 30–31

Table Talk:
by *Joan Woollcombe* 38, 39 and 96

Let Us Colour Plan Your Rooms
by *Winifred Lewis* 46, 47

Stories

The Holiday:
by *Ethel Lina White*
Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 12–15 and 106

O'Connor-Burke of the Waffs:
by *Achmed Abdullah*
Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.* 18–21 and 90

The Drunkard's Wife:
by *Olga L. Rosmanith*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 24–27 and 110

Sauce for the Goose:
by *Anthony Weymouth*
Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 42–45 and 88

Crush Out:
by *Brian Edsall*
Illustrated by *Kenneth Inns* 48–51 and 85

Home Section

Health and Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
Worry 54
This Wipes Out Middle Age 55 and 102

Personally Speaking:
by *Jean Burnup* 56

Your Maid's Comfort 57 and 83

Fashions:
by *Jean Burnup* 58–63

Doing the Flowers 64 and 83

I'll Tell You All I Know:
by *Mary Young* 65

Good Cooking by Gas 66 and 100

Floor Facts 67 and 101

How Much is in Heredity?:
by *Louisa Kay* 68

Luncheon-for-Two Set 69

Better Cooking:
by *A. H. Adair*

Curry Flavour 70 and 101

Winter Salads 71 and 101

Good Buys of the Month 72

Confidently Recommended 75

Kitchen Page 126

General

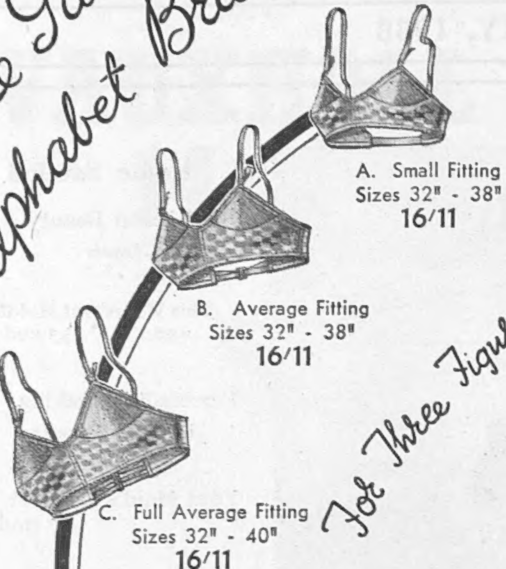
A Little Play for February 7

Motoring Section:
Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* 77, 79, and 81

Books 52 and 94

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 124. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

"Le Gant"
Alphabet Bra's



A. Small Fitting
Sizes 32" - 38"
16/11

B. Average Fitting
Sizes 32" - 38"
16/11

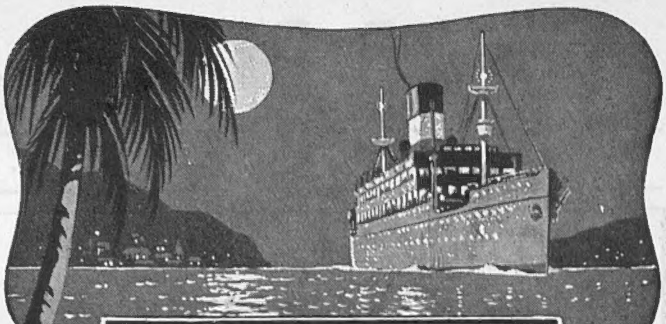
C. Full Average Fitting
Sizes 32" - 40"
16/11

For Three Figure Types

A DELIGHTFUL NEW BRASSIÈRE CREATED FROM CHEQUERED SATIN, INCORPORATING "LASTEX" YARN, AND LACE. THIS BRA GIVES THE MAXIMUM CONTROL WITH THE MINIMUM OF WEIGHT.

"Le Gant" Alphabet Bra's are obtainable at all the best Stores and the leading Corsetières.

WARNER BROS. (CORSETS) LTD.
40/41 CONDUIT STREET
LONDON, W.1 (Wholesale only)



VOLTAIRE
AND
VANDYCK

First Class only. Window or porthole in every room

EASTER CRUISES

APRIL 14—"VOLTAIRE" from Southampton to Canary Islands, calling at Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira and Lisbon.
18 days from 25 gns.

APRIL 14 — "VANDYCK" from Liverpool to the Mediterranean, calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche (Monte Carlo, Nice), Naples, Capri and Lisbon.
19 days from 26 gns.

MAY CRUISES

MAY 7—"VOLTAIRE" from Southampton to the Dalmatian Coast and Venice, calling at Palermo, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Venice, Abbazia, Corfu, Malta and Lisbon.
24 days from 34 gns.

MAY 14—"VANDYCK" from Liverpool to Atlantic Islands, calling at Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira and Lisbon.
14 days from 18 gns.

ROUND VOYAGES TO SOUTH AMERICA
Regular service of first-class Cargo Vessels.

For details of above and full programme of 1938 Cruises, apply

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE LTD.
ROYAL LIVER BUILDING, LIVERPOOL 3. *TEL. BANK 8850.* 27, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3. *TEL. ROYAL 5723.* 64 CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER 2. *TEL. BLACKFRIARS 2808.* OR LOCAL AGENTS

Something NEW in Knitting Wool!

GUARANTEED
COLOUR
CONSTANCY
- *NO garments in two dyes!*
- *NO wasted ounces!*
- *NO lost time!*

LEAFLET No. 356
rice 2d.; or 3d. post free from
P. A. Lacroix (Dept. B.E. 21)
44 Jewin Street, London, E.C.1.

Golden Eagle
POLYNIT
the unique, trouble-free, easy-knitting
FINGERING DE LUXE
MATCHING COLOURS GUARANTEED

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Regd. Trade Mark

FOR ALL SHADES
OF HAIR.
IT PROMOTES THE
GROWTH, GIVES
LIFE AND LUSTRE,
AND LONG DELAYS
THINNING.

3/6, 7/- and 10/6
from Chemists, Stores & Hairdressers.
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET ON THE HAIR.
A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22 Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

HAPPY CHILDREN
make
CONTENTED MEN and WOMEN

8,200 children in Barnardo's are receiving happiness

PLEASE HELP THIS WORK

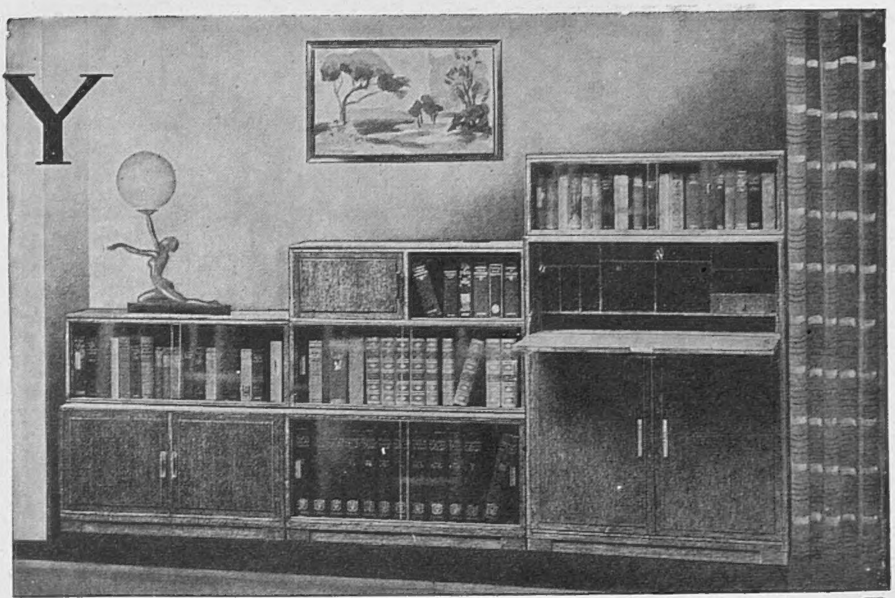
10/-
feeds one child for a fortnight

Cheques, etc., payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes and crossed: addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

MINTY
Bookcases
Neo-Craft Styles

COMBINATION 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4 ft. 6¼ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £25.2.6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right, £5.13.0 £6.16.6 £12.13.0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N shown below Height 3 ft. 11¾ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete stack. Oak £7. 11 . 0.
Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.



COMBINATION 24N

As a man builds up his library, book by book, through the years, so can he build up his Minty Bookcase, section by section. Whether he be bibliophile or just the owner of a few treasured volumes, a Minty Bookcase provides them with a worthy home; keeping them clean, orderly, free from dust; emphasising the beauty of beautiful bindings; bringing a new dignity and an atmosphere of restful quietude to the room. Smooth sliding, plate-glass panels, with recessed finger pulls, give easy access to each unit, and do not require the space of hinged doors. Minty stacks can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall, or to line a complete room. The inclusion of writing desks and cupboards minimises the need for separate furniture; and the quality of woods, fineness of grain and perfection of finish, being Minty, may be taken for granted.

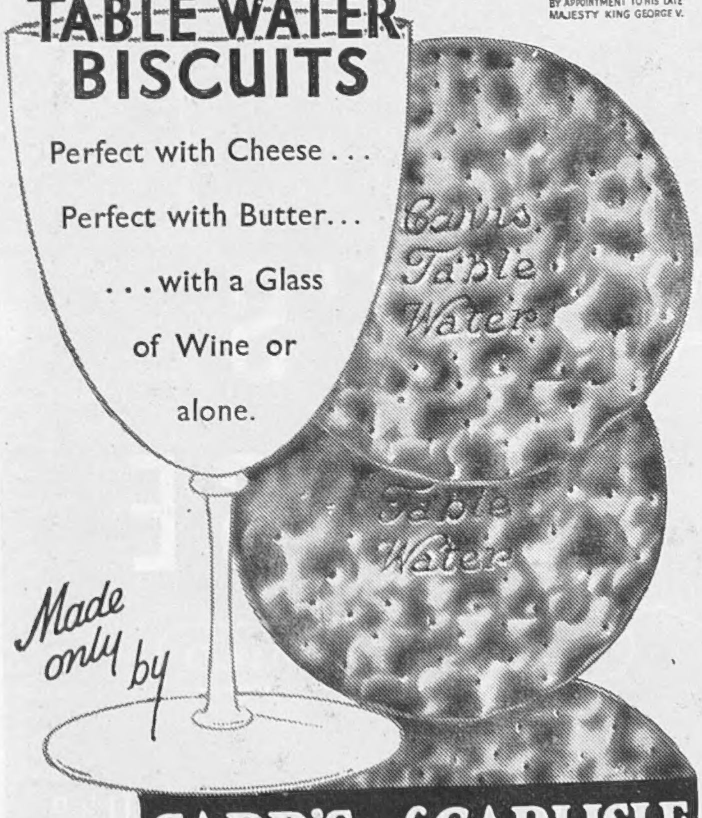
MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period styles at moderate prices.

Minty Ltd
(DEPT. 86) - - - - - 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
London Showroom - - - - 123 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
Manchester Showroom - 5 Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, Manchester

CARR'S
TABLE WATER BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.


Perfect with Cheese . . .
Perfect with Butter . . .
. . . with a Glass of Wine or alone.
Carr's Table Water
Table Water
Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE
BISCUIT MAKERS FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS

© 2103

For FACE *&* HANDS

YOU can tell the Larola Girl! Easy assurance and confidence born of a sense of physical well-being marks the Larola Girl. She is always the centre of admiration — for who can resist the beauty and charm of a soft, smooth, clear complexion and delicate white hands? With Larola as her ever-ready aid, her skin is immune from the ravages of wintry weather, free from chaps, spots, blemishes and irritation. And Larola is easy and pleasant to use and economical too. Make up your mind to use Larola on your hands and face this winter — and always.

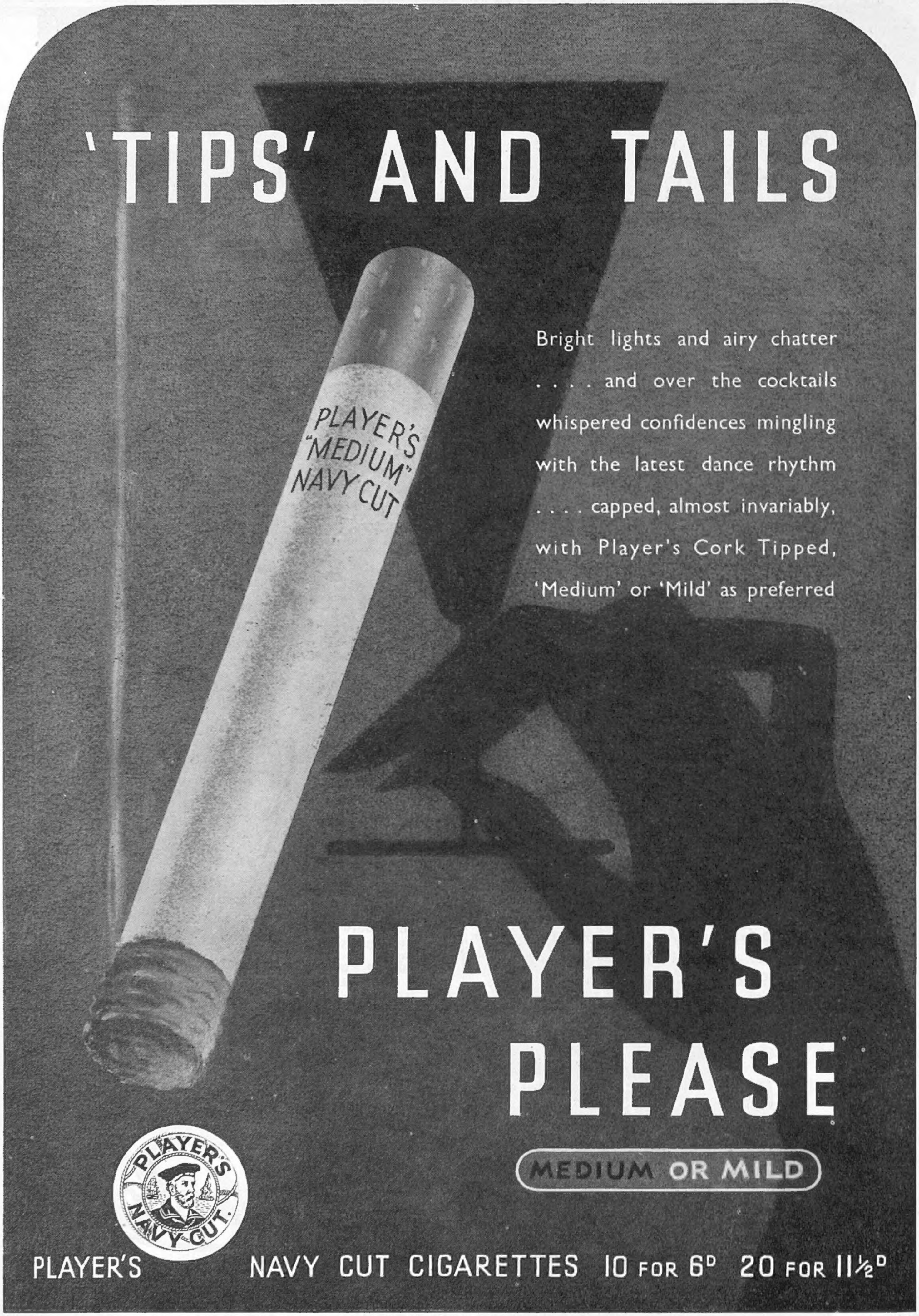
Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-. Single Tablets 8d. Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge) the natural Tint, Sifter Boxes, with puff, 1/- and 2/6. Larola Face Powder, in Pink, White, Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes with Puff 2/6 each.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle **Larola**

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM

Write for a copy of the interesting Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," post free.


PLAYER'S
"MEDIUM"
NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.

'TIPS' AND TAILS

Bright lights and airy chatter
. . . . and over the cocktails
whispered confidences mingling
with the latest dance rhythm
. . . . capped, almost invariably,
with Player's Cork Tipped,
'Medium' or 'Mild' as preferred

PLAYER'S
PLEASE

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

A LITTLE PLAY FOR FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY 1, 1652. Scene: a big room with an empty grate in the Palace of the Louvre in Paris. A tall, dark young man is standing at the window looking down on the snow-bound courtyard. There is a knock at the door and a broadish, more elderly, man enters. The figure at the window turns lazily.

"Ah!" he says, *"I've been waiting for you, Hyde. I want to talk to you about business."*

"And I to you, your Majesty," replies Edward Hyde.

"Let us sit down then," says Charles, crowned king of the Scots, *"I wish to speak of money."*

"And I, too, your Majesty," smiles Hyde.

"I must have some."

"So must I."

"But have we no money, my Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

Hyde shakes his head.

"This day I have from my wife in Wiltshire the news that she is actually hungry, she and my children; and now here in Paris are more mouths to feed. What can we do, your Majesty?"

"Ah, well; I only wanted money for a pretty wench that Buckingham found for me. She can wait."

The young man's mouth twists into a grim smile.

"Cheer yourself, my good Hyde," he says, patting him on the shoulder. *"But for my part, was ever a King of England in a worse plight? I have nothing left!"*

"Except your life, your Majesty."

"Yes, and hope," says the man who will be Charles the Second, *"and comfort that things could never be worse. Come! Let us see if my mother has provided my little Court with food to-day, or must we again seek a tavern?"*

Exit.

FEBRUARY 1, 1657.

Scene: a room in a small house in Bruges. The grate is empty and the window panes are frosted. Two men are pacing up and down, warming themselves with vigorous flapping of their arms.

"That brandy would serve us well now," says Hyde.

He has aged in the five years.

"Who cares? We have none," says Lord Ormonde with a shrug. *"When is the king coming? He should be here now. Listen . . ."*

The sound of a carillon comes to the room. Then the striking of a clock. The men continue to pace up and down as the dusk falls. They are silent now.

Charles II
Born 1630, Died 1685

"Who are these two new women of the king's?"

"I know not their names . . . if they have any," replies Hyde. *"It is a pity that so fine a character, so temperate and staunch a young man, should have this one great failing. He lives for women. Offer him a barrel of burgundy or some cross-eyed serving maid and he would choose the latter."*

The door is thrown open and Charles enters.

He has greatly aged, but the level glance that he gives the two loyal servants has strength; he is thinner, and his cheek bones are more pronounced.

"I have news from my country," he announces.

"Good news, your Majesty?"

"Good? Hangings, torturing, burning of houses. Senseless wrecking, and bestiality. Ha! And they put to death my father to give England more freedom! My father . . . do you remember the words that he spoke at his trial? 'It is not my case alone, but the case of the English people. And I stand for their liberties. For if power without law may make laws, I know not what subject can be sure of his life or anything that he calls his own.'

"My dear Ormonde," concludes Charles. *"Is there any shopkeeper left in Bruges who will trust us with some red meat?"*

Hyde and Ormonde shrug their shoulders.

"Well," says Charles, *"things can't get worse than this; and make sure, my dear friends, that no dictator will survive in England who bases his power on brute force and well-fed soldiery when the population is hungry."*

FEBRUARY 3, 1660. A tavern filled with young men. It is in London.

One man: *"They say that all the north gave way to his army."*

Second man: *"To Monk?"*

First man: *"To whom else? Come now, another song to the damnation of the Roundheads and the good health of the king!"*

All together: *"To the king! To King Charles! To King Charles! To King Charles!"*

Enter another young man.

"Have you heard? They are at Barnet! And the officers all wearing the king's colours in their hats! They will be in London to-day. Listen! Do you hear?"

The sound of church bells ringing comes to the tavern, and the young men dance about in excitement, banging on the tables with their sticks.

FEBRUARY, 1683. King Charles the Second is in a tall armchair in a room of the Palace of Whitehall. A big fire is blazing on the wide hearth, a candle is by his side and on the table a tall silver decanter. A wolfhound is stretched out by the chair, and at a sideboard in the darkness a woman is busying herself.

"You are most uncommon sad to-night," comes the woman's voice.

"Am I, Nell?"

"You are," comes the voice. *"Why?"*

"Brooding, dear Nell, brooding on what I might have been. I would wish to have been a sailor. But I am getting old. . . ."

"Fifty-three!"

". . . yes, fifty-three and old. I wish I had more children of my own."

A peal of laughter comes from the darkness.

"Heaven save me! Who is the father of mine, pray? And Lucy Walter's, and my Lady Castlemaine's; all those strapping lads. And the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Catherine Peg, and Lady Shannon, and Mary Davis. You have peopled a kingdom with your offspring."

Charles's long-nosed saturnine face lights up in a smile.

"I was forgetting," he said, *"just for a moment."*

FEBRUARY 6, 1685. A darkened bedroom in the Palace of Whitehall. It is crowded with whispering and shadowy figures. On the bed, his pale face twisted with pain, lies Charles the Second.

"He is being very brave," whispers one figure.

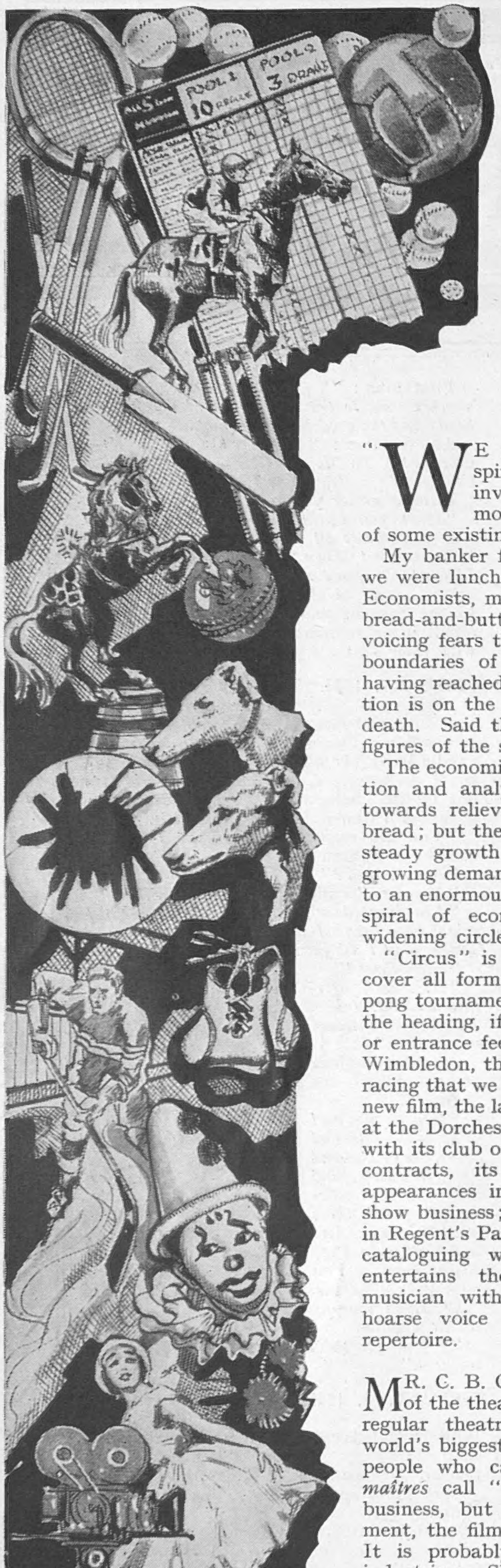
"Yes," whispers back another. *"He has asked forgiveness of the queen, when she asked it of him."*

A faint voice comes from the bed:

"Wind all my clocks carefully," says the King.

Presently he turns his head a little to the side, gives the crowded room of councillors and courtiers a cynical smile and dies.

CURTAIN



Show Business

Is Breaking All Records

By C. Patrick Thompson

"We need something to create a new spiral of economic activity—a new invention, like the railways or the motor car or radio, or the expansion of some existing field of big business."

My banker friend smiled when the economist we were lunching with discharged that remark. Economists, most of whom are remote from the bread-and-butter life of the world, are always voicing fears that we have reached the possible boundaries of our economic order, and that, having reached the limits of growth, our civilisation is on the verge of contraction, decline and death. Said the banker: "Have you looked at figures of the show business lately?"

The economist is now engaged in an investigation and analysis which should go some way towards relieving his fears. The people need bread; but they demand circuses, too. And the steady growth of "circuses" to meet the ever-growing demand has created what approximates to an enormous new industry, around which the spiral of economic activity whirls in ever-widening circles.

"Circus" is used here as a blanket term to cover all forms of the show business. A ping-pong tournament in the village hall comes under the heading, if money is involved in admissions or entrance fees; so is the Cup Final, tennis at Wimbledon, the two and a half minutes of horse racing that we know as the Derby, Greta Garbo's new film, the latest Cochran show, the floor show at the Dorchester, a night of drama, a jazz band with its club or restaurant percentages, its radio contracts, its gramophone record sales, its appearances in vaudeville. Renee Houston is show business; and so is Shakespeare, especially in Regent's Park. It is possible that a thorough cataloguing would include the acrobat who entertains theatre queues, and the street musician with a penny whistle or merely a hoarse voice and two doleful songs in his repertoire.

MR. C. B. COCHRAN, the Harun ar Rashid of the theatre, once told me that he put the regular theatre-going public of London, the world's biggest city, at 10,000 only. The other people who came were only what restaurant *maîtres* call "chance." The theatre is a big business, but competitive forms of entertainment, the films especially, keep it well pruned. It is probably the riskiest of all the show industries. Shows succeed for no particular reason, so far as anyone can ascertain; and shows fail with no more tangible reason.

I recall sitting with Arnold Bennett and Frederick Lonsdale at lunch in the Embassy Club one day, when the latter told Bennett that his new play was coming off soon; it was not a success. "Are you disappointed?" asked Arnold.

Lonsdale shrugged.

"I once had a unique failure," said Bennett, who always liked to be unique. "A play of mine was presented. I thought highly of it. So did the management. The audience heard it, sat through it in silence, and at the end they arose and left in silence. Not a hand-clap, not a hiss, not a boo. Nobody knew what to make of it. It had never happened before in the history of the theatre. I predicted failure, and I was right. We had to take it off two days later."

Then he went on to say that his play *Milestones*, his first big success, was hawked around London, and none of the managers could see "a bob" in it. It was put on at last as an experiment at Hammersmith—and it ran for over two years and made a fortune.

But that, of course, is the history of so many plays. Nobody could see any money in *Journey's End*—a war play long after the war, and with no sex appeal—not a girl in the cast. One of the most discerning and daring of all theatre entrepreneurs, Mr. Alec Rea (it was he who bought a slight play called *The Wind and the Rain* from an unknown young Colonial doctor named Merton Hodge, put no big stars in it—and saw it run for over two years) witnessed the private performance of *Journey's End*. He signed up the leading man, Laurence Olivier, for a part in another play; but the play itself he saw nothing in. Yet all the time the play was treasure trove.

The Beggar's Opera, *Lilac Time*, *The Desert Song*, *The Farmer's Wife*—these are only a few outstanding instances of plays which, put on experimentally or as stop-gaps, have caught the incalculable public fancy and made fortunes, and run for anything from one to three years. But not so long ago Mr. Jack Waller put on *The Night of January 16th*, with George Robey and Renee Houston as the stars to draw the town to the Hippodrome; and it had to come off after a fortnight. Diana Wynyard, Mary Ellis, Edna Best, Ellen Pollock were all in plays which failed, one after the other, over a period of two months, in the same year.

Tens of thousands are lost every year in show gambles, which, at the time they are put on, look like certain hits. But a good win compensates for many losses. Miss Gladys Cooper once put £500 into a show, and took out £40,000. Maurice Browne bought *Journey's End* for a small sum, made £80,000 out of it, and lost it all putting on fifteen shows which failed. I once saw Mr. C. B. Cochran's wins and losses charted on a graph; it looked like the outline of the Alps.

I once asked him what was his biggest disappointment. He said the Rodeo which he brought over to Wembley for the Empire Exhibition. He had counted on it winning back the heavy losses he had made in the theatre: but it just about covered its cost of a quarter of a million, and he found he had staged his biggest show and not made a penny out of it. On the other hand, he did once make £30,000 in a single night. That was with the Beckett–Carpentier fight, which he astutely staged in the little Stadium Club, charging from three guineas to £25 for seats.

A very remarkable man. His association with Noel Coward produced *Bitter Sweet* and *Cavalcade*

Coward would not have done those jobs of work if Cochran had not been there to provide the incentive and the outlet. He nearly became an actor in his youth, but thought better of it when Richard Mansfield, in America, told him he would never be as good an actor as himself, Mansfield, and made him his private secretary—with a £2 a week rise.

Pantomime is a little seasonal industry in itself, which in recent years has been expanding. During the Christmas season over 250 different pantomimes were running in various parts of the country, representing an investment of about two million pounds. I have it from an authority that the employment amounts to 40,000 people directly and indirectly. One can only make a rough estimate of the amount of money involved, but it is some guide to know that in London a pantomime costs anything from £8000 to £15,000 to stage, depending on whether it is a revival or a new show. The public spends anything from £2,000,000 to £2,500,000 to see the pantomimes during their brief seasonal life, and the pantomime entrepreneurs pay out over a million in salaries and wages.

LAST year the spending of the cinema-going public rose by 10 per cent. over the previous year. Every week now around 200,000,000 people pay for admission to the movie theatres of the world. There are about 7000 movie theatres in this island, and one seat for every ten of the population. The film factories do well—the efficient ones. But before a film manufacturer gets his money back on a £100,000 picture, the public must spend £400,000 to see it. The producer of a feature film gets about threepence out of every shilling paid for admissions. The spread of the money taken at the box-offices is much wider than most people imagine.

This business has grown to colossal proportions, and the limits of its growth are not in sight. Romance, beauty, emotions, excitement, dreams—the people want these things in life, and, not getting them, pay the dream factories to provide them at second-hand. The effect of this demand upon the earning power of certain orchideageous young women, and young men with effective voices and of romantic aspect, is fantastic. But laughter, too, is high-priced: and the earning power of a Mickey Mouse and a Donald Duck equals that of a Joan Crawford or a Robert Taylor. The Walt Disney factory manufactures two dozen of its music-and-laughter pictures a year, and each one has a full year's run and then "barnstorms" for another three years.

The manufacturing process in this film business is quite extraordinarily intricate. Stars who earn from £30,000 to £100,000 a year toil for nine or ten months to provide entertainment which lasts a total of six to ten hours. Stories are bought for fabulous sums, torn to pieces by one set of specialists, and then handed over to another group, who leave perhaps one line of the original. A Goldwyn spends £50,000 on an experiment in human synthesis—and drops his money. The public do not take to the girl who has played Trilby to his Svengali. Another producer gives a fifteen-year-old girl a contract, only to find that, although she can sing, she cannot act. He is about to drop her, when the director of the picture in which she has a part tells him that he thinks he can get her acting by—he needs

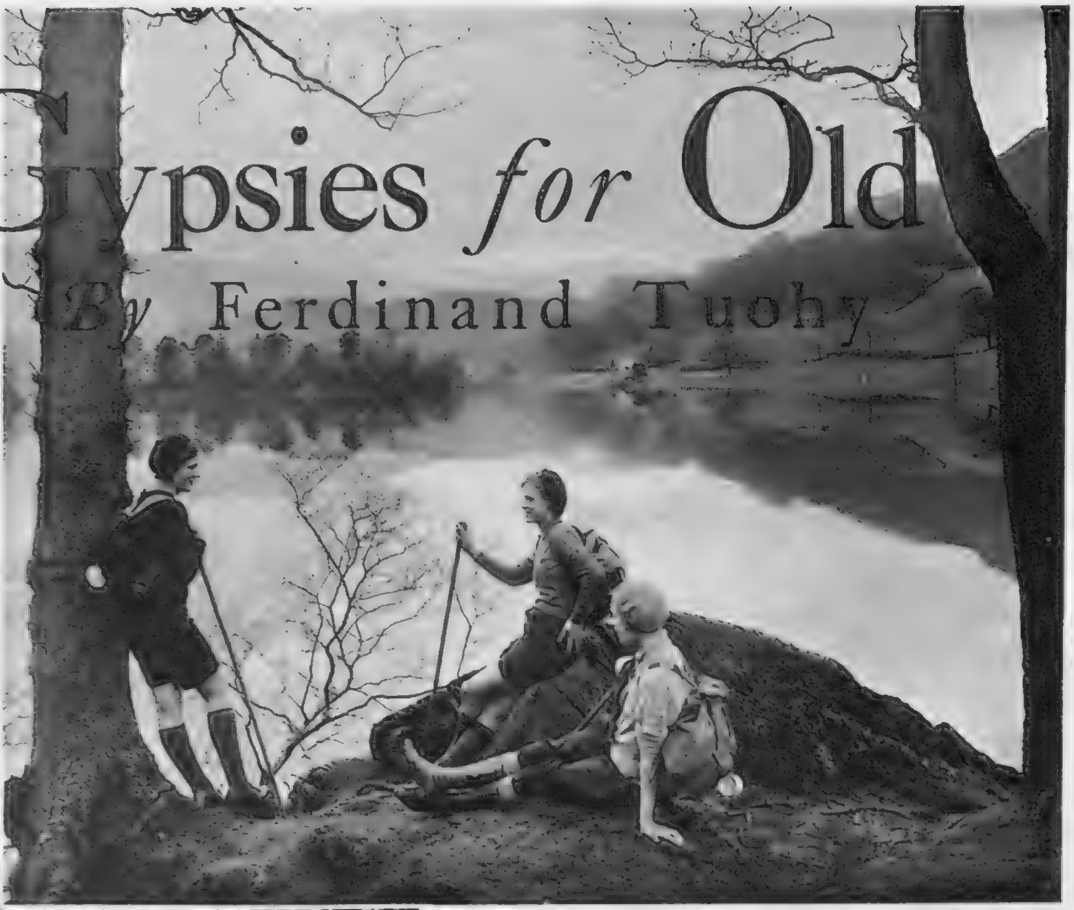
(*Continued on page 118*)

New Gypsies *for* Old

By Ferdinand Tuohy

IF we only spared a little more time for everyday things going on about us, to the lessening of concentration upon coming wars and catastrophe, such a phenomenon as the change-over on the roads from old-style to new-style gypsies could scarcely escape "unfeatured."

In a way it is an historic phenomenon, marking a milestone in out-of-door life both here and in the United States. What is happening is simply this: for a variety of causes the real Romanys are having progressively to quit the broad highway of their freedom-loving dreams, and these roads—at any rate, a good many of them on either side of the ocean—are, in turn, coming to be occupied by substitute mid-twentieth-century gypsies, by all the hitchers and hikers, campers and trailers, of whom there are not less than half a million in this realm alone.



Hikers in the Lake District. The real Romanys are having progressively to quit the broad highway of their freedom-loving dreams to make room for the mid-twentieth century gypsies, the hitchers and hikers, campers and trailers

A miniature town on wheels in America. These are materialising as a result of literally hundreds of roamers of the Trailer Age coming progressively to share the highways with an estimate of 100,000 genuine hobos of old

Above is a return for 1937, compiled by the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Other countries hitch and hike even more, proportionately to their populations. In Germany, Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria and Hungary, the mobile return to nature only augments in volume. Even France at last begins to show signs of falling into line—France, where walking any distance in the countryside, for the sake of walking, would almost have been considered mental up to a few years ago.

Nor can it be sustained that little link exists between the retreating Romanys and their (principally) urbanite successors. Nations and peoples have caught something of gypsy restlessness, as they are also attracted by thought of a freer past that was less artificial and ordered, closer to first things. "It's the gypsy in me!" you'll hear perfectly normal town-folk say—and not only young ones—in explanation of their setting off planless into the void, and they are speaking the fact. At bottom of the new urge is precisely the same basic impetus as that which originally put the gypsies on the road long ago: a desire to be free, to liberate

A typical trio of English gypsies and their picturesque caravan the spirit, to break away from the routine, conventions and restrictions hedging-in life with one's fellows. Perhaps you get as good a close-up as may be of the new-style gypsy in the spectacle of the philosopher, C. E. M. Joad, leading his select parties over hill and dale, seeking out the beauty and best relaxing of existence, and, incidentally, in the process in high rebellion at finding so much of the countryside fenced off and *verboten*.

Nowhere is our phenomenon of " New Gypsies for Old " more marked than in the United States. Miniature towns on wheels are materialising as a result of literally hundreds of thousands of roamers of the Trailer Age coming progressively to share the highways with an estimate of 100,000 genuine hobos of old. Here is how a leading psychologist looks at things. " We city people have drifted a long way from the fundamental life of man on the soil. We don't do a thing for ourselves. We have everything done for us. Yet in our spirits we yearn to prove to ourselves that we are not the softies we seem to be, but all-round, self-reliant animals, superior to the adventitious refinements of civilisation and capable of coping bare-handed with nature on her native heath. And it sets us up fine."

The crowning of a gypsy king at Baildon, in Yorkshire. A gypsy maiden presents a goblet of wine to Petulengro, the elected king

Bulgarian gypsies. Every town in Bulgaria has its gypsy quarter, comprising primitive little houses of mud and straw

(Right)
A gypsy wedding in Madrid. The bride and bridegroom, with their sponsors on either side, prior to the ceremony

Maybe. But probably your average new gypsy will rest satisfied with saying that he does what he does because he likes it. And, by the way, a high percentage of the new wanderers awheel in America are doing it as the cheapest way to live while searching for a job. From job to job, they hop, freely *en famille*, and isn't that suggestive enough of gypsy life ?

What, then, of the old gypsy—" the Gypsy Crisis," as it is called ?

A further blow, one of several in succession, was (*Continued on p.* 113)

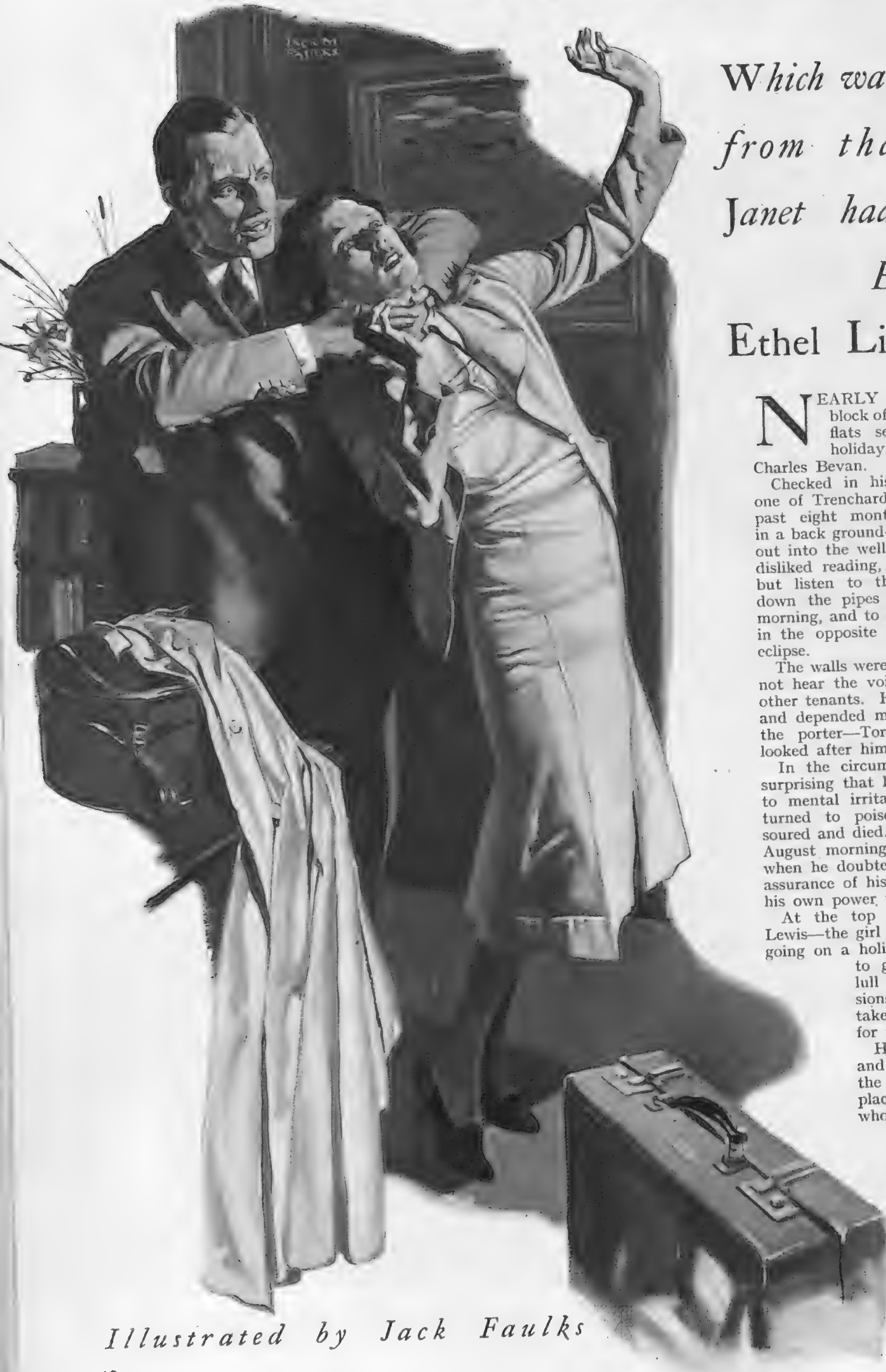
Austrian gypsies dancing after the wedding of two members of their tribe. The bride and bridegroom can be seen in the centre of the picture; the bride is wearing a wreath of flowers in her hair

The Holiday

Which was Different from that which Janet had Planned

By

Ethel Lina White



"One squeal and you're dead," he whispered. "I've just killed a man"

NEARLY everyone in the small block of old-fashioned mansion-flats seemed to be going on holiday, with the exception of Charles Bevan.

Checked in his ambition to become one of Trenchard's young men, for the past eight months he had been lying in a back ground-floor flat, which looked out into the well of the courtyard. He disliked reading, so had nothing to do but listen to the rush of bath-water down the pipes from six o'clock in the morning, and to watch the lights appear in the opposite building until the final eclipse.

The walls were thick, so that he could not hear the voices or footsteps of the other tenants. He had but few visitors, and depended mainly on the society of the porter—Tory—and his wife, who looked after him. That was his life.

In the circumstances, it was hardly surprising that his energy had corroded to mental irritation, his ambition had turned to poison, and all hope had soured and died. On this particular hot August morning he had sunk to a stage when he doubted not only the doctor's assurance of his ultimate recovery—but his own power to endure. . . .

At the top of the building, Janet Lewis—the girl in a fifth-floor flat—was going on a holiday. She did not want to go, but as there was a lull in her typing-commissions it seemed prudent to take advantage of the chance, for reasons of health.

Her suit-case was packed and lay on the floor; inside the tradesman's lift was placed a note to Mrs. Tory, who shopped for her, asking

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

her to send up no more provisions until further notice. Before she left, she was finishing an article intended for a woman's journal, which contained hints on holiday preparations.

As she typed it, she checked its points for her own benefit.

"Turn off gas, water, and electricity at the mains." She would do this just before she left.

"Make provision for pets." She had none, for lack of room.

"Dispose of all perishable food." While she thought of it, she would crumble up the remains of the loaf for the birds.

Plate in hand, she unlocked her front door and ran up the last flight of stairs to the roof. It was hot weather, and as she gazed down at the forest of chimneys pricking through the smoky haze, she suddenly realised that she was stale and overworked.

In spite of her youth, she had known the horrors of poverty, as a result of which she had begun a twenty years' plan. This involved continuous work to secure an annuity at the age of forty, when she would live in a cottage in the country and grow her own spinach.

Although she was sacrificing everything to her purpose—leisure, exercise and amusement—she remained surprisingly healthy and attractive, with fresh colouring which accompanied the dash of red in her brown hair. She was too busy to worry or question, while her flat which consisted of two rooms—a living-room and kitchen, with a hall which held the usual offices—seemed a luxury apartment to her.

But as she looked down at the city, for the first time, she welcomed the prospect of a holiday, when she would be free to wander, according to her whim and without a single plan.

Next door to the mansion-flats, the cashier of a small branch-bank was thinking also of his holiday. He had booked rooms at Eastbourne, and was due to meet his wife and young family at Victoria Station, in half an hour. Anticipating his emancipation, he was wearing grey flannel bags, and he sported in his buttonhole an orange carnation, from his garden.

There only remained two minutes to closing time, so he looked up with a slight frown, at the entrance of a latecomer.

The man walked to the counter, but instead of a cheque, he presented a revolver at him.

Even as he realised that he was being held-up, the cashier rushed at the bandit. The next second, he lay, crumpled upon the floor, with a bullet in his brain — while his wife was watching the clock at Victoria Station and his children sucked toffee-apples.

The bandit worked swiftly, but even as he packed his bag, the alarm was raised. He reached the door just in time to see his partner scorch away in the car, either to save his own skin or to draw the pursuit. Panic-stricken, he darted into the entrance hall of the flats and tore up flight after flight of stairs until he reached the haven of an open door.

A minute later, Janet ran down from the roof and entered her flat. The first thing she saw was a leather bag on the floor of the hall. She was wondering where it came from, when someone behind her sprang on her and gripped her throat.

"One squeal and you're dead," he whispered. "I've just killed a man."

TOO stunned with shock to feel fear, she realised the strength of his position. He could shoot her and be invulnerable to reprisal, since the law could not hang him twice.

In any case, she could not have cried for help, because of the pressure on her wind pipe. She was beginning to choke, when she heard the sound of heavy footsteps ringing out on the stone stairs.

They stopped on the fifth-floor landing and then someone hammered on her door. With a throb of deep gratitude, she realised that the hunt had picked up the man's trail and was hot on the scent.

She was waiting for the end of a brief yet concentrated thrill when the man pushed her forward.

"Open the door," he whispered fiercely.

As he spoke, she felt a ring of metal against her back. Flinching from the contact, she drew back the catch of the lock with trembling fingers.

The porter and a policeman stood outside; both were out of breath and appeared hot. She looked at Tory with beseeching eyes as he mopped his face. Although she could touch him, she was divided from him by a gulf she could not bridge.

"Did you hear anyone pass this way?" asked the policeman.

Her unwelcome guest stood behind her where he was screened from view; but she felt the increased pressure of the metallic ring. It was a hint whose nature she could neither mistake nor ignore.

"No," she replied quickly.

"Has your door been open?"

"No."

As she spoke, a hope flared up that they would insist on searching her flat; but Tory crushed it immediately by a suggestion.

"We'd better try the roof, to satisfy you."

Once again Janet was left alone with the man. He took no notice of her, but looked around him with intent eyes which missed no detail.

"Yours?" he asked, kicking her suitcase aside. "Are you going away?"

"Yes," she replied.

"How long?"

"A fortnight."

"Do your friends know?"

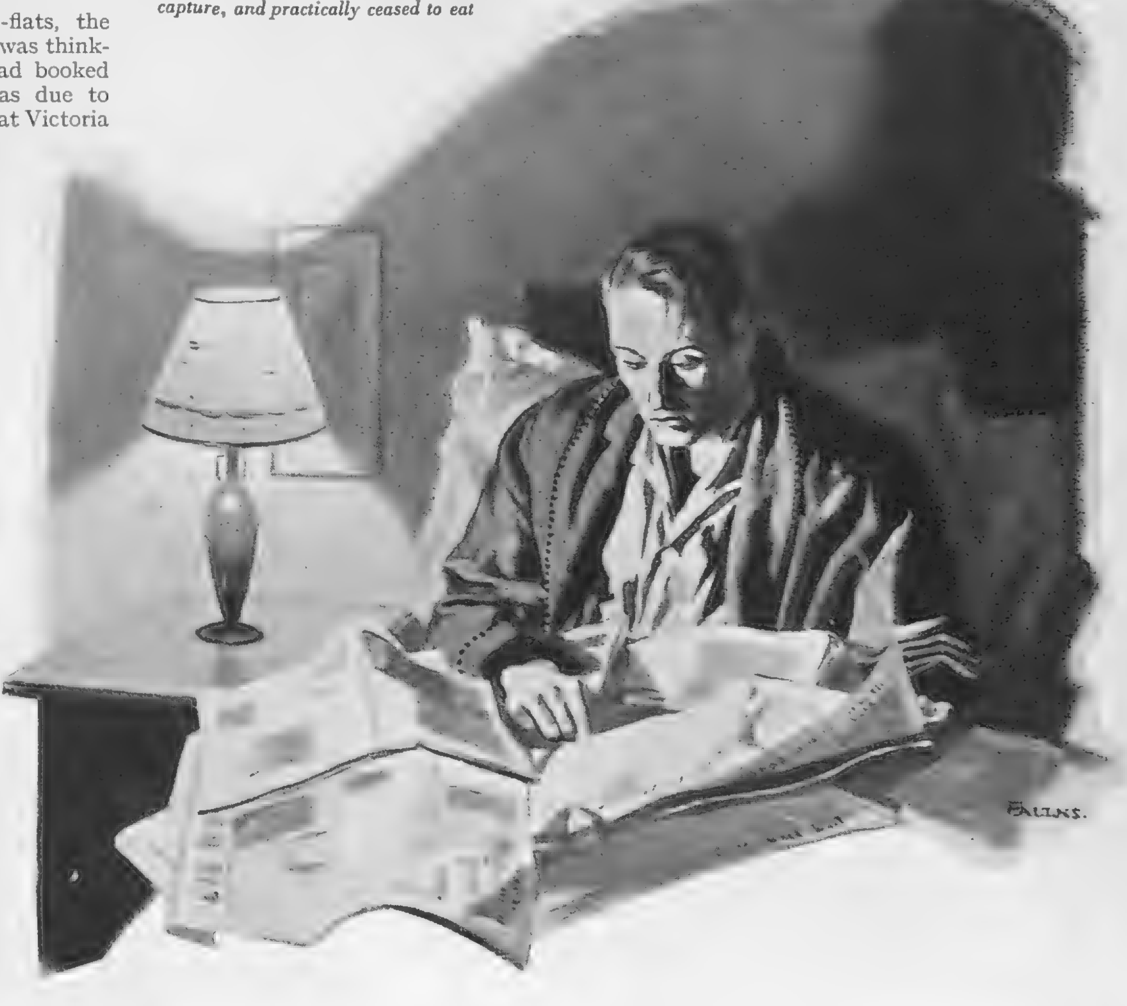
"Yes."

She answered mechanically, for she was listening for the sound of footsteps coming down from the roof. It was a cheering reflection that the man was only waiting for the chance of a safe getaway She was wondering how long he would linger in the building, and whether he would force her to act as his scout, when he snatched her note to Mrs. Tory, off the lift.

She swallowed her indignation as he tore it open and read it.

"Does this woman send up all your food?" he asked.

HE feverishly searched numerous newspapers for news of his capture, and practically ceased to eat



"Yes," she replied.

"Don't you ever go out?"

"Yes, sometimes, when——"

"Shut up."

The threat of his revolver made her realise that Tory and the policeman were returning from the roof. They tramped across her landing, passed her door, and went down the stairs.

When they reached the hall, Tory had the satisfaction of reminding the policeman that he was right.

"I told you he couldn't be here. All the flats are kept locked and there's nowhere he could hide."

He was still very pleased with himself when he entered the ground-floor back flat, to give his gentleman a second-hand thrill. His idea was to cheer up the invalid, so he was taken aback by the glum misery of Bevan's face, as he interrupted the tale.

"He came in all right. I heard him on the stairs, but I didn't give it a thought. Even if I had. Amusing, isn't it? On the spot and able to do nothing, while some decent chap is sent west, and his murderer gets away with it. I'm a valuable member of society."

"Now, sir," protested Tory, "you'll soon be all right again. The doctor says——"

"Don't quote that comedian. It's his daily joke. Of course, it's obvious what happened. The man went up to the roof and came down by the fire escape to the back entrance, while you were on the tiles. He's well away by now. Will you tell Mrs. Tory not to trouble to send me in lunch. Thank her very much."

When Tory repeated the message to his wife, her jolly face grew grave.

"I don't like it," she objected. "He's too polite. If only he'd buck up and swear. I'm getting afraid of going in to his room, for fear of smelling gas."

IN contradiction of Bevan's statement, the bandit was in a state of nervous tension when he experienced the aggressive terror of a cornered rat. Since he had been followed to the flat, he felt sure that the building would be kept under observation, and he dared not leave, for fear of walking out into an ambush.

But Fate had provided him with a solution of his problem. He reasoned that the police would count on his being starved into submission, in the event of his having found some hiding place on the premises. Therefore, if he remained in this girl's room for a definite period, their suspicions would be destroyed and they would call off any guard.

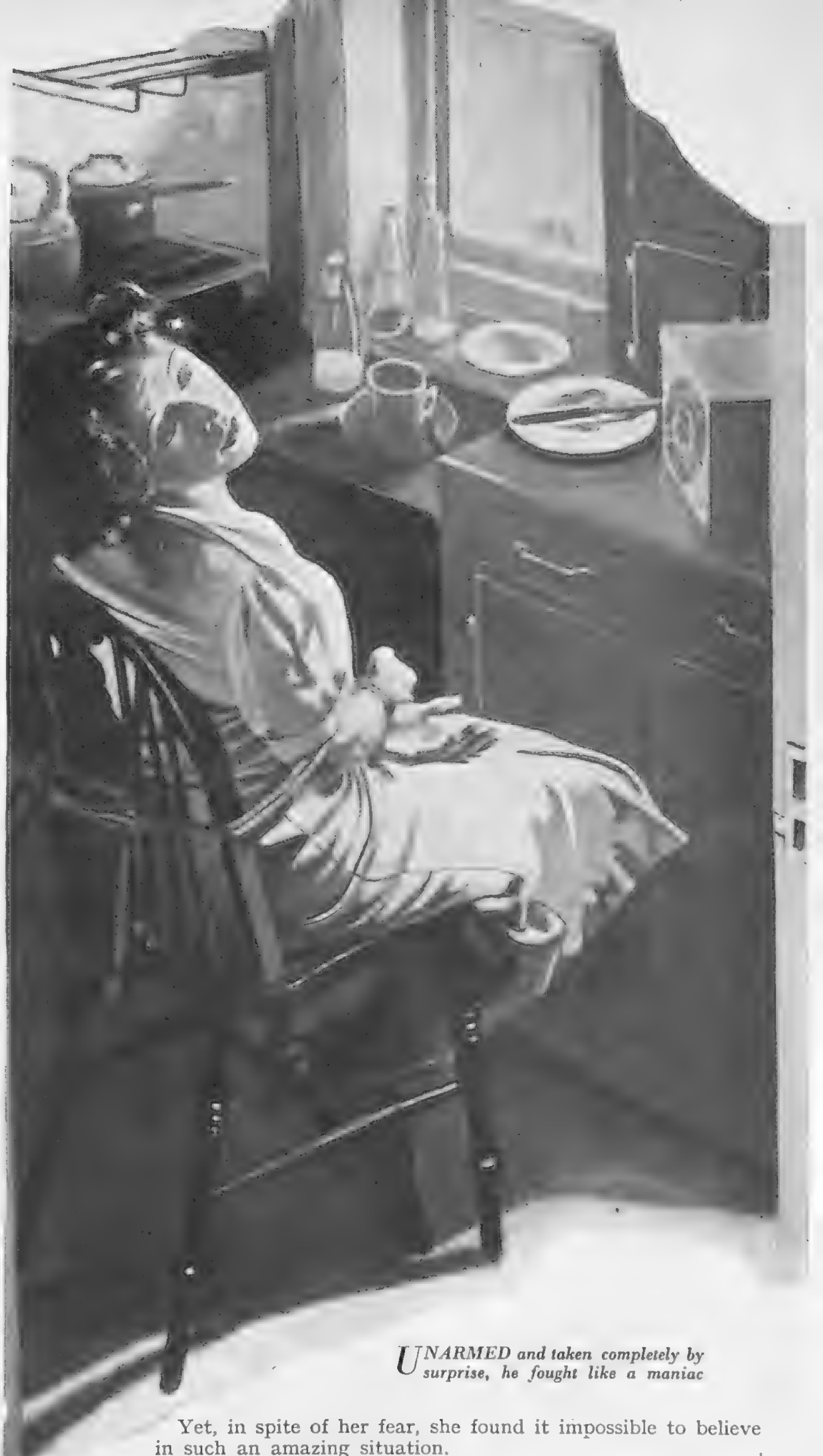
Whistling under his breath, he considered the possibilities of his scheme. The girl would not be missed at her place of business for the duration of her holiday, while supplies of food would arrive daily. The fact that she did not go out would not be noticed unless a deliberate watch was set on her movements. In this case, there would be nothing to attract attention, since apparently she would be carrying on her usual routine.

The flaw seemed to lie in her holiday arrangements. He knew it was useless to question her about these, since she would lie; but he counted on the fact that anyone who was puzzled at her non-arrival, would ring up the flat—when he could compel her to reassure them.

Fortunately for his conspiracy, the telephone, speaking-tube and tradesman's lift were all in the kitchen, where he could control them. Success depended on whether he had the nerve to lie low and sit tight. Spinning a coin for luck, he tore up Janet's note to Mrs. Tory, countermanding supplies.

"Listen, *you*," he said. "You're not going away. I'm staying here—and you've got to stay too. You've only one chance. *Keep quiet.*"

Too terrified to protest, Janet stared at him with dull wonder that he should look so average and normal. He did not resemble the gangsters of the screen, neither did he use their slang. Hard-eyed and tight-lipped, with smooth hair, there was nothing to distinguish him from any keen young business man, who determines to rise.



UNARMED and taken completely by surprise, he fought like a maniac

Yet, in spite of her fear, she found it impossible to believe in such an amazing situation.

"It can't last," she told herself. "Someone is bound to come to the flat—Tory, or the postman. I must make them suspect something is wrong."

Her hope rising at a sudden inspiration, she ventured to speak to the bandit.

"I think I had better send a message for extra supplies. I don't eat much and you won't like my food. I don't have meat."

His sneer at her flimsy ruse shrivelled any expectation of success. He did not even trouble to reply, but asked a sudden question.

"Has the porter a master-key of the flats?"

"Yes, in case of fire," she told him.

"Well, if he uses it, *for any reason*, he's a dead man. That goes for anyone who tries to come in. And the next bullet will be yours."

He went to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket, thus formally making her his prisoner.

She was too stunned to protest. His last speech had reminded her of the hideous truth that he had just killed a harmless citizen in cold blood, and that any unsuspecting person who entered her flat would meet with the same fate.

It would be an invitation to be murdered, if she incited Tory to come to her rescue, unless she could smuggle through a note to him, telling him the facts. If he communicated with the police, she knew that they would devise a means to draw the man's fire and take him by surprise.

But, pending such information, she must do her utmost to keep the porter —or anyone else—away.

"Directly I've a chance, I'll write to Tory," she decided. "I don't suppose *he'll* let me get near the lift—but I can throw it out of my window."

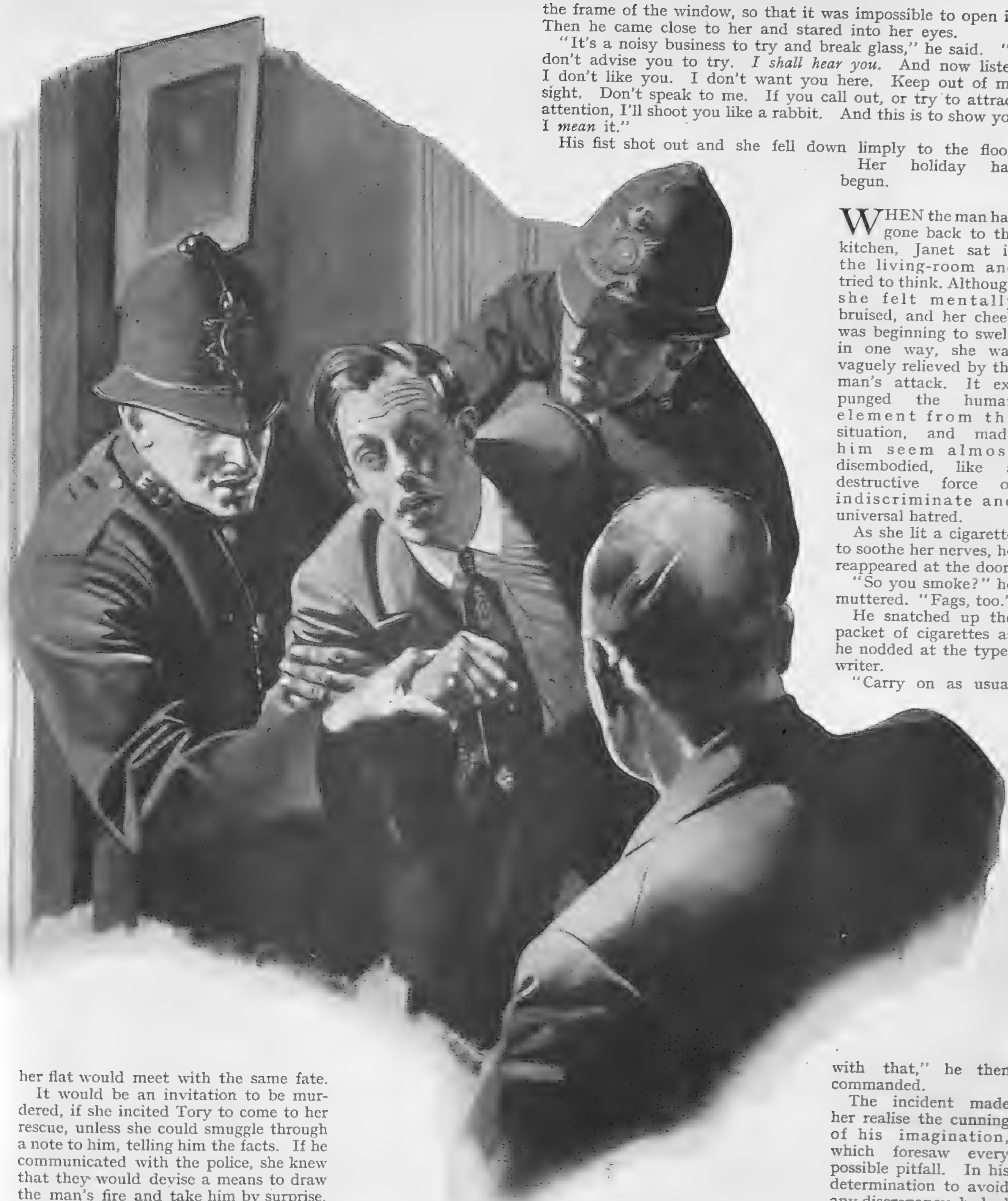
As though he were playing into her hands, the man went into the living-room and wheeled out the divan, which served as her bed, by night, and a couch, by day.

"I'm sleeping in the kitchen," he told her. "There'll be no monkey business with the lift. You stay in the other room."

Even as her heart lightened at the prospect of privacy, he went into the living-room and jerked the pictures from the walls. Wrenching out the long nails, he drove them through the frame of the window, so that it was impossible to open it. Then he came close to her and stared into her eyes.

"It's a noisy business to try and break glass," he said. "I don't advise you to try. *I shall hear you.* And now listen I don't like you. I don't want you here. Keep out of my sight. Don't speak to me. If you call out, or try to attract attention, I'll shoot you like a rabbit. And this is to show you I *mean* it."

His fist shot out and she fell down limply to the floor. Her holiday had begun.



WHEN the man had gone back to the kitchen, Janet sat in the living-room and tried to think. Although she felt mentally bruised, and her cheek was beginning to swell, in one way, she was vaguely relieved by the man's attack. It expunged the human element from the situation, and made him seem almost disembodied, like a destructive force of indiscriminate and universal hatred.

As she lit a cigarette to soothe her nerves, he reappeared at the door.

"So you smoke?" he muttered. "Fags, too."

He snatched up the packet of cigarettes as he nodded at the typewriter.

"Carry on as usual with that," he then commanded.

The incident made her realise the cunning of his imagination, which foresaw every possible pitfall. In his determination to avoid any discrepancy, he had refrained from smoking, until he had learned her own habits.

He meant to shield himself with her identity. It was fortunate for her sanity that she was allowed occupation. In accordance with her principle of never refusing work, she had accepted some heavy monotonous matter, which was poorly paid, but which she was privileged to deliver them in instalments.

She now set herself the task of clearing it off in bulk. As she tapped away, her thoughts circled around her imprisonment. She could see no shred of hope anywhere. The other tenants of the fifth floor were away on holiday, and no one could possibly miss her, or know of her predicament.

When she set out to compass her (*Continued on page* 106

KITCHENS WHICH FEED SOME

By Beatrix Moore

I SHALL never again ask for "sausages, mash and veg." without seeing the bustling drama of activity that lies behind my casual order, and visualising the romantic and tremendous organisation of some of the kitchens I visited—kitchens which feed 2,000 people at once, and which are nowadays self-contained worlds of their own.

I began by visiting a kitchen which caters for a more luxurious clientele, and found Monsieur Latry, *maître-chef* of the Savoy restaurant "at home" in his carpeted office, adjoining the kitchen. Monsieur Latry, who feeds 1,500 people at a time without turning a hair, was sitting pale and resplendent with black moustache and fiery eyes, at his desk, like a king in his palace. Curiously enough he was born in the Savoy country in France, and at the age of sixteen began work in his mother's kitchen; for his mother, who is a *cordon-bleu* is as proud of her country hotel as Monsieur Latry is of his grand London kitchen, and it is a standing joke between them when the chef goes home for his holidays, that his mother always asks him "how he is getting on with his lessons!"

For twenty-five years Monsieur Latry has "created" something new nearly every day, wandering over the globe in search of fresh ideas—for a kitchen can truly boast that it has "the world" behind its menu—and it is Monsieur Latry's boast that he can supply any visitor who is "home-sick" for his own country with one of his special national delicacies on the spot, even if it means "Kangeroo tail soup," or "Rocky Mountain steaks." Human nature is no riddle to him, since he has dealt with so many varieties of it. One man, he told me, has been in regularly every Monday morning for lunch for twenty-five years, for boiled beef and carrots! Monsieur Latry admitted that he preferred "creating" for women as they are more interested in food than men, and like new food as much as they like a new dress!

Monsieur Latry's kitchen begins its day at 6 a.m. and goes on sometimes, until 3 a.m. the following morning. He himself, of course is busy out at the different markets at an early hour—Smithfield, Covent Garden, Billingsgate, and Leadenhall Street, tasting this and that, and casting the connoisseur's eye over everything. He has a staff of 220 under him, which includes twelve bakers and seventeen pastry-cooks. Down in the kitchens I saw some of his army of *sous-chefs* at work, each one of whom has an interesting story to tell in his special domain. There were two *sous-chefs* whose duty is to stand in front of two loud-speakers all day long, and pass the orders to the different departments. Latry is very proud of these microphones, because his kitchen is the only one in the world to have instituted this system, and as they are connected with all sections of the kitchens—such as the "fish" section, the "roasts," the "game," and so on—they avoid the bedlam of noise which prevails of necessity in most kitchens. Latry himself can also speak to any part of the kitchen from his office, though in the busiest time of the day you will usually find him in the kitchen.

ANOTHER speciality which visitors from all over the world go into the kitchen to see, is the immense log broche or open fire, though personally, I was more fascinated by the automatic washing-up apparatus—a huge whirligig and spray affair—and also by the cutting and peeling machines which deal with hundreds of different vegetables a day.

The arm of the kitchen is a long one, and stretches out even to the chalk beds sunk 600 feet beneath London, where artesian wells supply half a million gallons a day of crystal clear water from the Chiltern hills, the chalk acting as a natural filter.

Then there are the wine cellars, too, which stretch far beneath the Thames—cellars which store some of the world's choicest wines, worth something upwards of £600,000, and where no one is allowed to penetrate except the master cellarer and his men. These cellars formed part of the old Savoy Palace, though they have, of course, been re-built and re-inforced to meet modern demands.

Down in the power house I saw high-speed steam turbines, driven by five diesel-oil engines—generating two million units

THE fruit salad counter at one of the Lyons restaurants. Each plate is inspected as it passes down the rack, and anything that offends the eye is removed from the dish

THE washing-up of all the plates, knives and forks plays a very important part in the curriculum of the kitchen. Speed is essential; hence machinery does most of it per annum—more than the amount generated in a year by such towns as Canterbury or Windsor. Then there were two twelve-ton ice-making plants which have a capacity of fifteen tons a day. The motors range from one of 70 h.p. weighing four tons, down to a whisking machine in the kitchens driven by a tiny motor of $\frac{1}{8}$ h.p.

But if the mass production figures for a kitchen such as the Savoy, are astonishing, the organisation for a popular kitchen such as Lyons is even more so. Figures such as 400,000 cups of coffee, 1,250,000 packets of tea, and 500,000 portions of ice cream daily, are all included in the day's routine. In fact, if you are still interested in figures, here is a rough idea of the tea-time output alone, per week: 750,000 Swiss rolls, 200,000 sponge and jam sandwiches, 800,000 muffins and crumpets, 80,000 french pastries, and 2,000,000 bread rolls!

Almost every conceivable trade and profession is employed in connection with a kitchen such as this—there are accountants, scientists, artists, architects, electricians, butchers, bakers, cooks, confectioners, decorators, dressmakers and many others. There are also doctors, dentists, nurses, chiropodists and manicurists to look after the physical well-being of the mammoth staff.

For at one corner house alone an average of 25,000 people are served every twenty-four hours. And down in the kitchen the daily shopping list begins something like this: 800 gallons of milk, 13,000 eggs, 1,400 oranges, 7,000 lettuces in the summer and about 1,400 in the winter (since English people now eat salads all the year round), 3 tons of potatoes, 1,000 portions of plaice, (*Continued on page* 83)

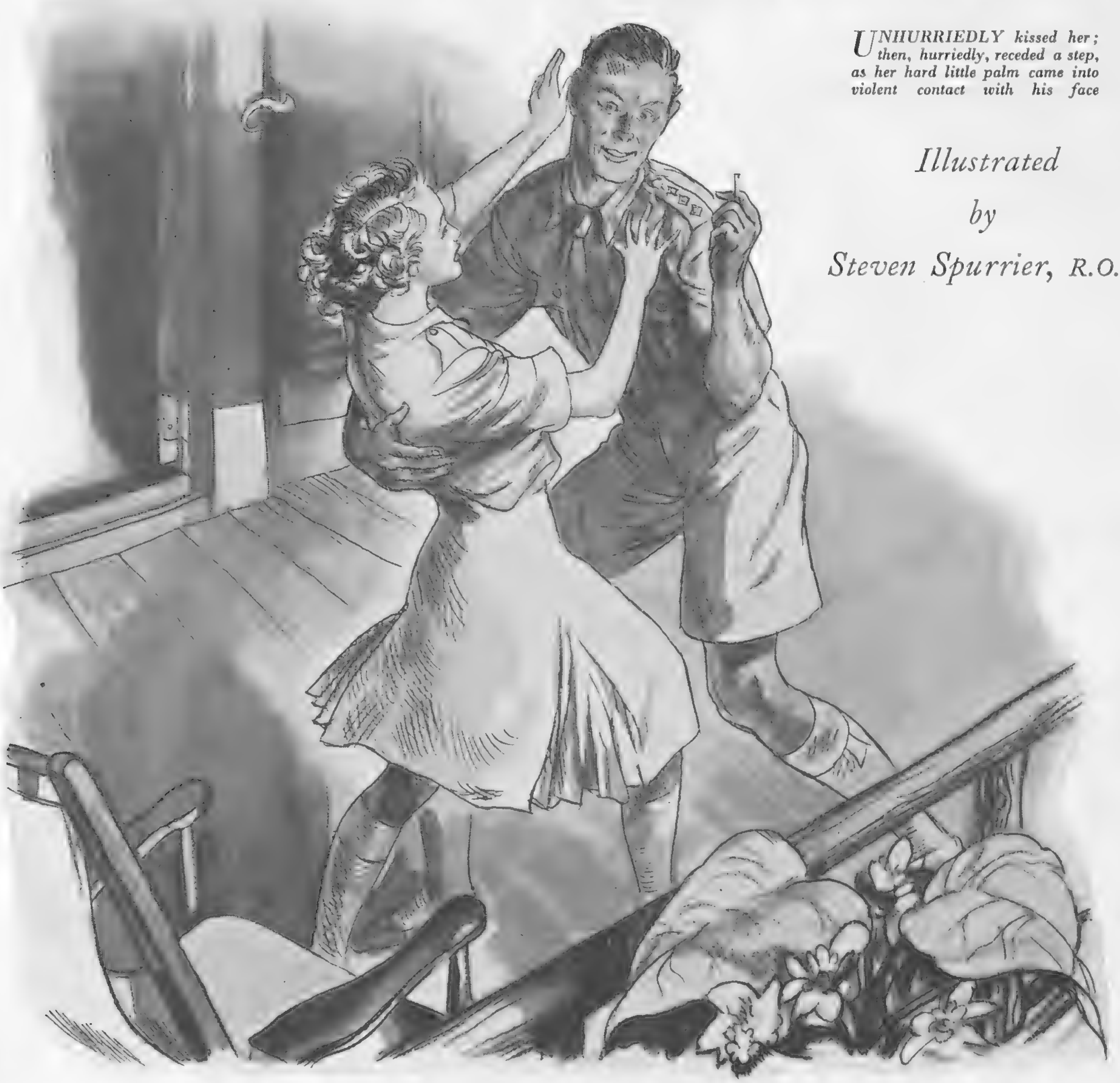
TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE AT ONCE

HERE are rows and rows of dishes in the salad room. The chef is seen perfecting each one, as he passes hundreds!

A LYONS kitchen, where there are automatic meat-choppers, and every sort of device including special ventilation to remove cooking odours common to every kitchen

M. LATRY, the famous maitre-chef of the Savoy Hotel, who thinks nothing of feeding 1,500 people at once

O'Connor-Burke *of*



UNHURRIEDLY kissed her; then, hurriedly, receded a step, as her hard little palm came into violent contact with his face

Illustrated
by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

THERE was, in the motley annals of a certain British West African colony, one page that has since been torn out; officially, at least. For unofficially it is still remembered up and down the coast whenever men meet and drink potent rum-swizzle and swap the tales—all of them picturesque and some of them true—of the outer lands.

It dealt with a young medical missionary about whom everybody, even members of her own sex, agreed that she was lovely in her slim, ash-blond way; and that three years spent in this corner of the globe, where half the time one roasted and the other half steamed, had not spoiled her camelia complexion nor dimmed her frank, storm-blue eyes nor sapped either her courage or her sense of humour—dry Yankee humour, Caroline Chase having been born in the State of Maine.

It dealt, furthermore, with one Mihupi, a jungly Balolo who, as a youth, had been caught, baptized, trousered and taught distressingly fluent English by the earnest clerics of the very mission with which Caroline Chase was connected—and, though it is putting the cart before the horse, let us mention that there came a time when Mihupi no longer professed Christianity or wore trousers, but lived again in the matted, squidgy miasma of the farther bush, sporting a crimson loincloth and seven copper wire bracelets, sinning many and unspeakable sins and rolling the thunder of his tall medicine drum before the altar of false, clay-plastered juju idols.

It dealt, finally, with Captain the Honourable Timothy de Burgh O'Connor-Burke.

Once the latter had been resplendent in the scarlet and gold of one of His Majesty's crack cavalry regiments; was now attached to the "Waffs," the West African Frontier Force. He had been transferred to that legion of ruffianly, plum-coloured fighting men for a reason which, while it has nothing to do with this particular chronicle, shall be related forthwith, since it gives the measure of the man.

It seems that, stationed in India and for the time being overlord of a small community which boasted only one street but three religions that cordially hated each other, he had been informed by the high priest of the Moslems, the high priest of the Hindus and the high priest of the Sikhs that on the following Thursday would coincide the feast days of a great Moslem, a great Hindu and a great Sikh saint. Each of the three turbaned divines had asked permission for his co-religionists to parade in solemn procession with their devotional banners and holy, if odorous, relics—and only the one street, and grim, mutual enmity that might mean broken

the Waffs

Whose Refusal of a Cigar Nearly Ended his Career

By Achmed Abdullah

heads—and what was the Protector of the Pitiful going to do about it?

Here had been a problem in diplomatic finesse that would have taxed the wisdom of Solomon, King of the Jews; had not taxed that of Captain O'Connor-Burke of the XIth Dragoons.

"Nothing to it!" to quote his own words. "I proposed that the several saintly blokes pool their resources—relics and banners and all. One corkin' big parade—d'ye see? And I willin' to do my bit, suggested I should head the whole jolly show with a British regimental band tootlin' '*Onward, Christian Soldiers!*' empire-buildin' stuff—tolerance and impartiality—eh, what . . . ?"

But the priests, not to forget O'Connor-Burke's colonel, had interpreted it differently; had branded it as a piece of impertinent tactlessness. And he would have been asked to resign from the service, had it not been for his uncle, the Duke of Kildare, who had pulled wires.

Therefore he had been sent to West Africa. Therefore, too, his outer man was now clad in the sober khaki of the Waffs. Yet the inner man had not changed—as, for instance, on the afternoon when he called on Caroline at the mission compound, dropped into a comfortable chair on the vine-screened porch, stretched out long legs and said to her in that uniquely British cavalry diction of his which made it hard to decide where the gentleman ended and the stable groom began:

"Pert as a sparrow—that's what you are—and pretty as dammit. So what d'ye mean by bein' a missionary—a nosey, double-dashed interferin' little busybody?"

"Tim," she replied, nowise offended, "I'd hate to have your nerve in a tooth. Why—when it comes to butting into other people's business, the army has the church beat a mile. Besides, I'm merely a medical missionary."

"Right-oh! Massage the niggers' trigger-fingers, so that they can take better aim when we're out on jungle patrol. One of the blighters almost potted me last week."

"Doubtless you irritated him. It's a habit of yours. At all events," more seriously, "it's my duty to lend my skill to anybody who needs it."

"Includin' savages?"

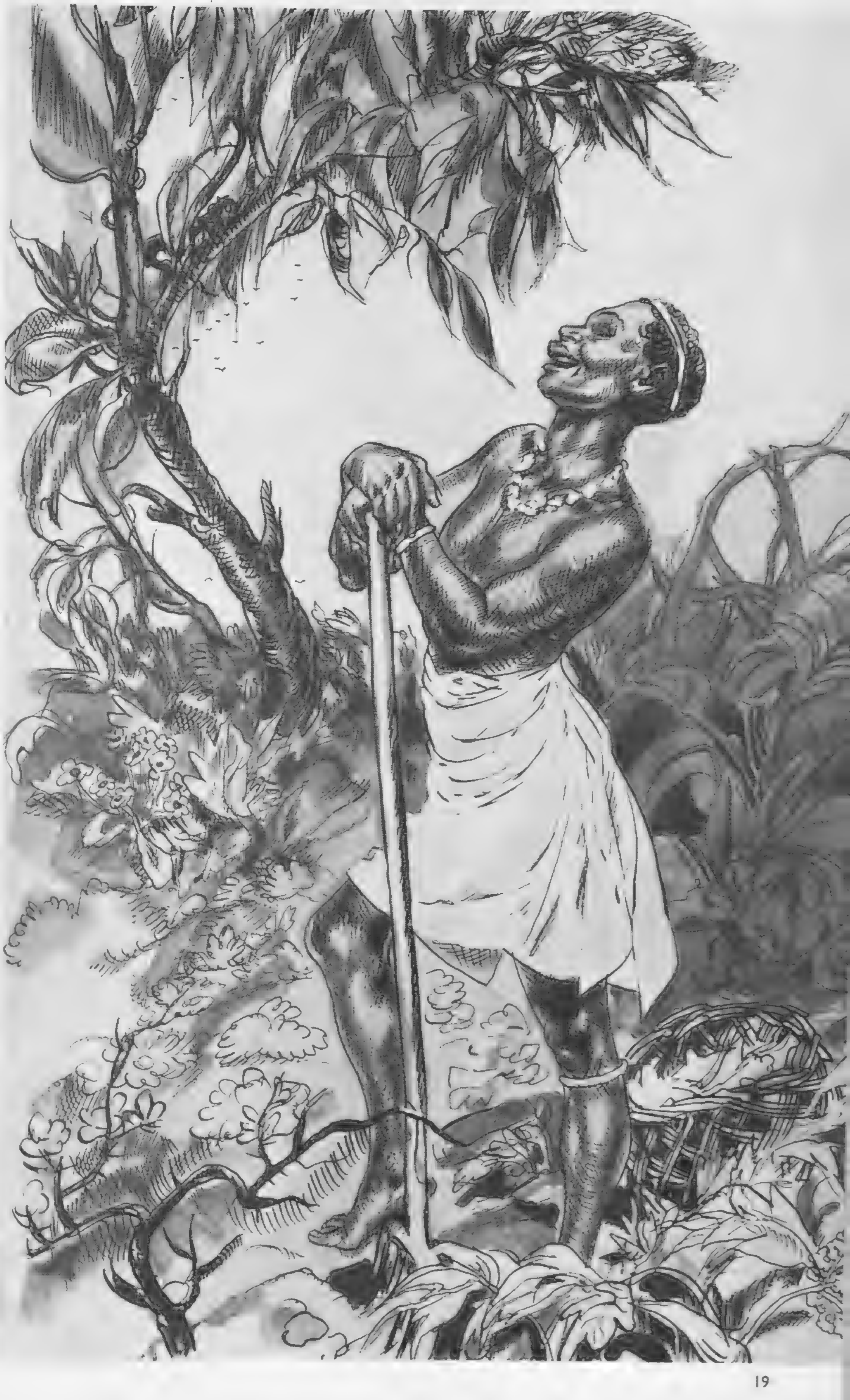
"Even including the Irish." She smiled. "In your case I prescribe fewer highballs."

"You haven't the right to nag me till after we're married."

"Did you say—married?"

"Definitely. You see—" settling more comfortably in his chair—"I love you and all that sort of drivel."

"Oh"—a little sharply—"you *do*?"



HE saw Mihupi, the Balolo, who had been digging in the garden and must have watched and listened

"Quite—hope to die and stop drinkin'." He lit a cigarette. "And you'll get a damned good-lookin' husband—well-to-do—five thousand pounds a year—and some day, unless that ass of an uncle of mine takes it into his head to beget a son and heir at his time of life, I'll be a blinkin' duke and you a blinkin' duchess."

Unhurriedly he got up and drew her to him; unhurriedly kissed her; then, hurriedly, receded a step, as her hard little palm came into violent contact with his face.

It was not so much that she objected to being kissed—she had been kissed before, had not minded the experience. Nor did she object to being kissed by *him*—indeed, she had known it would happen sooner or later, had rather looked forward to it. But—oh—he had been so cavalierly about it, about his whole love-making, just as if—as if it didn't matter—as if *she* didn't matter! Why—he hadn't even dropped his cigarette. . . .

That, really, had been the last straw. And she ran from the porch, entered the house, slammed the door, while he stared after her.

"My word!" he exclaimed—then gave a start as he heard loud, throaty, high-pitched African laughter.

He turned. He saw Mihupi, the Balolo, who had been digging in the garden and must have watched and listened—who said now, in his distressingly fluent English, not all of which he had learned at the mission school:

"Ticked you off—didn't she, old socks?"

O'Connor-Burke flushed with anger. He gripped his riding crop. It was not the first time Mihupi had annoyed him by his arrogance. Others in the regiment had had similar run-ins with the negro who, ordinarily, would have received the white man's prompt justice—or injustice—of Africa: twenty on the bare back with the swish-swish of the *sjambok*, the heavy rhinoceros-hide whip. But, in this case, an exception was being made—for reasons of politics, not of sentimental humanitarianism.

For—as Colonel Evans of the Waffs had explained to his officers—Mihupi was the only son of Chief M'Pala of the Balolos. Their land, rich in tropical produce, had so far kept its independence; and both England and France coveted it, were eager to make a deal with the chief. The latter—and the latter's son, cheeky mission boy or not—had to be handled with velvet gloves.

So O'Connor-Burke bridled his rage. He merely glared at Mihupi; knocked at the door through which Caroline had disappeared.

"I say!" he called out.

"Go away!" was the muffled response.

He frowned. What the deuce—he wondered—could have put her wind up so? Why—he loved her; and when one loved a girl, one popped the question. All very proper and according to Hoyle. Perhaps he shouldn't have kissed her. . . ." He'd find out.

"I say!" he repeated. "Awfully sorry if . . ."

"Will you please go away"—through the door—"and stay away!"

Again the Balolo laughed. Again the other flushed with anger. Then he shrugged his shoulders. He'd talk to Caroline in the morning. He'd better be off now—he decided—before he lost his temper and gave that black a damned good hiding. So he walked to barracks; was told there to report to Colonel Evans;—who ordered him to proceed up-river within the hour. . . .

"Just got word. Arab slavers raiding the hinterland. Take a half-company and give 'em beans."

O'Connor-Burke should have jumped at the chance; his first independent command, his first private little "show," the sort of thing every young soldier dreams of. But he was the opposite of elated. Within the hour—in the colonel's parlance—meant within the hour. Just enough time to get ready; not enough to see Caroline, find out what was biting her.

"Take along a brace of machine guns," the other interrupted his thoughts, "and don't make a worse mess than you have to."

"Yes, sir."

He saluted, left. He was glum.

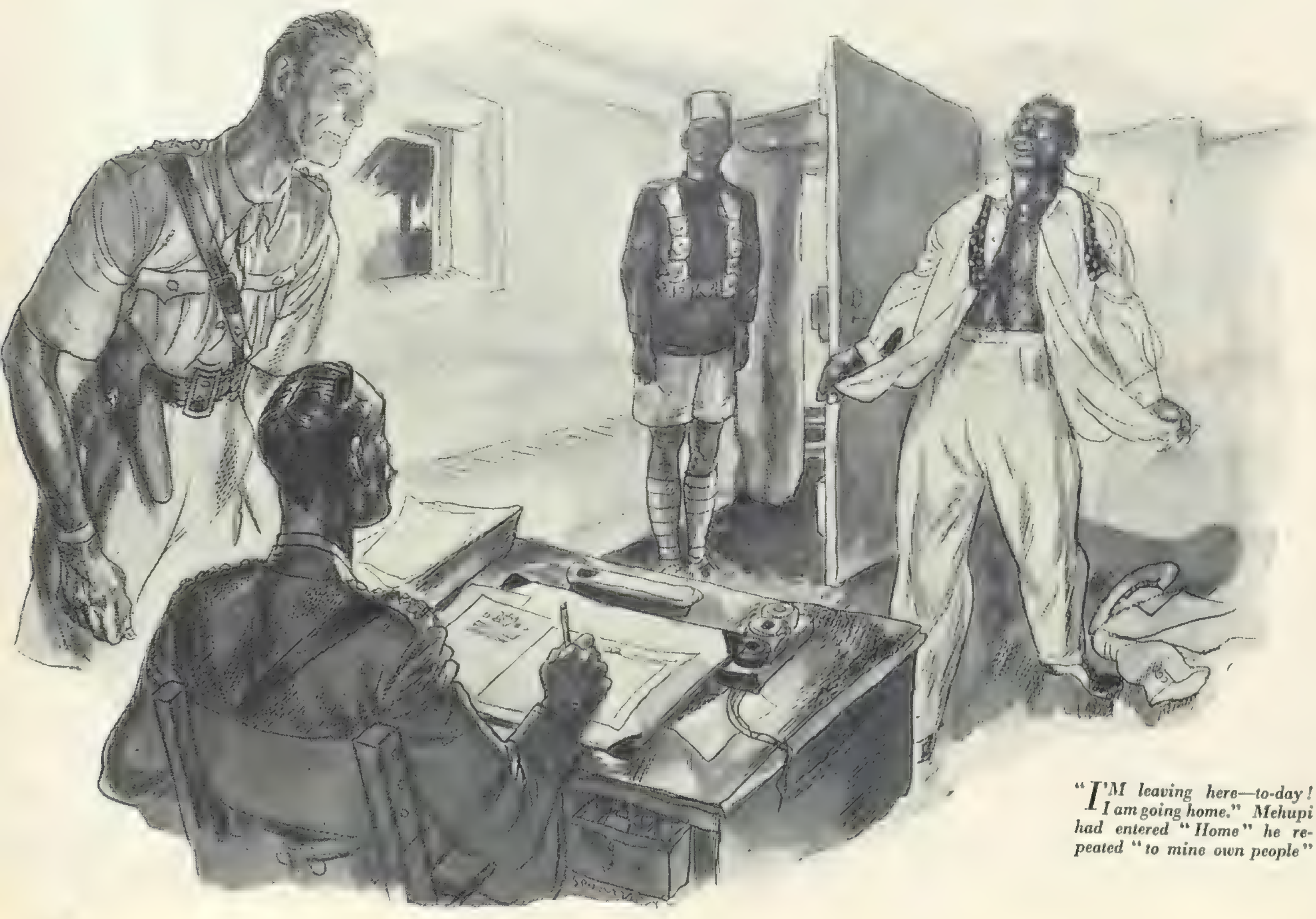
"Damn!" he cried, as a mosquito nipped him in the neck.

And then, suddenly, he was cheerful again. For he remembered some poet-bloke — Shakespeare, he suspected—having spouted something-or-other about absence making the heart grow something-or-other. Oh yes—a long absence in the hinterland. She'd worry about him. And everything would be as right as rain when he got back.

He laughed. Crossing the dusty parade ground, he hummed a song his old Irish nurse had taught him years ago:

"When she gives ye a slap on the jaw,
ye think sure it's the kick of a mule
is her own—
Sure the full of me arm of me Dublin
love is pretty Kitty Malone. . . ."

ELEVEN months later he came back—leaner than ever, tired, dirty, but



"I'M leaving here—to-day! I am going home." Mehupi had entered "Home" he repeated "to mine own people"

triumphant. He went straight to H.Q. to report.

"Tell the colonel," he said to the orderly, "that I . . ."

"You wait," a voice cut in, "till I've been announced."

O'Connor-Burke blinked, stared. From a rattan chair in the corner—he had not noticed him before — rose Mihupi, gorgeous in a white linen suit, pink shirt, pointed, bright-yellow shoes encasing his splay feet, a fat cigar between his fleshy lips.

The man went on with considerable condescension:

"Glad to see you back, though, old fellow. Have a smoke?"

He reached into his breast pocket, produced another cigar, offered it to the Irishman—and then, suddenly, completely, terribly, the latter lost his temper.

"A cigar, eh? A cigar? Why, you damned . . ."

He raised his *sjambok*. Perhaps it was wrong of him. But then he had been up-river for long, weary weeks. Day after day, he had trudged through the jungle. Had been shot at from ambush and nicked in the shoulder. Had shivered and burnt with fever fits. Had suffered from festering sores where insects had bitten him and leeches sucked his blood. Had eaten dirt, drunk dirt, breathed dirt, lived dirt. Had almost given up in despair.

Almost. Not quite. For he had carried on . . . hack! struggle! stumble!—go on again!—hack and hack and cut your way!—put your head down and barge along!—sweat, suffer, swear!—but carry on! . . . and, in the end, he had succeeded. Had done a man's decent, full-sized job. Overtaking the Arab raiders by forced marches. Smashing them with a reckless, frontal attack. Freeing the poor, half-starved, yoked slaves and sending them rejoicing to their villages.

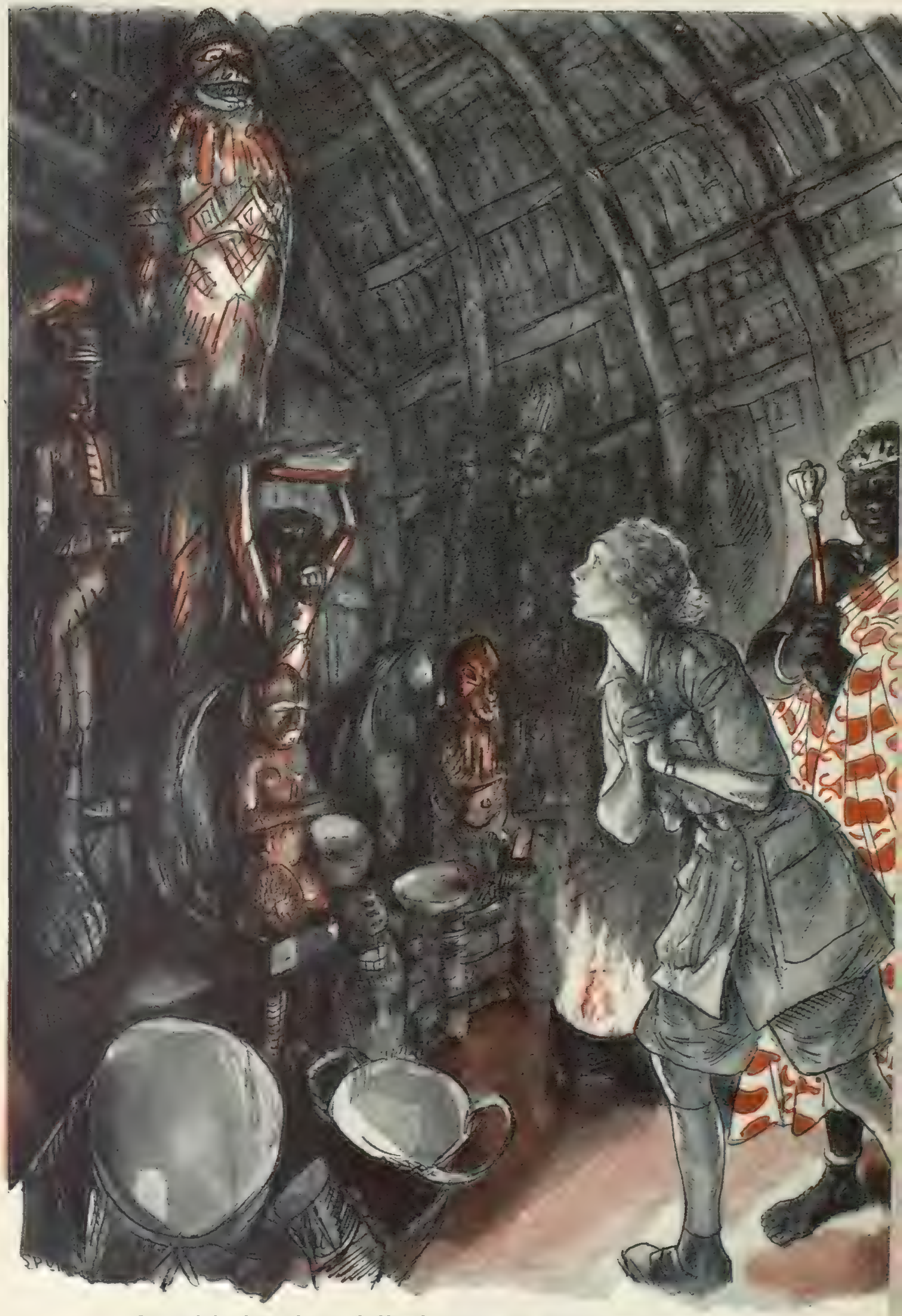
And now—to be cheeked by this frizzy-haired ape—to be offered a cigar. . . .

"By God!" he roared. "Here's where you get yours!"

He rained an avalanche of blows on the Balolo's arms, legs, back—and there were, presently, loud screams of:

"Help! Help!"

Help came in the person of the colonel, who rushed from the office; who, half an hour later, alone with the Irishman, said to him:



SHE looked at them and gave a shudder of revulsion—they seemed to represent all the ignorance, all the unspeakable, sadistic cruelties of Africa

"You did splendidly up-river. But as to Mihupi . . ."

"Sir," stubbornly, "I'm not sorry. I suppose—oh—I'd better resign from the service—before I'm kicked out?"

"Not at all. I know I warned you and the other officers to handle Mihupi with velvet gloves. Still——" for Evans, though strict, was just—"there's a limit. I'm afraid I'd have done the same in your shoes. Only—it's rather unfortunate . . ."

"I know. Because his father . . ."

"Worse than that. His father died the other day. Mihupi's the new chief. That's why he called on me, all dressed up. Official farewell visit. He's leaving here next Monday . . ."

"I'm leaving here—to-day! I am going home!" Mihupi had entered. "Home!" he repeated, not in English, but in the clicky, gutteral dialect of his tribe. "Home—to mine own people!"

Suddenly, with a few quick jerks, he tore off his clothes; stood there—naked, savage, superb. Then he turned. He crossed the threshold, the parade ground, strode through the opening in the fence into the near jungle, his brown skin melting into the greenish gloom, blending with it, vanishing. There was hardly a shiver where he had passed—amidst the gnarled bushes, the flowering vines, the lance-shaped, blotched leaves of the epiphites. There was hardly a flutter among the

(*Continued on page* 90)

Dolores Del Rio (Mexican) and her husband, Cedric Gibbons (American)

(Right) Johnny Weissmuller (German-American) and his wife, Lupe Velez (Mexican)

HOLLYWOOD'S MATRIMONIAL

The Marriages of Hollywood are Decidedly International in Flavour

Luise Rainer (Austrian) is married to Clifford Odets, an American playwright

Grace Moore (American) with her husband, Valentin Parera (Spanish)

WHEN the husbands and wives of Filmland march side by side through a lane of staring faces towards the main entrance of any Hollywood theatre, on the first night of a new film or play, I always have a feeling that something is missing. Small banners or standards should be carried by each distinguished pair, announcing, for all the world to see, the particular country they represent at these famous functions.

It is done in any self-respecting pantomime, when the entire cast assembles for the final "march-down," with a flight of steep steps to make things more difficult. As the paired procession stamps its way to the footlights, banners, standards, or placards are born aloft, majestically announcing "Africa," "India," "The Fiji Islands," "Madagascar." So it should be with the film stars. For their procession into a theatre is a veritable League of Nations.

The marriages of Hollywood are decidedly international in flavour. Romania and Wales. Mexico and Czechoslovakia. Ireland and France. Austria and the Bronx. France and America (twice at least). Spain and Tennessee. Russia and Kentucky. Ireland and Spain. England and France. Wales and America. Italy and America. China and America. Mexico and German-American. Shuffle the world's countries in almost any way you like, and you will find husbands and wives of screen fame who can step forward and take a bow. Hollywood's matrimonial League of Nations represents a sure road towards world peace.

When Miriam Hopkins from Kentucky married Anatole Litvak, a Russian film director who travelled to Hollywood to make a Miriam Hopkins' film produced by Samuel Goldwyn, they sprang a surprise on their friends. Both of them had denied vigorously that they were anything more than the usual "very good friends." Yet one Saturday in the middle of 1937 they flew to Yuma to become Mr. and Mrs. Litvak—or whatever the Russian is for that state of blessedness.

The story behind their marriage, as related by Miss Hopkins herself, bubbles with comedy. Most things connected with Miss Hopkins have a way of bubbling. She is like that; effervescent, gay, with ice-blue eyes that hold an eternal twinkling smile. She says she *had* to marry the man she calls "Tola"—because a fortune-teller told her she would do so! It was in Paris, and the fortune-teller was known as Madame Hungaria. Marvellous, it appears, was Madame Hungaria, with the palm, the cards or the crystal.

Miriam, on her way back to catch the *Normandie* following one of her hectic express-train tours of Europe, found herself consulting Madame Hungaria at a big party given in her own honour, the day before the *Normandie* sailed. Miriam has a weakness for fortune-tellers. She says she can sense them miles away, and not even the wildest of wild directors would keep her from a fortune-teller, once sensed. Madame Hungaria spoke her piece nobly. She remarked that on returning to Hollywood Miss Hopkins would be hurt in a car smash—and sure enough Mrs. Fred Astaire's car bumped into the Hopkins's limousine, with resultant damage to its occupant. She said, moreover, that within a week Miss Hopkins would meet a man who

Lili Damita (*French*), *who is married to Errol Flynn* (*Irish*)

(*Left*) *Anatole Litvak* (*Russian*) *is married to Miriam Hopkins* (*American*). *They are watching a tennis match between Fred Perry and Elsworth Vines*

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By
Margaret
Chute

would become a very important figure in her life; she would marry that man, and his name would have four letters in it. To Madame Hungaria it appeared that the name was a little like Tony—but was not actually Tony.

Two days later, in the cocktail lounge on board the *Normandie*, somebody asked if he might present to Miss Hopkins Mr. Anatole Litvak, who was on his way to Hollywood to direct her in a film. During their first conversation Mr. Litvak revealed the fact that his Christian name was Anatole, which delighted Miss Hopkins because she once played on a Broadway stage in *The Affairs of Anatole*. Mr. Litvak went on to say that his friends never called him anything but Tola. And there was the name that Madame Hungaria had not been able to get exactly right—Tony, nearly but not quite! So when Miss Hopkins heard that Mr. Litvak was always called Tola, the union of Russia and one of the Southern States of America was as good as accomplished.

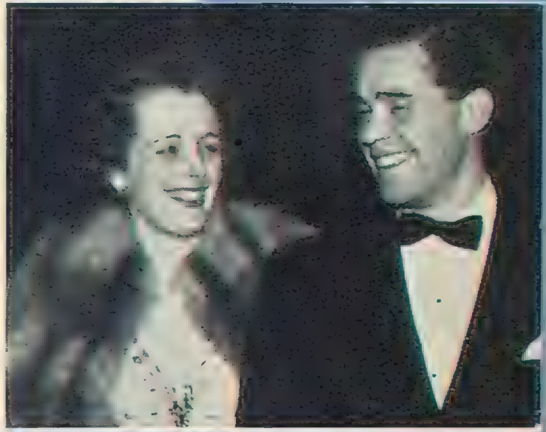
In fact, when he said he was called Tola, Miss Hopkins was so startled that she upset a glass of iced water all over his dinner jacket! The way they reached Yuma, after various wills and won'ts had complicated the course of true love, is rather a record even for Hollywood. On Wednesday it was arranged that the marriage would be on Saturday. On Thursday, Mr. Litvak worked late to finish the film version of *Tovarich*; so Miss Hopkins played poker, and lost. She went home and telephoned Tola that the marriage was off. Next night, Friday, Mr. Litvak said no more about marriages, but took Miriam, Mady Christians and Fritz Lang to a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, which seats as many as 25,000 people in the open air.

On the way, they dined at the Trocadero. By the time they arrived at the Bowl all the programme attendants had vanished, so they asked various people the way to their box, Number XYZ or something similar. Nobody had the slightest idea where it was. So they wandered around till they found it. Just as they sat down prepared to enjoy a fine programme they discovered they were entirely alone in the Bowl that holds 25,000 people—apart from a few belated musicians up on the platform who were hurriedly stuffing violins and double basses into cases and pushing off home. So Tola, Miriam, Mady and Fritz Lang sat on in their box, under the velvet Californian sky, and planned the wedding all over again.

That is why Miss Hopkins climbed into a plane, Yuma bound, the following morning and returned to Hollywood Mrs. Anatole Litvak. It must be a marvellous feeling to sit in an amphitheatre that holds 25,000 people and plan one's wedding. I must try it some time.

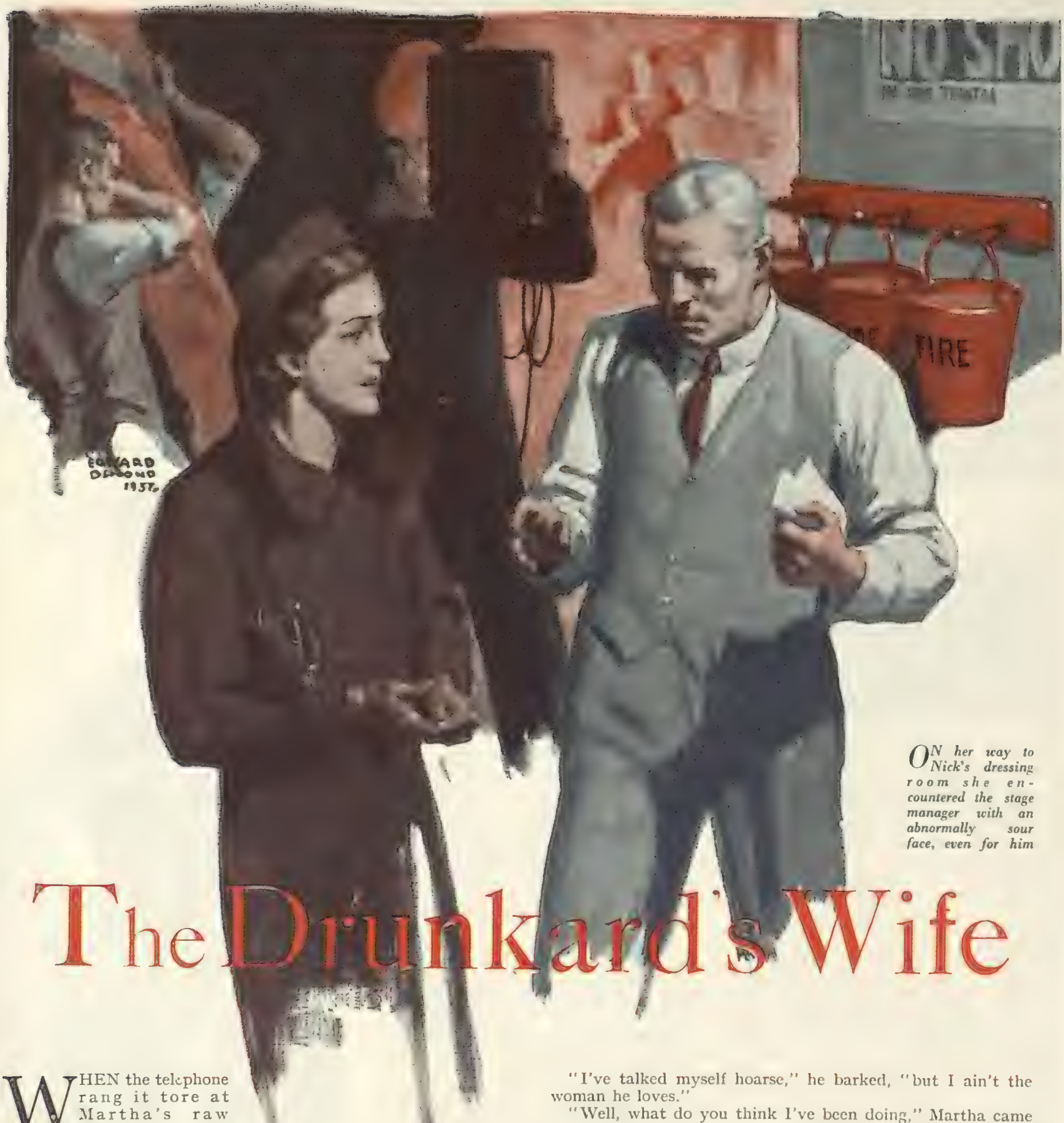
When Edward G. Robinson (Romanian) met Gladys Lloyd (Welsh) in New York, he fell in love with her at first sight. And this is *not* a game of Consequences. Edward G., the screen's most lovable bad man, was a stage actor in those days. He had lived with his parents all his life, until he began to get a few good parts in the theatre, and started to go on tour quite a lot. Then he took a bachelor flat, all by himself. His friends smiled, and made crude bets that Eddie would soon find a charming wife to share the flat with him. But Eddie said nothing like that was ever going to happen to him—which only

(*Continued on page* 121)



Mary Astor (*American*) *with her Mexican husband, Marcel Del Campo*

Al Jolson, a Russian, with his Irish-American wife, Ruby Keeler



ON her way to Nick's dressing room she encountered the stage manager with an abnormally sour face, even for him

The Drunkard's Wife

WHEN the telephone rang it tore at Martha's raw nerves. She knew it meant more trouble. It was Sam Oberstein's voice, accusing and bitter—"now Mrs. Linley you're not looking after that husband of yours. I've had him on top only one season and he's on the skids already. I've just been to the matineé and I'm telling you that it was one lousy performance."

"Mr. Oberstein, I've done everything I can think of."

He was not listening. She could almost see his wet black eyes snapping at her. "Look at the bids I had for him last September. And not even the Mask would touch him with a barge pole now. It's got round he's unreliable. Take heed young woman—it's the writing on the wall."

"If you were me, Mr. Oberstein, what would *you* do?" Martha enquired in a meek small voice.

"I'd reason with him. I'd point out what he was doing for himself in a nice quiet way. I'd beg him to toe the line for my sake. Why, when nothing else has any effect, a man will toe the line for——"

"What good ideas you have, Mr. Oberstein. Why don't *you* do it?"

"I've talked myself hoarse," he barked, "but I ain't the woman he loves."

"Well, what do you think I've been doing," Martha came back at him. "Do you suppose I stand aside and let him destroy himself before my eyes?"

There was a short electric silence. Then Sam Oberstein said persuasively—"listen Mrs. Linley. Three years ago *you* was on the road up. If you'd stayed you would have been the tops. You got a future. Why not come along and sign up with me and get back where you belong?"

Martha sighed. "How I'd love it! But you know why I quit better than anyone else does. I knew I'd have to be on the job all the time—I knew I'd have to take care of him. That situation still exists——"

"Women are fools," said the agent bluntly. "But how can you cure them? You're worth fifty of a drunken bum that's all the worse for having a talent. But don't kid yourself your sacrifice is doing any good. They're on the edge of kicking him out, and then you'll both be in Queer Street."

"You're wrong," Martha said violently. "He's going to snap out of it and I'm going to help him. At present it's out of the question for me to have a career. I've got to stand by——"

"It's your funeral," said the cynical voice, "when you've changed your mind, just let me know."

Martha dropped the telephone as if it burned her. Slipped

A Drama *of the* Screen *and* Stage

By

Olga L. Rosmanith

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

into a fur coat and took a taxi to the theatre. On her way to Nick's dressing room she encountered the stage manager with an abnormally sour face, even for him. He said, "I can't get an audience with our divine Apollo, so I'd like you to give him a message from me."

"Certainly," said Martha politely.

"Tell him he won't last out the run with that show-girl attitude to his work. What do lines matter if God gave me beauty?"

The hot blood burned in Martha's cheeks. But she couldn't blame these people for their jibes. Nick put them through flaming hoops of difficulty and anxiety. She said simply, "I'll try to tell him."

NICK was sitting before the mirror in a dark silk dressing-gown when his Japanese valet let her in. The fierce white lights that ringed the mirror showed a maturely handsome face, its superbly chiselled attractiveness curiously enhanced by its air of dissipation. He had been drunk when he left the apartment, but whatever they had done to him, he was stone-cold sober now. He turned to his wife with his famous and irresistible smile. He said: "go away Keishiro"—and as the door closed, "so you've forgiven me?"

Martha sat down on the battered divan. "What does that matter? I don't think all the time of what you're doing to me. I'm worrying now about your dazzling career going back to the Indians—dead to Broadway—a nine days' wonder sunk in oblivion——"

"You'd care about that?" His smile was mocking her.

"Of course I'd care." She saw his profile in the mirror, as beautiful and patrician as a Cæsar on an old Roman coin—and then the pouches under the eyes that the lights revealed with inanimate brutality. She winced and turned away. Nicholas laughed. "Yes, it must be nice to be the wife of a shop girl's idol."

"It isn't that Nick. I love you so."

His smile vanished. "By God Martha, I believe you do." He looked at his wrist-watch. "No time to eat in peace if we go out. Tell Keishiro to get something. In the meantime, what about a little drink?"

Martha rose and stood beside him. "Listen Nick, you know I hate nagging at you. If you start, you won't stop. You have to be on again in less than an hour. A matinée isn't an irretrievable disaster, but this is Saturday night."

Nick's face went hard and expressionless. "Sorry dear—you mean well—but I have the jitters. I must have it."

Martha's voice was low and gentle. "But darling, I'm so scared. Sam Oberstein just called me up to tell me how it's getting round that although you're so marvellous, you'll be washed up when the run's over. No one will have you—you're not reliable——"

Her husband ignored her appeal. He looked in the cellarette, found all the bottles mysteriously empty, went behind the screen and took a flask from his overcoat pocket. He tossed off a double brandy and squared his shoulders. "The ravings of delirium, Martha. I'm the best actor on Broadway——"

"Nick—you could be——"

He stared at her. His eyes were bloodshot. "*You* say I'm not——"

"Mr. Dunlap just told me you had a show girl complex—what do lines matter if God gave you beauty?"

He laughed loudly and emptied the flask into his glass. "The fellow has a pretty wit——"

Martha put her hand on his arm. "Please Nick—*don't* drink it."

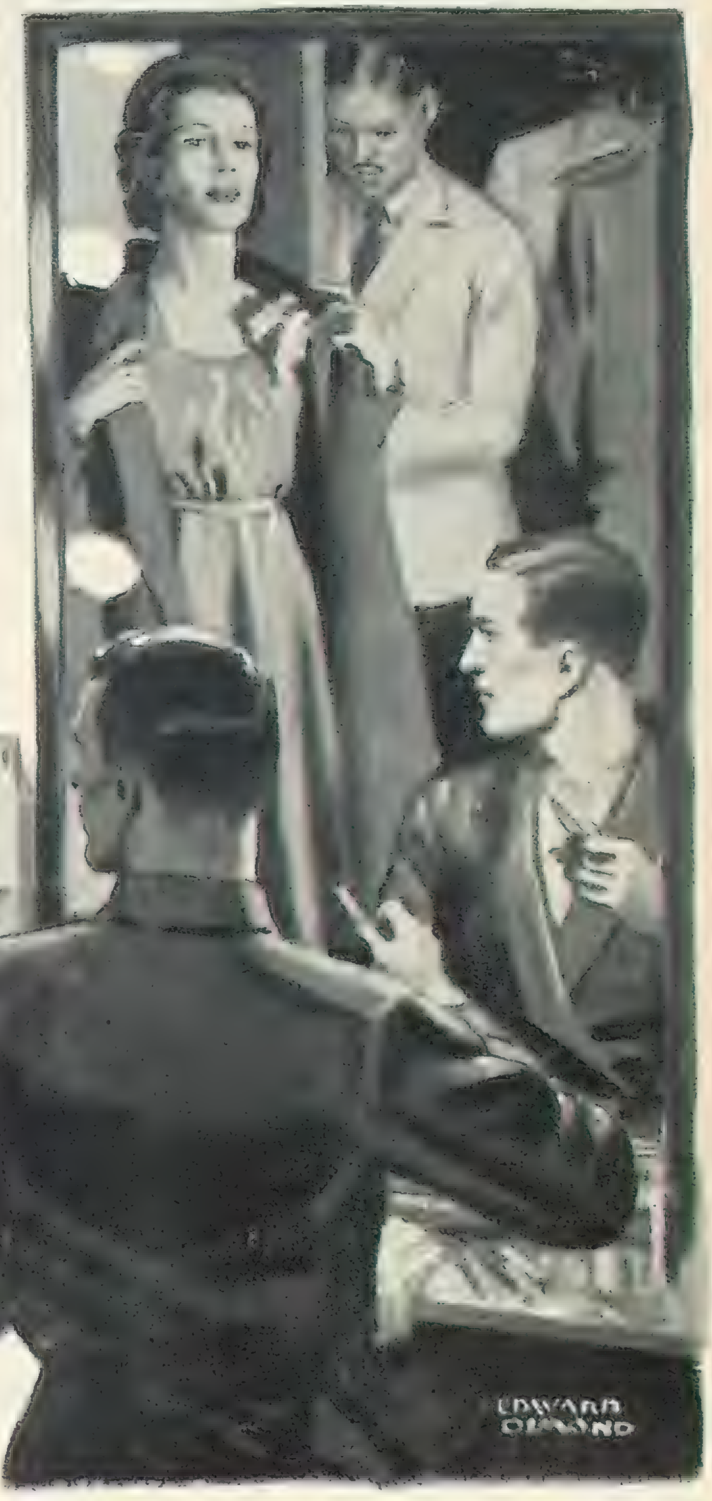
He pushed her roughly away. She ran to the door and called softly "Keishiro—Keishiro——"

The Jap came instantly. "Yes Mam."

"I'll go out and bring something to eat Keishiro. You do your best with him."

WHEN the curtain rang up it was painfully obvious that the leading man could hardly stand up on the stage. The company was watchfully nervous, improvising lines to cover his mistakes. Martha could not stay and watch Nick drive another nail in the coffin of his oblivion. Nor would it be any use going back to him. He would be unmanageable and abusive. She left her seat with legs trembling under her, slipped out quietly and went home.

She heard Keishiro bring Nick in and take him to the guest room before



NICK was sitting before the mirror in a dark silk dressing-gown when his valet let her in midnight, but she did not go out to them. She got into bed and turned her light out. Now he was safely home some tension snapped and she could lie down and get warm and perhaps forget for a little while. But she could not sleep.

She went into see Nick at noon on Sunday. He was sitting up drinking strong black coffee and his bed was littered with Sunday papers. The bedside lamp was lit, for soft falling snow made twilight of the January day. Martha sat on the end of the bed. She felt she ought to say something about the night before, but had learned that recrimination made matters worse. It produced in Nick such stubborn antagonism.

She said, "Don't forget, Nick, this is a very special Sunday."

He looked at her in blank interrogation.

"You're beautiful but dumb, darling. You know this is the day Aunt Murray's coming."

He looked his sublime disgust. "I have need of peace Martha, so I shall remain precisely where I am."

"*Nick!*" When you know what it means to me!"

"What can it mean to you? A self-righteous old hen giving me the once-over and snooping into our private affairs."

"It means a possible reconciliation with all my family. She's the first to come round. I miss them Nick. I'm a human being."

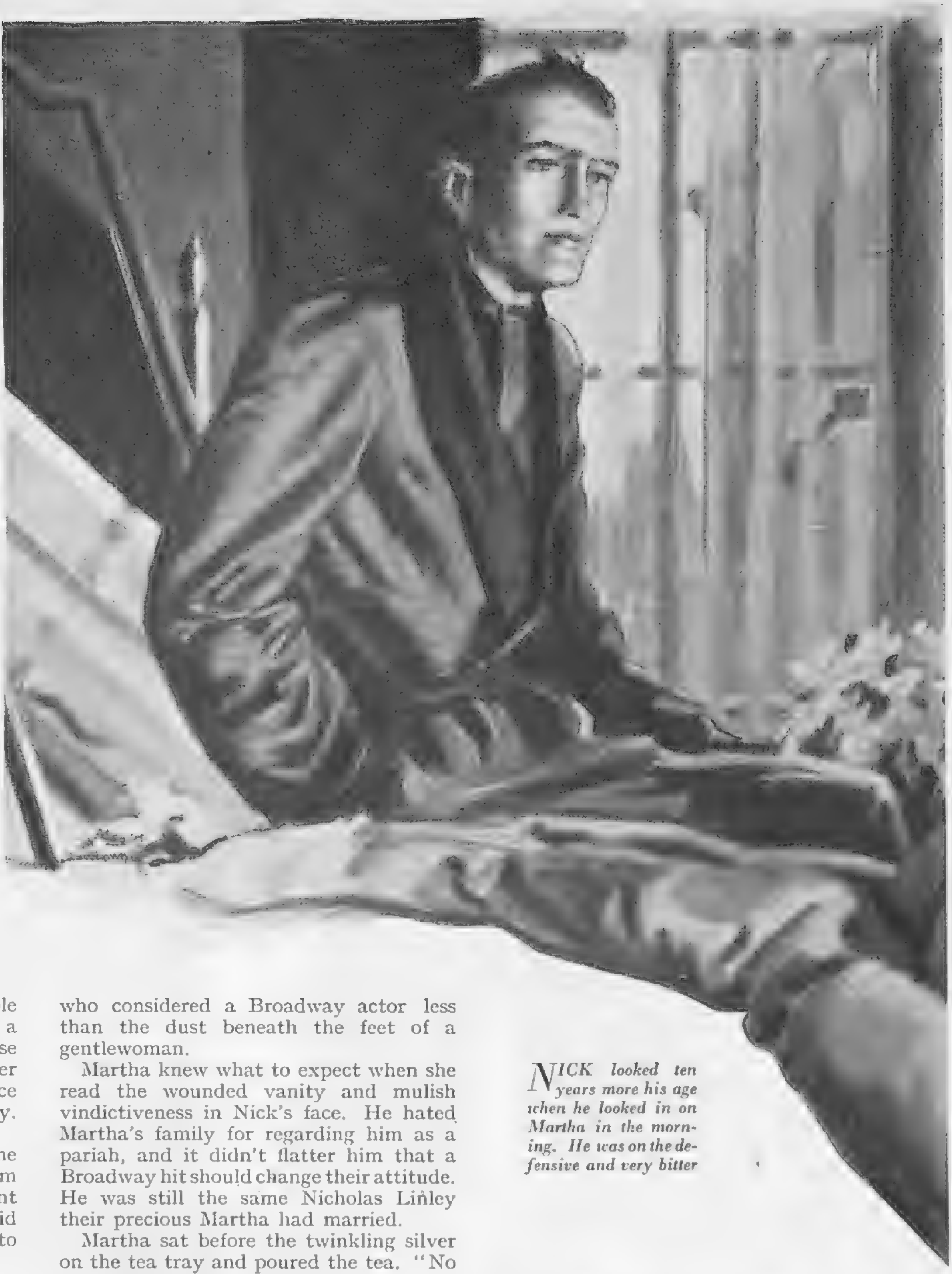
The actor's eyes narrowed. He could look unreachable, implacable and cruel. "You miss them because I'm a drunkard. They're coming round because they see I'm not a Broadway bum after all, but a respectable success. But once they get in the house, you'll be sorry. You know you're ashamed of me."

Martha got up and looked out at the snow falling. She had meant to ask him to promise to keep sober while Aunt Murray was visiting. Now she was afraid to mention it. She knew it was weak to cry, but her eyes were wet.

"Nothing to say to that, have you?" shouted Nicholas, rustling the papers on the bed.

"I don't care whether you believe me or not," she shouted back, "you're a darned good actor and I'm proud of you."

"Come here," he said. She had moments of hope and faith when he held her tightly against his heart.



NICK looked ten years more his age when he looked in on Martha in the morning. He was on the defensive and very bitter

AUNT MURRAY was at once a liberal and a die-hard. She didn't approve of the stage, and in spite of her affection for her niece she had never taken pride in her career, and had yet to set foot in the unhallowed interior of a theatre. But she took pleasure in flouting the rest of the family and she honestly yearned to see Martha. She arrived at the Linley's East River apartment in her conservative black limousine driven by her white-haired black chauffeur. Her expensive, but dowdy black gown, her antique jewels and her stately demeanour made Nick's artistic modern furniture look ill-at-ease in its own home. She was regally affectionate with Martha but patronised Nick with the lofty airs of one who considered a Broadway actor less than the dust beneath the feet of a gentlewoman.

Martha knew what to expect when she read the wounded vanity and mulish vindictiveness in Nick's face. He hated Martha's family for regarding him as a pariah, and it didn't flatter him that a Broadway hit should change their attitude. He was still the same Nicholas Linley their precious Martha had married.

Martha sat before the twinkling silver on the tea tray and poured the tea. "No *thank* you," said Nick scornfully, "I'll have a spot of brandy."

"Surely not, Nick. You'd like this marvellous China tea. Try it to please me."

But his mouth was thin and his jaw was set. Martha saw that the less she said, the less likely it was that the visitor would notice anything. But Nick was playing for the intruder's entire and shocked attention and he did not play in vain. Aunt Murray rose abruptly when he tapped her on the knee and began to tell her a Rabelaisian story.

"My poor child," she said, as she put on her ancient sable coat in Martha's bedroom, "why don't you leave that terrible young man and go home?"

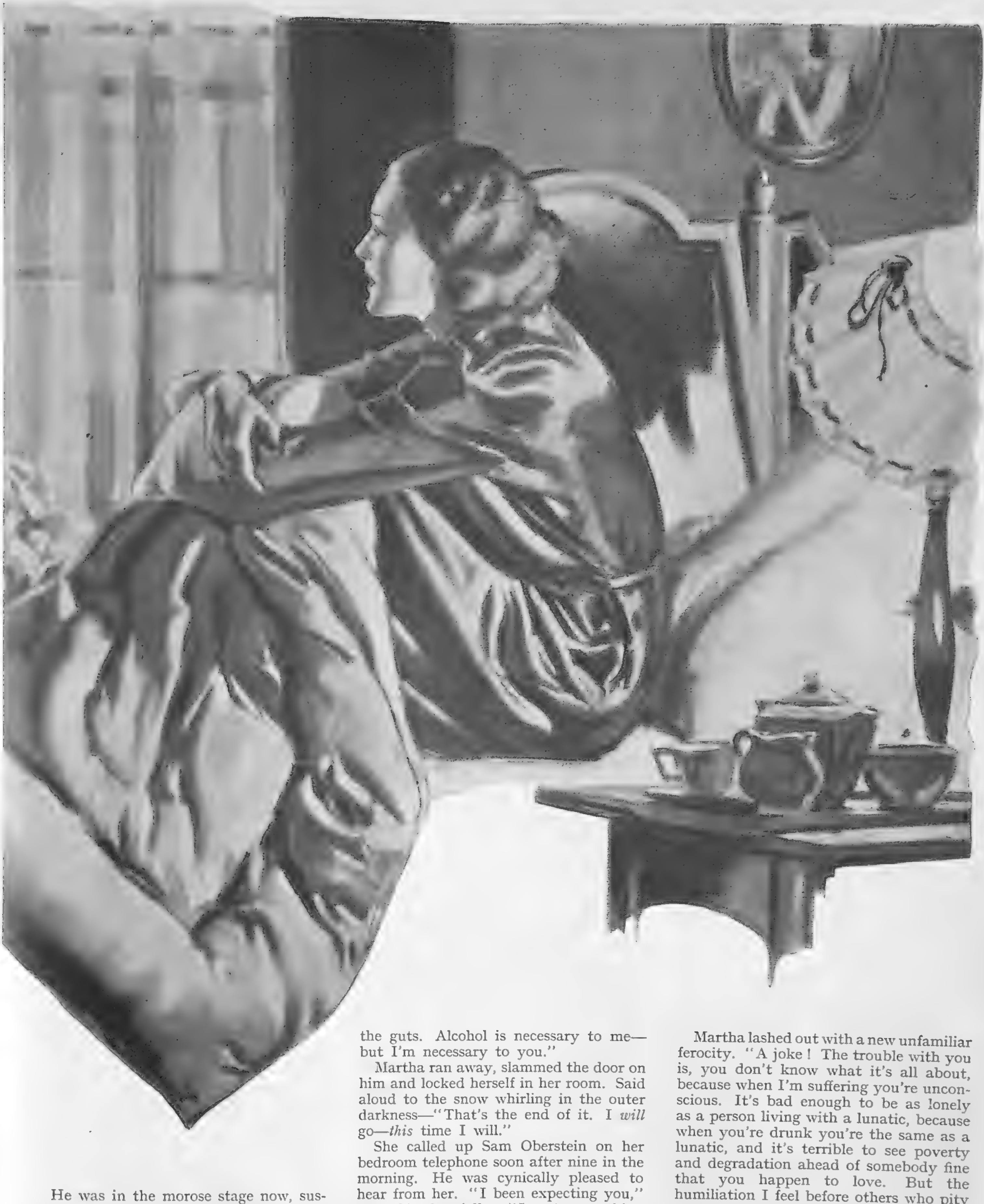
"He isn't terrible Aunt Murray. He's truly a great actor—perhaps even a genius. That's why he drinks—a little. You see it doesn't take much with him. He's so highly strung. He has a terrifically heavy part. Without something of the sort his nerves can't stand it."

Aunt Murray made a scornful noise. "I've no patience with drink, genius or no genius. He'll bring you shame and sorrow Martha. No drunkard was ever reformed. Go back to your father while there's time and make your peace with him."

"I couldn't leave Nick. He needs me. And in any case I wouldn't humble myself to father. I'm an artist myself. I would go back to the stage. I think of the theatre as my home."

Her small face was now as stubborn as Nick's own. Her aunt glared at her. "You should be ashamed of yourself Martha. You're a wilful little fool! However, I shall tell your father what I have seen, and we will see what *he* can do."

When the door had closed on Aunt Murray, there was a deep silence in the apartment. Martha stood for a while in the hall, breathing hard, burning with her shame and unhappiness. Then she went into the living-room. Nick was sitting in a deep white leather chair by the log fire, his elbows on his knees and his chin resting in his hands. Martha said—"I *hate* you Nicholas Linley. I've never been so humiliated in my life."



He was in the morose stage now, suspicious, cruel and sullen. He said—"You have your remedy. Plenty of women in the world for them as wants 'em. Why not pack up your traps and go?"

There was nothing of the Nick she loved in his face now. The firelight carved it in glowing copper, beautiful and patrician—but dissolute and prematurely old. She said proudly—"Very well if you wish it, I certainly will."

His lips moved in a sneer. "You couldn't if you tried. You haven't got the guts. Alcohol is necessary to me—but I'm necessary to you."

Martha ran away, slammed the door on him and locked herself in her room. Said aloud to the snow whirling in the outer darkness—"That's the end of it. I *will* go—*this* time I will."

She called up Sam Oberstein on her bedroom telephone soon after nine in the morning. He was cynically pleased to hear from her. "I been expecting you," he said cheerfully, "I got something interesting too. Come along and see me right now."

Nick walked into her room while she was putting her hat on to go out. "Splendid," he said brightly, "come along to Cartiers and I'll buy you some shiny thing of diamonds."

"How dare you?" said Martha angrily. "You can't buy me off."

He said—"The trouble with women is they can't take a joke!"

Martha lashed out with a new unfamiliar ferocity. "A joke! The trouble with you is, you don't know what it's all about, because when I'm suffering you're unconscious. It's bad enough to be as lonely as a person living with a lunatic, because when you're drunk you're the same as a lunatic, and it's terrible to see poverty and degradation ahead of somebody fine that you happen to love. But the humiliation I feel before others who pity me while you get drunker and drunker—it's—it's like being stripped of my clothes in public one by one."

"Take a deep breath Martha before you go any further, or you're liable to choke yourself."

He was standing there, freshly groomed, fainty dissipated and heart-breakingly handsome, a charming smile of imperturbable good humour playing about his lips. Martha felt the blood surge to her head and flow away (*Continued on page* 110)

I Travel *to see* People

By *Channing Pollock*

THE Caliph offered her five handfuls of gold for as much of the land as could be covered by a camel's skin

IT was in 1907 that I began to travel. Before then, I had lived in Austria and Central America, and, as a boy of nineteen, with an actor friend, had visited London and Paris, but that didn't count. In advance of various theatrical companies, I had been in almost every city and town in my own country, but that didn't count, either. No American feels that he is travelling when he sees America.

But thirty years ago my wife and I broke out in a big way. We had been preparing for a long time; saving pennies, studying maps, and reading up on art, history, and the guide books. In six months, we saw every cathedral in Europe. If we missed a ruin anywhere, it must have been so completely ruined as to be practically invisible. We walked hundreds of miles through palaces and picture galleries, acquiring a mental *potpourri* of Venuses, Virgins, and venerable furniture. At last, in a little hotel in Sicily, my better half went on strike.

GREW almost devout over the fowl they showed you before carrying it to the kitchen

"No," she said, wearily, "I won't get up. I won't catch the 8.04 train to Syracuse. I don't give a darn if I never set foot in another museum or art gallery. We've seen seven thousand Madonnas, and at least ten thousand St. Sebastians shot full of arrows, and I don't remember any of 'em. I don't know, or care, whether Cleopatra met Christopher Columbus at Versailles, Vesuvius or the Vatican, and I'm not going to pretend to care any more. The only thing I've seen on this trip that really interested me, or that I recall with any real vividness, was the Dutch peasant and his family with whom we spent the night in Edam. *They* were alive. *They* were human. If you want the truth, I learned more in five minutes chat with that woman than from all the guides we've followed through busted buildings between here and Liverpool. From now on, I'm not travelling to see pictures; I'm travelling to see people, and to talk to them, and know them."

Since then, we've spent years wandering over half of the globe, and we're starting on the other half in December. Usually, we try to brush up a little before sailing, specialising in works that may give us a better understanding of the men and women we are to meet. There are six hundred mosques in Cairo, and I've been in eight or nine of 'em—chiefly those that attracted me as I walked past, or those that brought to mind some human and dramatic incident. But I've idled hours on the terrace in front of Shepheard's or in Arab cafés, gossiping with donkey boys, camel boys, Syrian merchants and sailors from Bombay, Buenos Aires, and Bremerhaven. I've strolled alone through the *suks*, or bazaars, of the near East, and lost myself on the hill called the Kasbah at Algiers, and in that Egyptian sink of iniquity, the Fishmarket, of which Baedeker remarks only, "Not recommended to Europeans." My interest in *that* began one hot afternoon in the Street of the Camel, where I saw an enormous Sudanese negro, covered with jewellery, riding alone in the back of a fifteen-thousand-dollar limousine. "Who's that?" I asked Marcus, my indefatigable dragoman.

"The King of the Fishmarket," Marcus replied, "and the richest man in this country. His son was married recently, and the festival cost nearly a million pounds."

"Nonsense!" I snorted, having learned that Marcus is given to tall stories. "How could a million pounds be spent on a wedding?"

"Easily," the guide answered. "The King took over every café, restaurant and hotel, and, for a week, food, drink

Illustrated by Edgar Spenceley

and lodging were free throughout Egypt."

"Do you mean," I persisted, "that decent people would accept the hospitality of a chap who'd made his money that way?"

Marcus looked at me, wide-eyed.

"He's a very rich man," he repeated. "Do *your* countrymen always ask where the money came from?"

MARCUS'S father was a Catholic and his mother a Mohammedan, but Marcus himself provided a liberal education in the mental processes of the Oriental. I recall his history of a smallish mosque just outside Cairo. "The land belonged to a widow, and the Caliph offered her five handfuls of gold for as much of it as could be covered by a camel's skin. Then, he had the skin shredded, and, upon the half acre over which the shreds were laid, he built this mosque."

"But," I objected, "why did he have to shred the camel's skin? Surely, the widow would have sold half an acre of this land for five handfuls of gold."

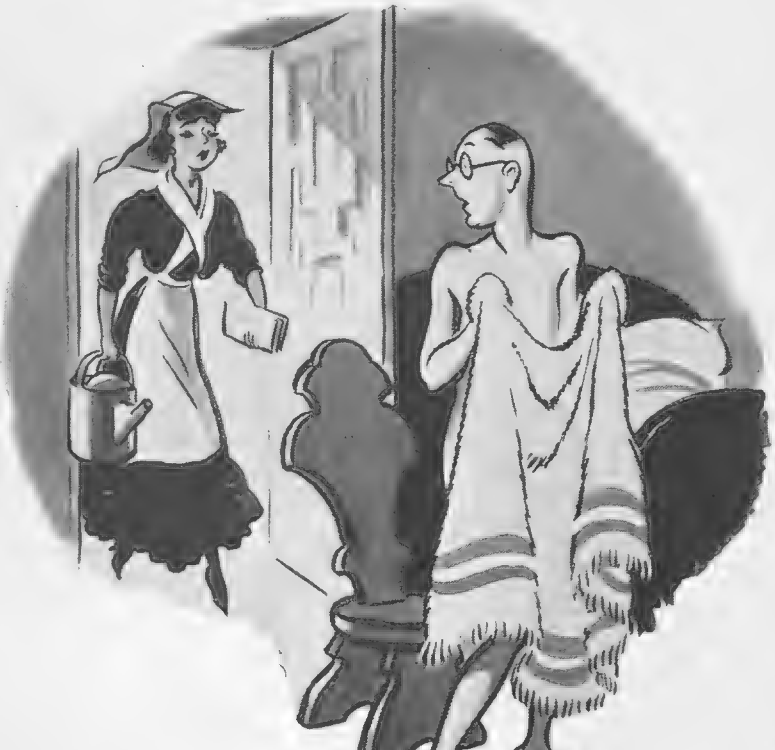
Marcus shook his head sadly that anyone could suggest so unpicturesque a method of trading.

It was another guide, at Aswan, who reminded me that certain emotions are common to all men. He had been surly since morning, muttering imprecations against "pig dog Christians." The Nationalist movement was in full tide; Winston Churchill had just been mobbed at Alexandria, and I scented trouble. "Why don't you like Christians?" I ventured at last.

"Until *they* came, wives obeyed," the guide answered. Only that and nothing more. There was no need; we understood each other.

It was during this surge of Nationalist feeling that a third guide explained the building of a huge and comparatively modern mosque at Cairo. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of native workmen had toiled on this structure without pay; each local sheikh was responsible for so many, and remained to ply his whip when they lagged. "But for the British that sort of thing might be going on now," I suggested, "and you belong to the class that would suffer by it. Why, then, do you curse the British?"

"We want our liberty!" the man said. I have read many profound considerations of mob psychology and the science of government, from Herbert Spencer to Ortega y Gasset, but my deepest convictions have come of conversations with dock-workers in Liverpool, and fishermen on the Gulf of Nauplia, and prosperous farmers ruled by France in Tunisia, and half-starved market women who chose their own rulers in Haiti. The mosques of Cairo are beautiful, but I agree with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man."

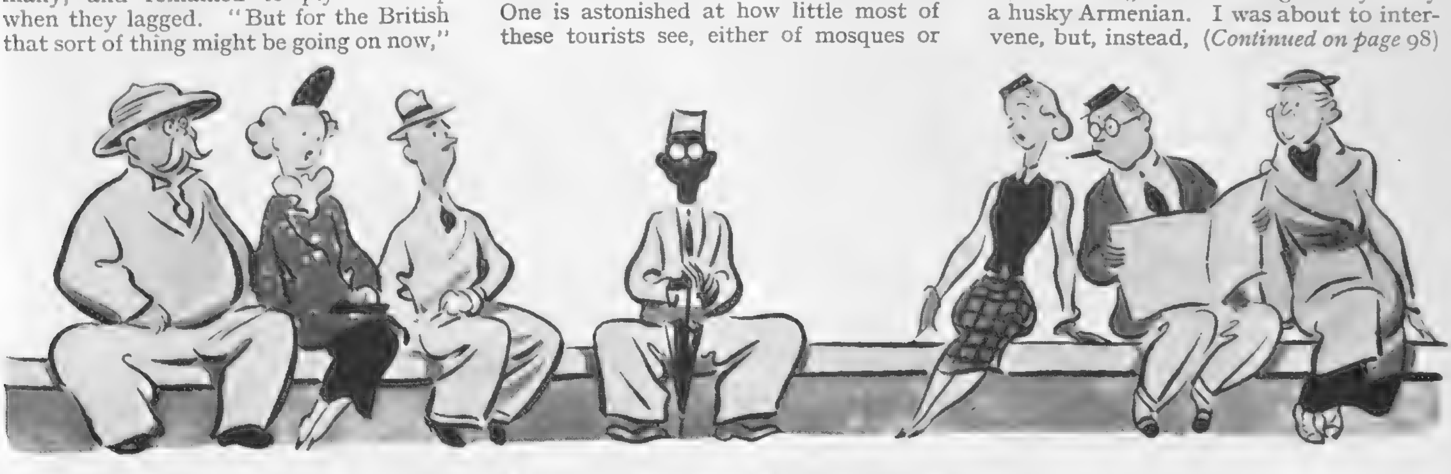


I RECALL Sicilian chambermaids who came into your room when you were quite naked

One learns a good deal of one's own countrymen while knocking about, and of the trippers of other nations. I shall never forget the Gilbertian Englishman at Karnak Temple, who had left his "monuments ticket" in Luxor, and rode back rather than let me advise him because we had never been introduced. One is astonished at how little most of these tourists see, either of mosques or mankind. Apparently, they go to buy beads, send postcards, and say they've been there. They associate chiefly with one another, and bring home the impressions they took with them. Almost every year in London, I meet Americans who never get out of the Strand, where they can find the people they left a few weeks ago in New York. And the Londoners who spend the season in Cairo drift from the hotels to the Turf Club and Ghezira, forever complaining that Cairo is almost as European as Paris. "Algiers is simply a little Paris," dozens of them have told me—but they hadn't learned my trick of deliberately losing themselves in back streets after breakfast, and hiring a cab, or a rickshaw, or a small boy to pilot them back to the hotel for dinner. The big liners are merely floating Londons or New Yorks. When it can be managed, I prefer "tramps" and freighters.

It was on a passenger-carrying freighter between New Orleans and Progreso that I fell in with a slim, quiet young fellow I mistook for a salesman. Subsequently, he proved to be one of the Carnegie Foundation excavating Mayan ruins at Chichen-Itza. Wandering soon teaches one not to judge by appearances. The first night out, we asked the attendant in the ship's only public room for a Martini. The man looked at us blankly. "Whisky and soda?" Professor Redfield inquired. Momentary silence, and then a booming voice from behind us: "You'll take rum, and like it." We did both. Another lesson to be learned in travel is to take what the place affords. We with the wanderlust grin at the people we find demanding a chateaubriand in Chaukan Pass, or mushrooms *sur cloche* at a rest-house in Mexico—although steak and ham-and-eggs are almost universal. I had both in Port au Prince. And how!

We grin, too, at the Anglo-Saxons who carry their own moral codes, as they carry their own coffee-pots, and are indignant at all others. In another public room—this time on a tiny vessel bound for Africa—I found a lone pretty girl who, I thought, was being annoyed by a husky Armenian. I was about to intervene, but, instead, *(Continued on page 98)*



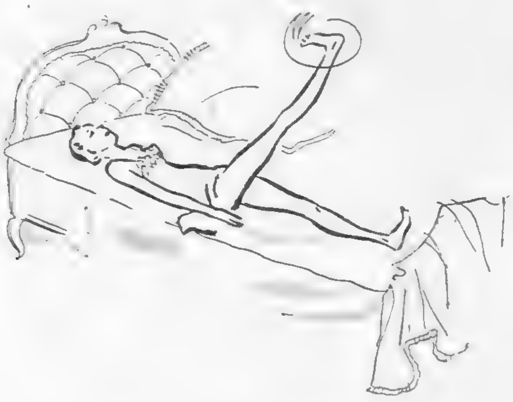
MOST of us begin with a certain hostility to the fellow who sits next us in a public room

SLIMMING EXERCISES IN

All these slimming exercises can be done during the time you take to wake and dress in the morning. They are a complete set of exercises, going over every muscle of the body. All they need to make them take full effect is as much concentration as you would give to brushing your hair or teeth.

1. While still on your bed, and with the coverings pushed down and pillows out of the way, have a good stretch, throwing your arms well above your head, and with your body, legs and toes straight out. Then relax, and do a little deep breathing.

Stretching is an excellent beginning for exercises, as it gets your limbs ready for any exertion which follows, and awakens and promotes the blood circulation. Now think of yesterday's tired feet.



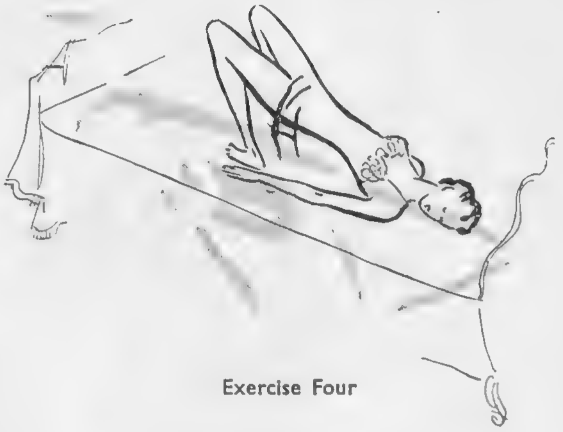
Exercise Two

2. Wriggle your toes, up and down and wide apart; then with the heels still on the bed, move the upper part of the foot up and down several times; then from the ankle, revolve the foot in a circular manner. When you have done these with both feet resting on the bed, repeat them with each foot in the air; with a straight leg. When revolving the feet, make each foot go right, and round, then left, and round.

The relief you get from this foot exercise . . . the toes and fine ligaments of the foot are stiff and strained after much dancing or standing about, and want stimulating before you ask them to undertake the strain of another day. Go straight on to the next exercise.

3. Raise the knee, so that the foot slides along the bed until it touches the buttocks. Then slowly outstretch the whole leg and toes, and lower as slowly as you can, to the bed again. Do the other leg. Repeat two or three times. . . . Rest. . . . Then have another stretch.

The goodness of this exercise is that the whole of the lower part of the body including the muscles of the abdomen, is brought into action; this tones up the muscles in the legs, and lifts up any slackening in the stomach muscles.



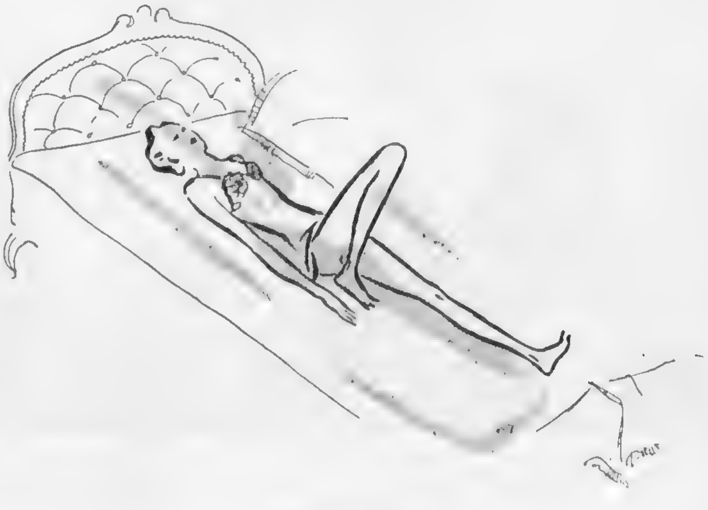
Exercise Four

4. With knees raised as before, but feet apart, and with hands stretched on either side along the body with the palms downwards by the buttocks for support, and the head turned to the side so as *not to act* as a support, raise the lower part of your body as high as you can, so that only shoulders and feet take the weight. Lower and raise about six times; then lower knees and relax.

This is a grand movement for slimming the hips and strengthening the stomach muscles, pelvic and back muscles.

5. Using your arms, still by the body's side, as a counterweight, by pushing them towards your toes, and stretching your legs and toes as far downwards as you can, raise the head and trunk until you are in a sitting position. Finish the movement by crossing the legs, Turkish style. Draw back your arms until the wrists are above the knees, elbows outwards, palms and wrists straight. Then using the arms to help you swing (head going naturally with the movement and hips steady), turn the torso round as far as it will go, from side to side.

This exercise will take away the fat rolls round the waist, it works the back muscles, gives a good carriage, stimulates the bowels. After this, you can jump right out of bed.



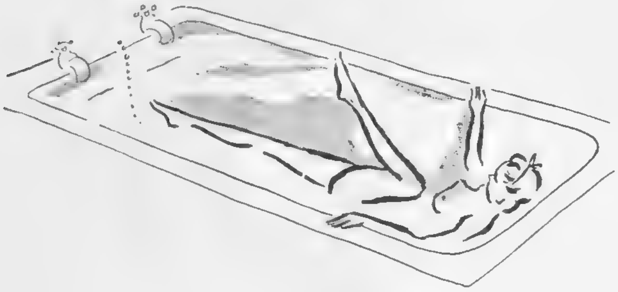
Exercise Three

BED, BATH, WHILE DRESSING

6. When you are lying in the bath, raise your right knee slowly until it presses well against your abdomen with the foot and toes stretched and heel well down, then, still slowly, stretch out and down. Do the same with the left knee. Do this several times, until you feel that you can do it easily without much exertion.

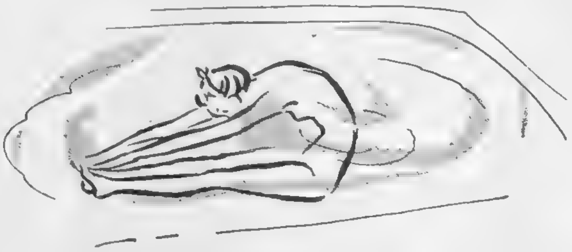
7. With your legs well outstretched, slowly raise the right leg straight up until you get it to an upright position. (Careful not to slip). Then lower it, still straight out, and very slowly. Do the same with the left leg.

8. With arms above your head, raise the upper part of the trunk and bend forward from the waist, bringing your arms down on a level with your head until you reach the water. Then continue only the movement of the arms to touch your feet. Do this several times.



Exercise Six

I have suggested doing these exercises in the bath because the body has become supple from being immersed in the warm water with the muscles loosened. The water itself helps tremendously by bearing a great deal of the weight of the body. From the movements of the above three exercises you will find the muscles of the abdomen gaining much benefit.

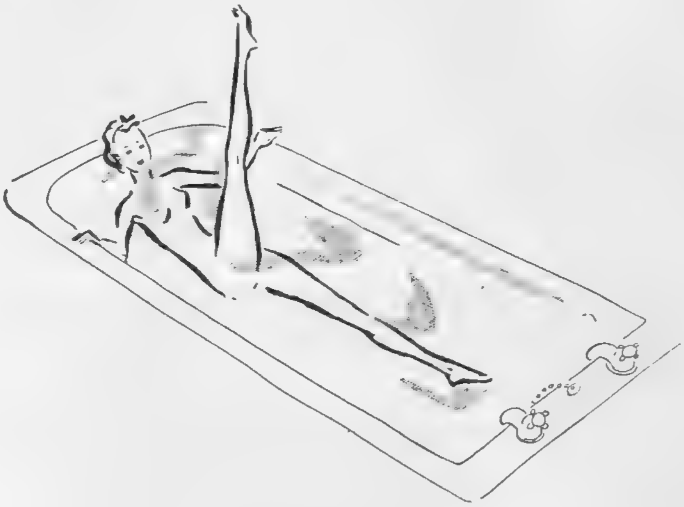


Exercise Eight

Now comes the use of the soap, which when used for massage reduces friction, and, of course, cleans the pores.

9. With hands well soaped, or using a friction sponge, massage each arm in turn upwards and downwards, and underneath. Do this several times, until you feel a glow. This movement must be strongly done. Then, kneel in the bath, and still with well-soaped hands massage the stomach in a rotary movement, up on the right and down on the left, because the bowel works in this direction. Continue this several times. To strengthen the breasts, massage in an upward movement towards the neck.

   For the neck, massage with your right hand upwards towards the left ear, and, using the left hand, do the same towards the right ear. Head backwards, using both hands alternately, massage upwards from the Adam's apple to the point of the chin.



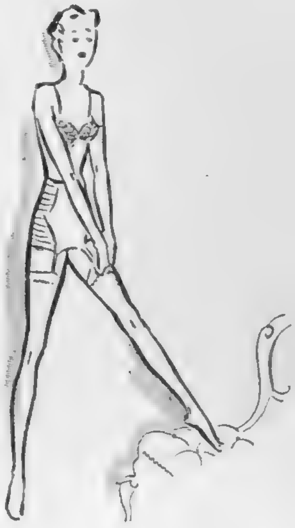
Exercise Seven

10. Rub vigorously with the towel upwards on your body to produce a glow on the skin. For the back, get the towel across the shoulders, and beginning from the back of the neck, and with the towel between both hands, rub strongly from right to left, flinging each arm well out, go down the whole back in this way, changing the arms to a comfortable position as you get lower; then across the hips, and down the back of the legs. Do this movement with the towel across the abdomen as well.

This exercise massages, and helps to break up any fat in these parts.

Now for the neck muscles. This is easiest for women when they are brushing the hair, for men when shaving, for at these times each is naturally flexing the neck muscles.

11. Draw the head backwards to its fullest limit, then bring it forward until the chin rests on the chest bones. Then turn it to left and right, then down, left, back, and round to the front again, making a circular movement, very slowly. Finish up with the first movement of backwards and forwards. *Please do not hurry this.*



In dressing, such as putting on socks or stockings, remember, if you either bend or lift your feet, to keep on stretching or bending with thought, as nearly every movement you do can be made into an exercise.

Old Tales Re-told

The Loves of Charles II.

Written *and* Illustrated *by* F. MATANIA, R.I.

FOR over two centuries and a half the searchlight of public curiosity has focused steadily on that period of English history made romantic and intriguing by Charles II and his succession of sweethearts.

It is amazing with what facility women of every epoch and every country have braved the criticism of a scandalised public, and we find in the reign of Charles II the most interesting and at the same time the largest group of such women flourishing at the same time, each one using her various resources with the utmost dexterity.

Poor Charles has been blamed for spending lavishly on his mistresses astronomical sums of money, but, it must be remembered, in partial mitigation, that the greater part of that wealth was given to him by Louis XIV. It was really a waste of money for both monarchs, as Louis was trying to buy off the British and Charles, in his turn, the devotion of his lady friends; two things which never have and never will be for sale.

Undoubtedly the Restoration age presents a psychological study of abiding interest, representing as it does violent and only to be expected reaction from the Puritan austerity of Cromwellian dictatorship.

For twenty-three years of interregnum London was without a theatre. Such places were called dens of iniquity, and similarly labelled were many other resorts of entertainment.

Thus it was that in 1660, when Charles II returned to England and started his memorable journey to London via Canterbury, the country as a whole felt intense relief and the ovation accorded him was at one and the same time deeply sincere and hilariously spontaneous.

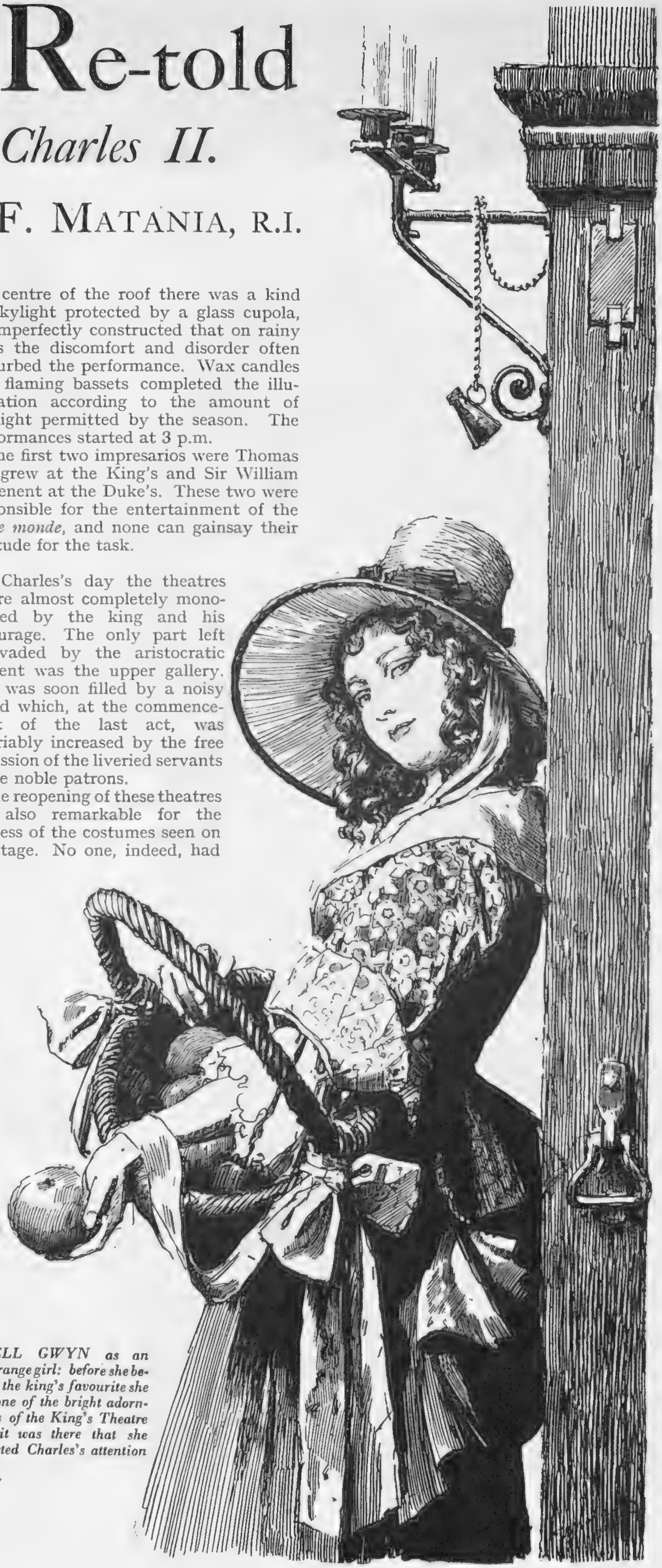
With the Restoration England lived again. People began once more to wear bright colours. Cockpits, beer-houses and countless other haunts came into their own. Two theatres opened their doors to the public—the King's at Drury Lane and the Duke's in Lincoln's Inn Fields: the first under the patronage of Charles II, the second under that of his brother James, Duke of York. No one below the age of thirty could ever remember having been in a theatre, so it is easy to understand the excitement evolved by the re-opening of these establishments.

THE Drury Lane of to-day is the fourth theatre built on the site of the original theatre which was opened April 8, 1663. The entire structure was rather on the small side and had little or no pretence to any architectural merit. The scheme was almost the same as that of a modern theatre. It had its boxes, for which the price of admission was 4s. 6d. The pit was 2s. 6d., the middle gallery 1s. 6d. and the upper gallery, equivalent to the present-day amphitheatre, 1s. In the centre of the roof there was a kind of skylight protected by a glass cupola, so imperfectly constructed that on rainy days the discomfort and disorder often disturbed the performance. Wax candles and flaming bassets completed the illumination according to the amount of daylight permitted by the season. The performances started at 3 p.m.

The first two impresarios were Thomas Killigrew at the King's and Sir William Davenent at the Duke's. These two were responsible for the entertainment of the *haute monde*, and none can gainsay their aptitude for the task.

IN Charles's day the theatres were almost completely monopolised by the king and his entourage. The only part left uninvaded by the aristocratic element was the upper gallery. This was soon filled by a noisy crowd which, at the commencement of the last act, was invariably increased by the free admission of the liveried servants of the noble patrons.

The reopening of these theatres was also remarkable for the richness of the costumes seen on the stage. No one, indeed, had



NELL GWYN as an orange girl: before she became the king's favourite she was one of the bright adornments of the King's Theatre and it was there that she attracted Charles's attention ever seen the like before, so flamboyant, even fantastic, were some of them.

A characteristic feature of the King's Theatre was the attendance of the orange girls in their dainty attire. They used to stand at the foot of every gangway with their backs to the stage, in the galleries as well as in the pit. With their most engaging smiles they would offer their wares to the incoming stream of spectators. The dandies never expected any change when they bought the golden fruit (which in those days were a luxury), and it was from this circumstance they derived sufficient income for their livelihood. The girls were a target for all kinds of remarks, ranging from the chivalrous to the obscene. It was one of these girls who, for her wit and bright intelligence, passed from the gangway to the stage, from the stage to the position of a king's favourite, and from there to posterity. Other mistresses of the same king have also passed down to posterity, but the trail they have left behind them is totally devoid of that popularity and that forgiving sympathy that Nell Gwyn had been able to inspire.

Before the advent of Nell the king's amorous disposition had already deprived the stage of the Duke's Theatre of a talented star in Moll Davis. Samuel Pepys in his diary says that she definitely left the stage for the idle and comfortable life of a royal favourite in May 1668.

Moll was a lively dancer and a clever actress, and it was with regretful resignation she bore the reproaches that descended on her when she became the Royal favourite, coming from the very public that for the last five years had applauded her. But she could not put up with the acrimonious remarks that came from other quarters.

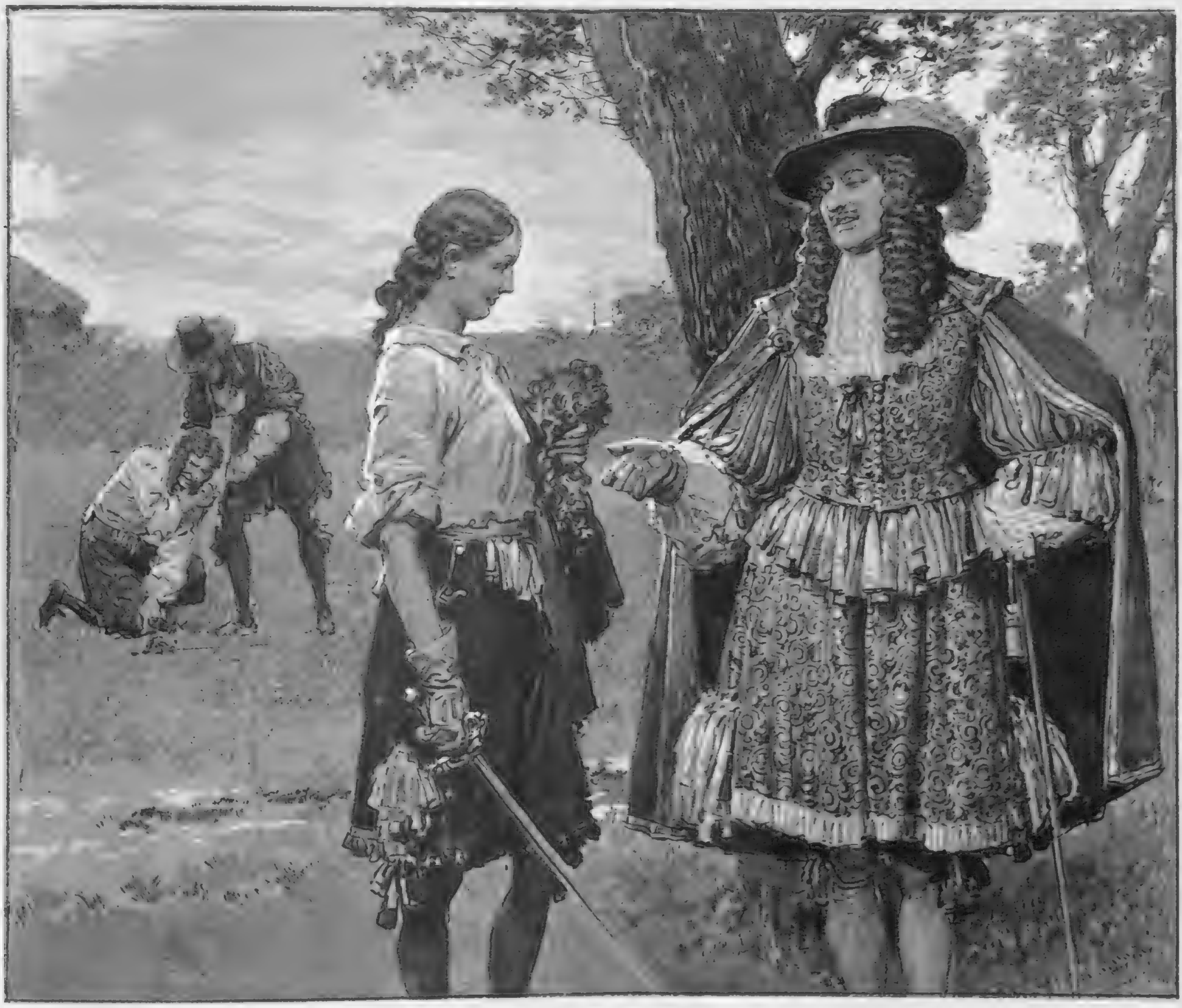
The description of an extremely dramatic episode has reached us which it would be a pity to let pass without mention :—

Colonel Abercromby, a soldier of the old style (every epoch has had its soldiers of the old style), openly expressed some very disrespectful opinions against this follower of Thalia, who had so fascinated the King of England. The latter, when he heard of the insult, would very willingly have taken up the defence of his beloved Moll, in the manner of any ordinary man. But a king is no ordinary man. Moll, however, was too spirited a person to let this insult pass without hitting back, so, taking advantage of the fact that she was not personally known to the offender, who, faithful to his principles, had kept aloof from theatres, she disguised herself as a man and went to the colonel, assuming the position of the defender of Moll Davis' good name, challenging the haughty old soldier to a duel.

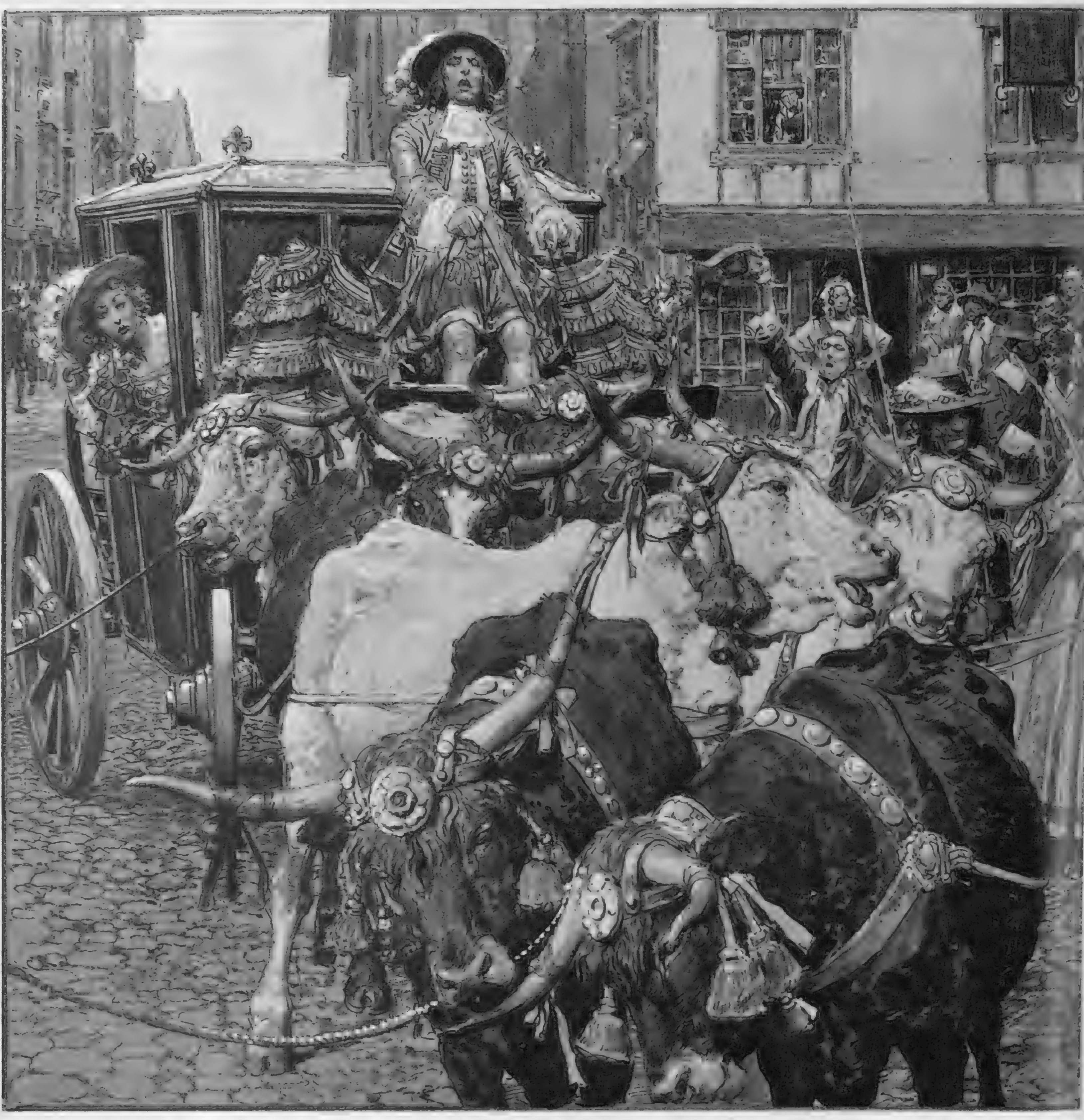
Moll not only possessed the elasticity of an acrobat, but was a quick and alert fencer, so when they met at the appointed time, it did not take Abercromby long to discover that it would not be an easy task to cope with his adversary.

Whether it comes from a man or a woman, a stab from a rapier does not differ. At a certain moment the colonel stepped back, threw aside his sword and grasped his left shoulder. Blood trickled through his fingers. The wound, however, was not a serious one.

A burst of laughter was heard from behind a tree nearby. It was Charles, who knew everything, and, full of confidence, had come to witness the duel that he was not able to undertake. When the beaten colonel discovered that his fierce adversary was a girl, he deemed it wiser to retire from



Moll Davis being commended by her royal lover for the way she had acquitted herself in the duel with Colonel Abercromby



Nell Gwyn's drive to Hyde Park. She had eight bulls harnessed to the largest carriage shouts of the crowd at such an unexpected spectacle upset the animals and the drive

public life, but not before having paid 100 guineas to Moll Davis as an additional compensation.

No need to say how highly commended she was by her royal lover for the splendid and smart way in which she emerged from this dangerous engagement.

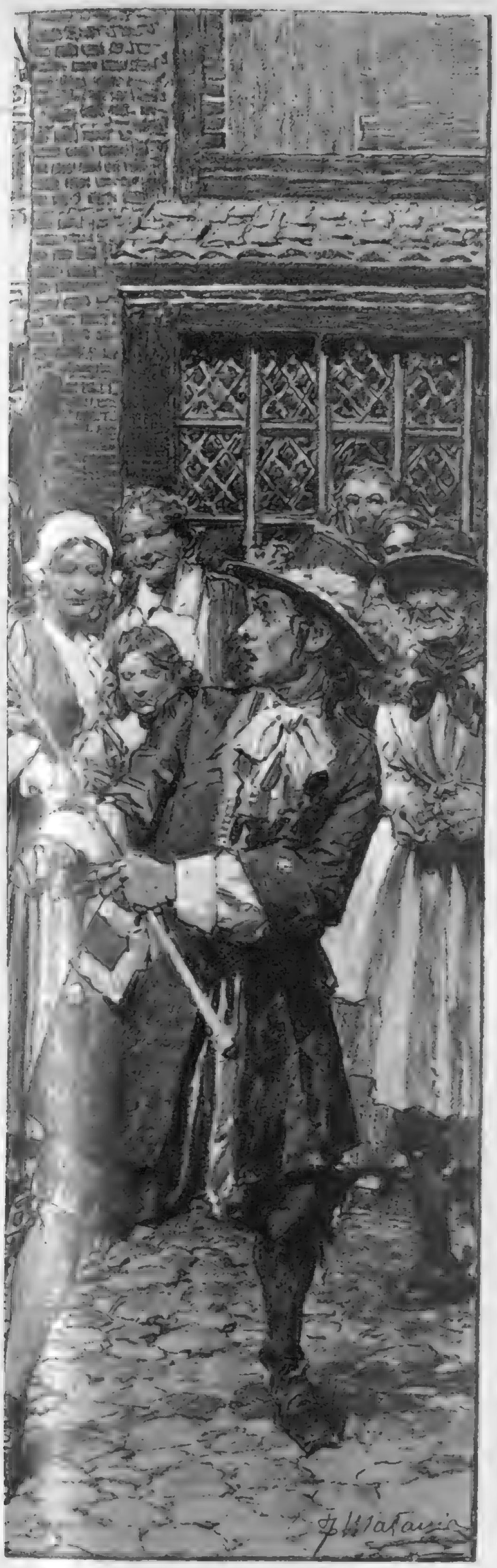
LESS than two years later the patrons of the King's Theatre were, in their turn, deprived of their star. This time it was the unforgettable Nell Gwyn, who, with her vivacious wit and her natural charm, had been delighting audiences for some time. They saw it coming, however. The King from his box had been devouring her with his eyes, and, almost without exception, whenever Nell disappeared into the wings, the King would disappear from his box.

Just so long as she could Nell continued her work on the stage, but the day came when she had to abscond, provoking the unavoidable murmurs that the King had "pinched the best girls from the only two theatres in London."

A few months later another son of Charles was born and this time the proud young mother was Nell Gwyn.

A PREMATURE death had excluded Moll Davis from the scene, but the disappearance of such an important star did not make much difference to the planetary system of feminine beauties that surrounded the royal sun.

The importance that Nell Gwyn was gaining alarmed Barbara Villiers, Lady Castlemaine (later Duchess of Cleveland), beyond description. She was an extremely important personage at this time, for she had the status, if such it may be called, of Charles' official mistress. There are undeniable proofs that as early as fifteen years old she was already much less good than beautiful. Described



she possessed. The ended in a fiasco

by more than one historian as a woman of great passions, she had no scruples in sharing with the beautiful Lady Anne Hamilton any kind of confidence, including the immoral attentions of Lord Chesterfield.

Barbara Villiers had married Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, but their married life could hardly serve as an example of affection, respect and faithfulness. She was spiteful by nature, terribly impulsive and often disagreeable even to the King himself.

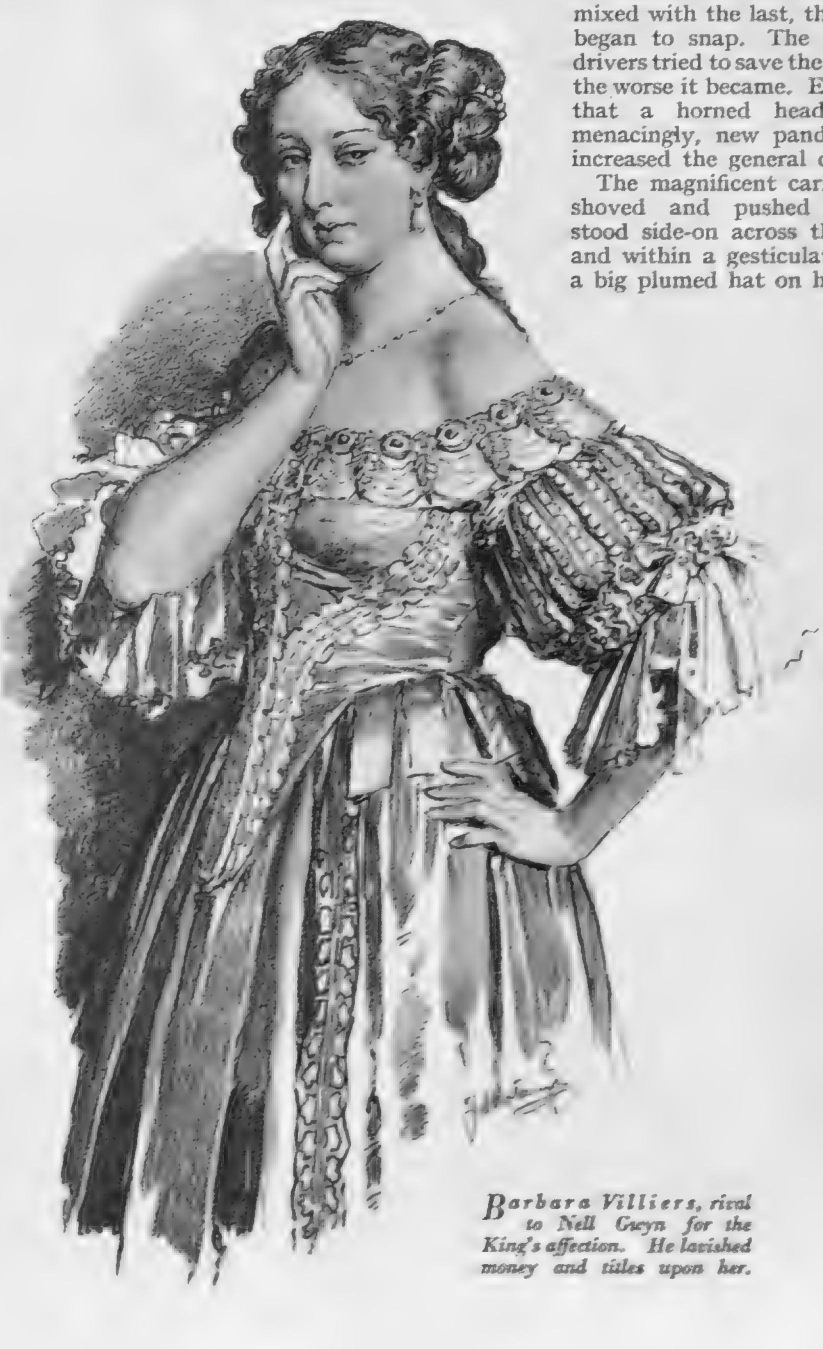
In 1661 she gave birth to a daughter whose paternity was acknowledged by her husband without hesitation. Barbara tried instead to induce the King to believe that he was responsible, and the King, not without some hesitation, also acknowledged paternity. But it seems that when the little girl grew up she assumed the features of Lord Chesterfield so exactly that no one had the least doubt any longer.

In spite of lavishing money and titles on Barbara Villiers, the King was only really happy when he could go and rest in Nell Gwyn's apartment. There he found nothing to disturb him, nothing was suspicious. She succeeded in giving him the very companionship that he wanted. To rest leisurely without having to think was the highest form of happiness for Charles. Nell Gwyn never complicated matters for him, but she did not spare her rivals from her witty but un-envenomed tongue. Nor did she withdraw from the constant competition amongst the women to outdo each other.

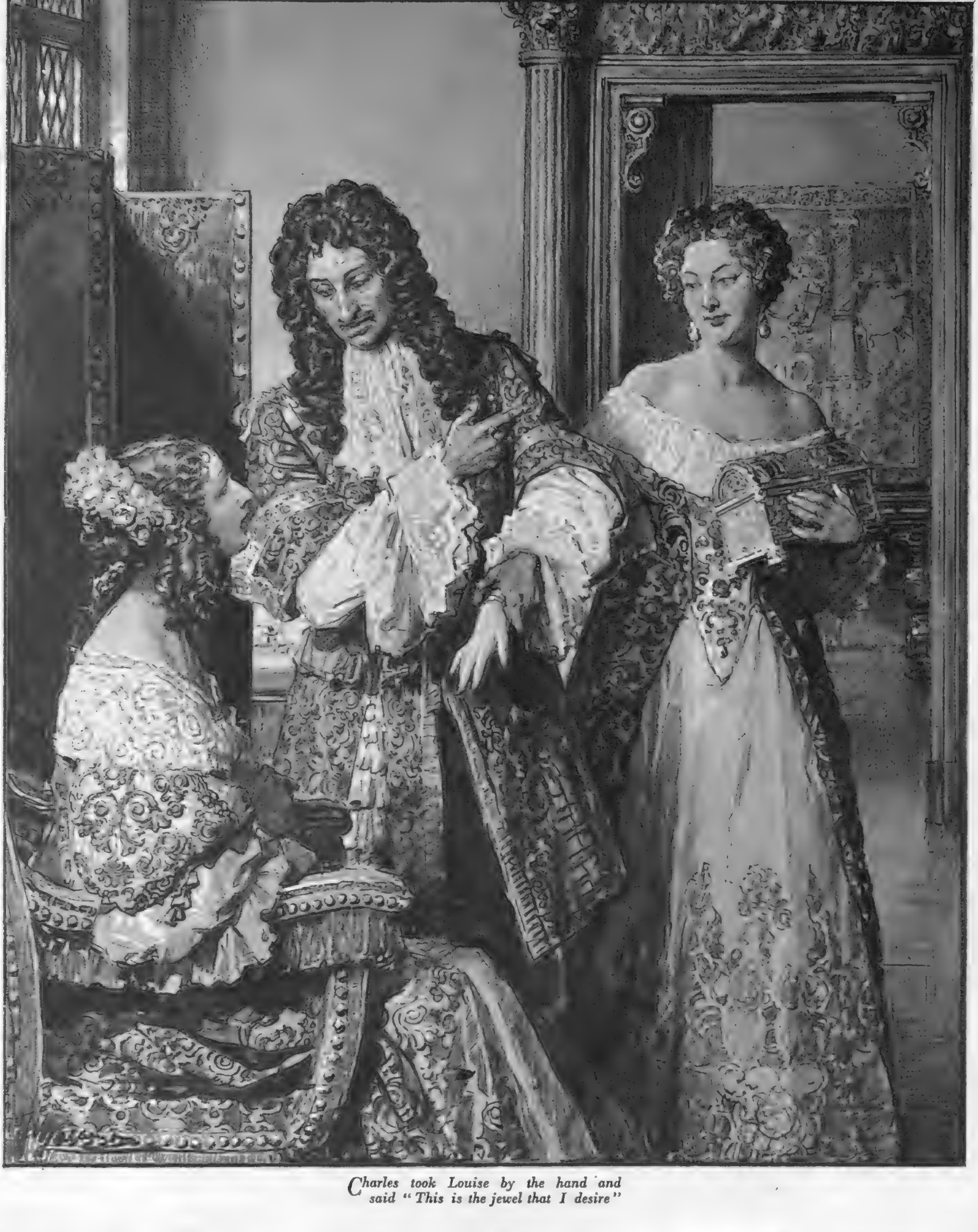
Often Barbara would do extraordinary things and her retaliation against the King sometimes placed her in a very bad light at Court. For instance, when Charles fell in love with a Drury Lane actress, Barbara became the mistress of an actor of the same theatre, Charles Hart. It was particularly when she was not in favour that Barbara affected an insolent grandeur even more extravagant than normally. The memoirs of Countess D'Aulnois record an episode illustrative of this.

It was a daily habit of Barbara's to drive in Hyde Park in the morning in an equipage drawn by six horses. Often another splendid equipage, that of Nell Gwyn would pass by, both women sticking their little noses high in the air, and turning their faces away from each other. One morning Barbara appeared with a team of eight horses. Nell understood that the challenge could only be meant for her, and thought of retaliating with something that "Squintabella" would not dare to do. (This was the nickname that she had given to Barbara for a slight squint that she had.) She arrayed eight bulls and tied them to the biggest carriage that she had in her stables. As she started on the way to the Park, it seemed that everything was progressing very well, but the spectacle was so new and unexpected, that a large crowd of excited people gathered round. The streets were narrow, the gay shouts of the people and the throwing of hats in the air made the animals rather pannicky. They became restive and some of them started backing. Once the order was broken and the first couple mixed with the last, the harness began to snap. The more the drivers tried to save the situation, the worse it became. Every time that a horned head ducked menacingly, new pandemonium increased the general confusion.

The magnificent carriage was shoved and pushed until it stood side-on across the street, and within a gesticulating Nell, a big plumed hat on her pretty



Barbara Villiers, rival to Nell Gwyn for the King's affection. He lavished money and titles upon her.



Charles took Louise by the hand and said "This is the jewel that I desire"

head, was in vain trying to make herself heard above the din and to curb the panic of the crowd. The upset had been so complete that the drive had to be abandoned.

Mad pranks were not only played by the royal favourites. More than once the public gave vent to its feelings in no uncertain fashion and its caustic wit was directed relentlessly against the paramours of the King.

Once in the spring of 1668 a number of houses of ill-fame were demolished, not only for the purpose of substituting them with better buildings, but also for the sake of cleaning up the neighbourhood in which they stood.

As a consequence, the wits of the town formulated a petition purporting to come from the sisterhood of the oldest profession in the world and addressed it to Barbara Villiers calling her their sympathetic sister, and setting forth all their grievances. Printed copies of this amazing document went all over London, but they bore no printer's name, nor was there any clue that might lead to the discovery of the author.

But the joke did not end there, for a few days later another printed sheet appeared and in less than 24 hours there was hardly a person in London who had not seen a copy. This was supposed to be the answer that Barbara Villiers had sent to the sisterhood. It is still extant, and it is as long as it is scurrilous. Any fresh stain on Barbara's reputation was an embarrassment to the King, especially though the fact that she was one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen, the angelic plain Catharine, who philosophically put up with more unpleasantness than any other woman of her day. An example of domestic virtue, and brought up with rigid views, she was everything that one could call dignified and proper. In other words, the very type of woman likely to be neglected by a man of the calibre of profligate Charles.

In the summer of 1670 Charles travelled to Dover to meet his sister Henrietta whom he had not seen for 10 years. Magnificent festivities took place during her stay and Charles loaded his sister with rich presents. Just before taking her departure Charles asked her to leave him in exchange one of her jewels to be trusted to his care. Henrietta immediately ordered her maid of honour, Louise de Quirouaille, to bring her jewel casket. The girl obeyed, and bringing the box, approached the king and lifted the lid for him to choose. Charles however, gently brushed the box aside, took Louise by the hand and said:- "This is the jewel that I desire."

Henrietta wisely declined to grant such an outrageous request, reminded Charles of the responsibility that she bore towards the girl's parents, and in due course took the girl back to France. But Henrietta only lived for one more month after this incident, and the autumn of the same year saw Louise back in England with the full consent of her parents.

FOLLOWING in the same path as Barbara Villiers, she was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the queen.

Louise was as cold and calculating as a Sphinx. She had no impulse that was genuinely sincere. Profit and only profit was the motive of all her actions. At least Barbara Villiers had been the bare-faced Messalina with no fear, the Sappho with no shame. Hundreds of times she had staked her entire position on the impulse of a moment. She was as bad as she could be, but she was not a hypocrite.

In time Louise succeeded in bending to her will everyone with whom she came in contact. With her slow but steady process of elimination she removed Barbara from the chessboard, but two things however she never succeeded in achieving. One was to cure the king of his roving eye where women were concerned and the other her failure to intimidate Nell Gwyn.

Needless to say Louise had many enemies in every social sphere. The one who hated her most was Ralph Montague. He was himself a dangerous adventurer and in his own underhanded way he planned a scheme for her downfall. The scheme, being based on the king's inflammable nature, was certain to succeed, and the woman that Montague had in mind to implement it was the very one who had every chance of overshadowing the entire court.

MANY years before, when Cromwell was melting the gold of the English crowns, and Charles was a fugitive on the Continent, two great Italian beauties were shining at the court of France. Maria and Hortense Mancini, nieces of the powerful Cardinal Mazarin. So ambitious was the cardinal for those two girls, that he discouraged Louis XIVth, who had shown a strong regard for Maria and discouraged Charles who had taken a fancy to Hortense. One could have been Queen of France and the other Queen of England. But destiny willed otherwise and both were married very unhappily, their respective unions ending in disaster.

Hortense had inherited the Cardinal's entire art collection, which was even richer than that of the Louvre. In a few months this wonderful collection was actually destroyed by her mad husband. Hortense left him in disgust and plunged at once into a life of adventure and romance.

This was the condition of affairs when the crafty Montague managed to induce Charles to send Hortense an invitation to come to England.

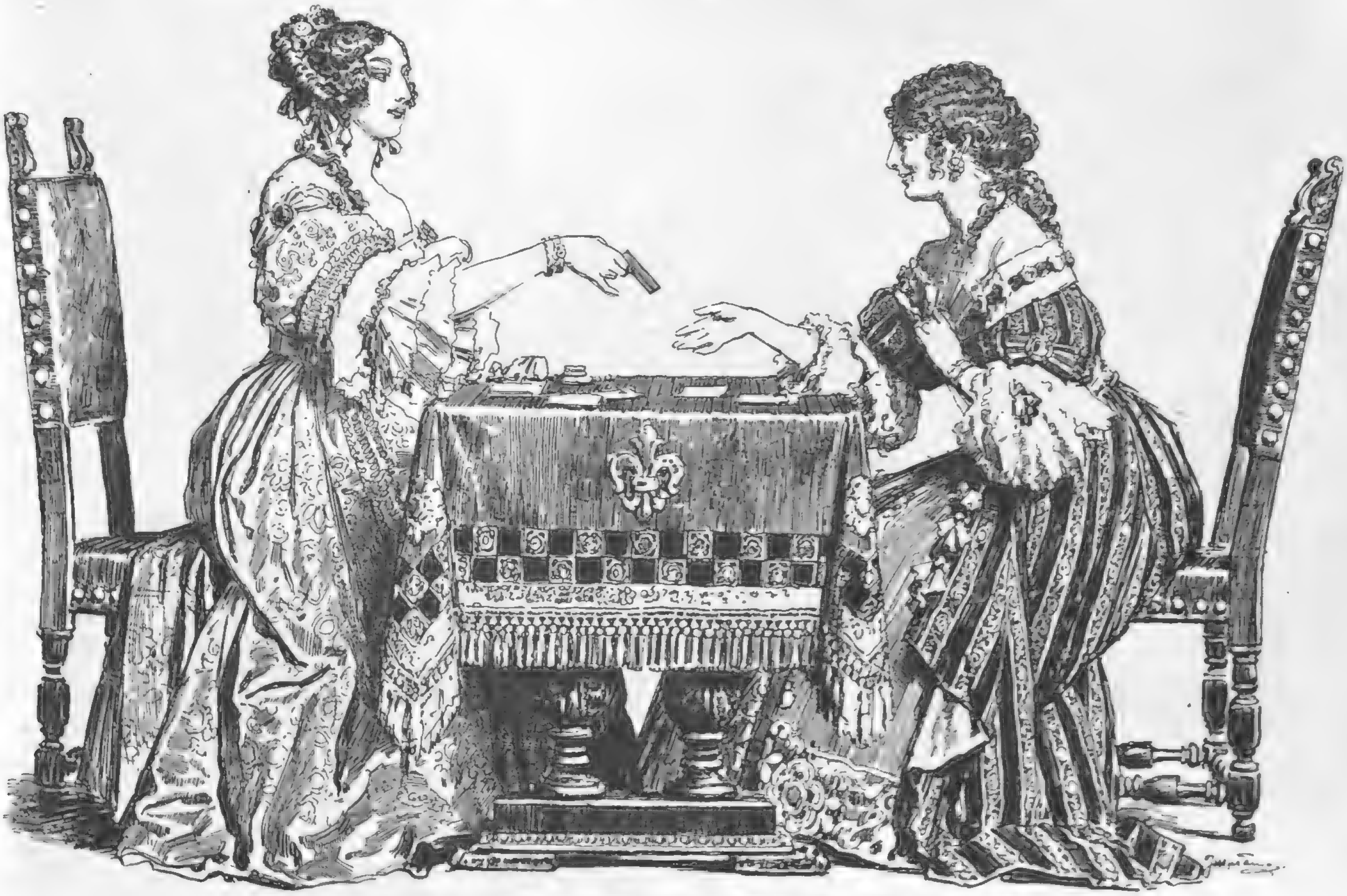
With a few servants and a little negro boy whom she kept expressly to make her coffee, she rode through Switzerland, Germany and Holland, and after a stormy passage she reached England.

THIS Italian woman of peerless beauty was in astonishing contrast to the king's previous mistresses, who, with the exception of Louise had all been more or less illiterate. (Even Barbara Villiers confessed to not being able to write correctly.) She refused to take up her residence at Whitehall. Obviously she did not wish to associate with Louise. That of course made Charles all the more eager, and in a very short while he was on the way towards discarding his entire "harem" in favour of the new goddess.

Four thousand pounds per annum to start with were devoted to Hortense. Louise was daily losing ground. The newcomer proved to be too strong. It was no use fighting, and she in her turn took the road back.

Nell Gwyn however, was not dislodged by Hortense. On the contrary, they became great friends. Both perfect in their personal character, they were so dissimilar that there could be no competition.

THE story of Charles and his sweethearts is very long and very intricate, and I have had to exclude many people and many interesting facts. Whilst still eager to learn more of these characters we shall leave them, picturing the while, Hortense and Nell playing a game of cards, in turn picking up a king, in turn giving it up with a smile. But Nell was the only one who loved Charles sincerely and disinterestedly. She knew she would never lose the game. She was a woman in a thousand, and to-day we remember her not only as a courtesan but as a woman of unbounding sympathy and generosity of character.



HORTENSE and Nell, the royal favourites between whom there was no jealousy. Only when playing cards, however, would they give up the king

TABLE

By Joan

You may be a born hostess. But, unless you were also born to an income that would later support a butler or a parlourmaid of experience, there are a number of things you ought to know. Especially if, as many recently married younger women are doing, you are training a young maid.

It is all very well to plead that most of us do not now live behind stucco-façades in vast homes in an atmosphere of ponderous luncheon parties and ten-course dinners. Fortunately we do not. But, equally fortunately, there exist to-day innumerable younger women who appreciate beauty, order and decorum in the modern dining-room, whether it is the little dinner or the informal party.

Anyway, your ordinary routine of breakfast, luncheon and dinner proclaim you either a knowledgeable or an incompetent hostess to your own family and yourself. And, daily conditioning to right table equipment and manners is a vital part of the training of growing-up daughters.

First of all it is a comforting thought that in the business of being table-wise money matters less than in most departments of home running. The vital question is knowing how to choose and use the materials you can afford.

First, the equipment of the dining-room itself. I am assuming that you have a single maid available for waiting. But if you have or have not, the main point is that the lines of communication between kitchen and table should be swift and clear.

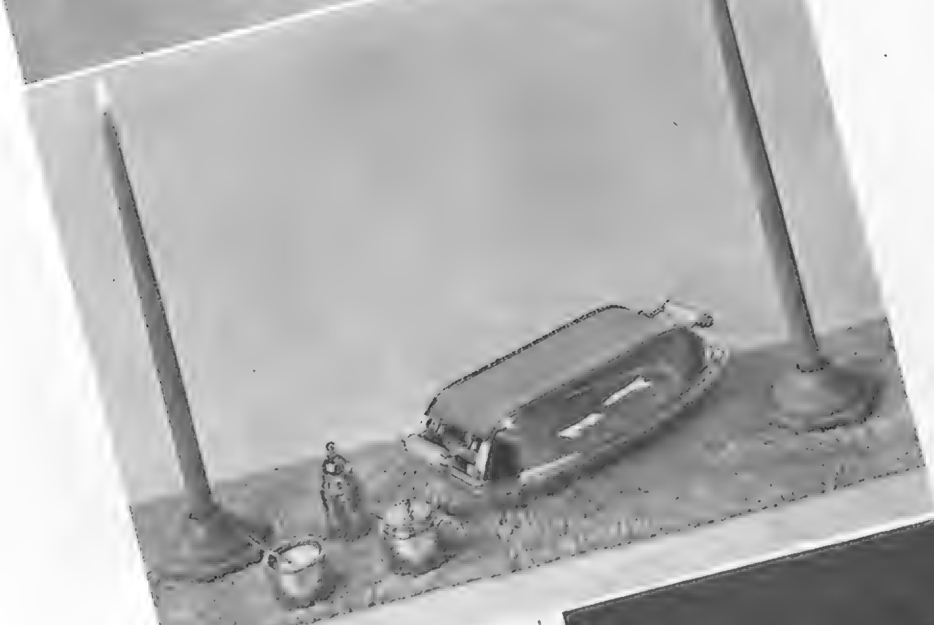
If there is no hatchway, then a trolley is a necessity. If the dining-room is separated from your kitchen by stairs—and there is no service lift—then, try and move the dining-room. It is worth it.

As to furnishing—it would be almost impertinent to give advice, since you have probably planned it with care and affection. But if the room is small and modern and seems crowded, try a corner-table like the one shown on these pages; an oval or round table; even a miniature refectory. Most people find it rather fun to ring the changes between linen cloth and polished table top and mats.

If you are starting from scratch with

Above: Table set for a formal dinner party. (Courtesy, Lady Carlisle)

To the left, the Hampton Court design: to the right, Deauville design. (By Community Plate)



The entree dish and the condiment equipment indicate the decorative possibilities of table silver to-day (Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company Ltd. Nell Gwyn candles)

Whitefriars glass, shallow cut, showing a range of glasses, ginger bowls and decanters

TALK

Woollcombe

cutlery and linen, remember it is infinitely more practical to go all out for cutlery of a design that you can supplement later, and that it is vital to select what (without snobbery) I must call a design and make with prestige. This does not mean spending more; it does mean knowing something about style and the needs of the modern table.

For real table wisdom I would suggest unashamedly picking the brains of any of the first-class firms. This means visiting such people as the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, or checking through a complete Community Plate book and then drawing up a list of the things you need. Actual *needs* you will see from the outlines of table setting that I am going to give you. I shall start with the breakfast table.

Since your maid has been taught that knives, spoons and forks come from outside in order of use, she will look for grapefruit spoon (or fruit spoon and fork) fish knife and fork, bacon knife and fork, with the possible addition of the cereal spoon on the right, in place of, or after the fruit equipment.

The bread-and-butter plate, at the left of the cover, has its small knife laid straight on the plate; the napkin is placed beside the plate, or on the centre of the cover in a triangle, with its long end towards the fork side.

The question of napkin arrangement and folding needs an article to itself, and diagrams; but the well-known mitre-fold is perhaps the (*Continued on page* 96)

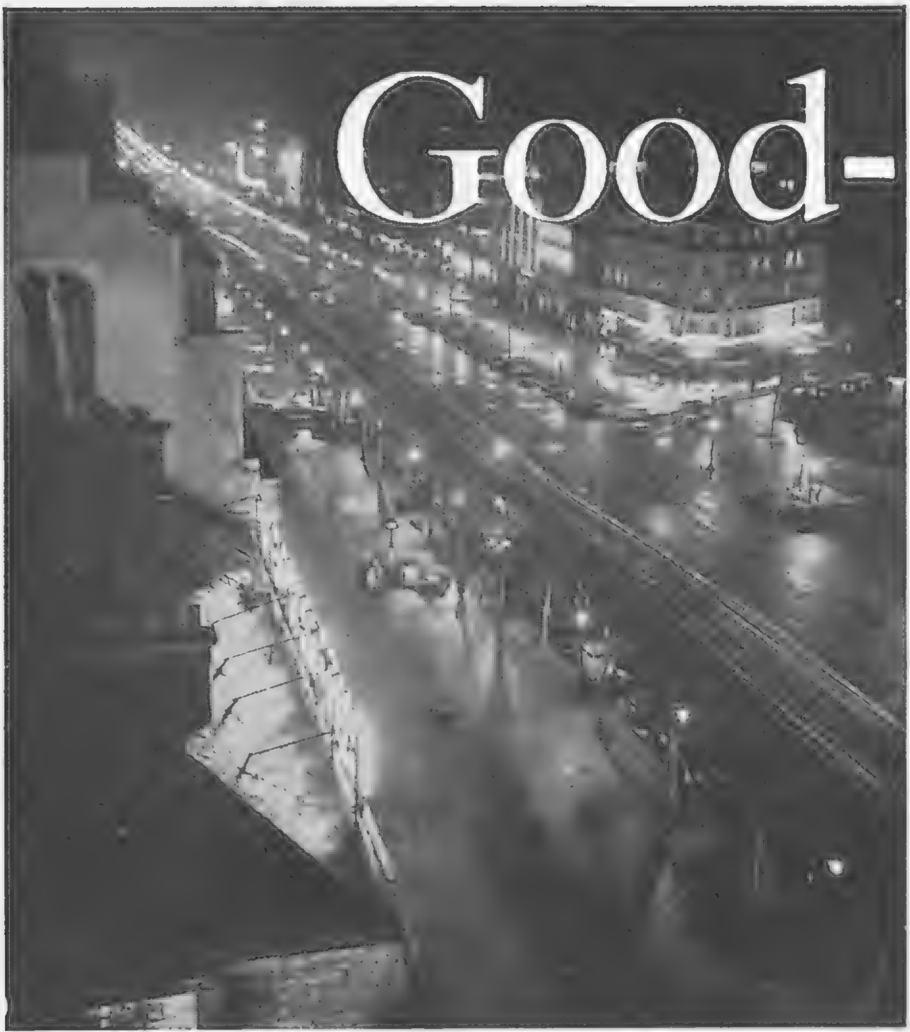
Above: Some people prefer the all-over table-cloths

Modern informa party set-up (Material, Do Milne)

Select your cutlery with care. Here is a canteen of plate (Hampton Court design) of forty-seven pieces. (By Community Plate)

A solution of the small dining table problem — a corner dining table

Good-Bye



A NIGHT view of the Champs Elysées as it is now

DO you remember the Madeleine–Bastille horse omnibus, the horse cabs, *sapins* they called them, and the funny old trams which were started by a conductor with a little brass trumpet?

When Paris got rid of all those things, Paris said good-bye to Bohemia.

Those were the days when the Palais Royal farces were considered naughty, when La Cassive made us roar with laughter, and when Harry Fragson was singing thirteen songs a night and was paid ten francs a song.

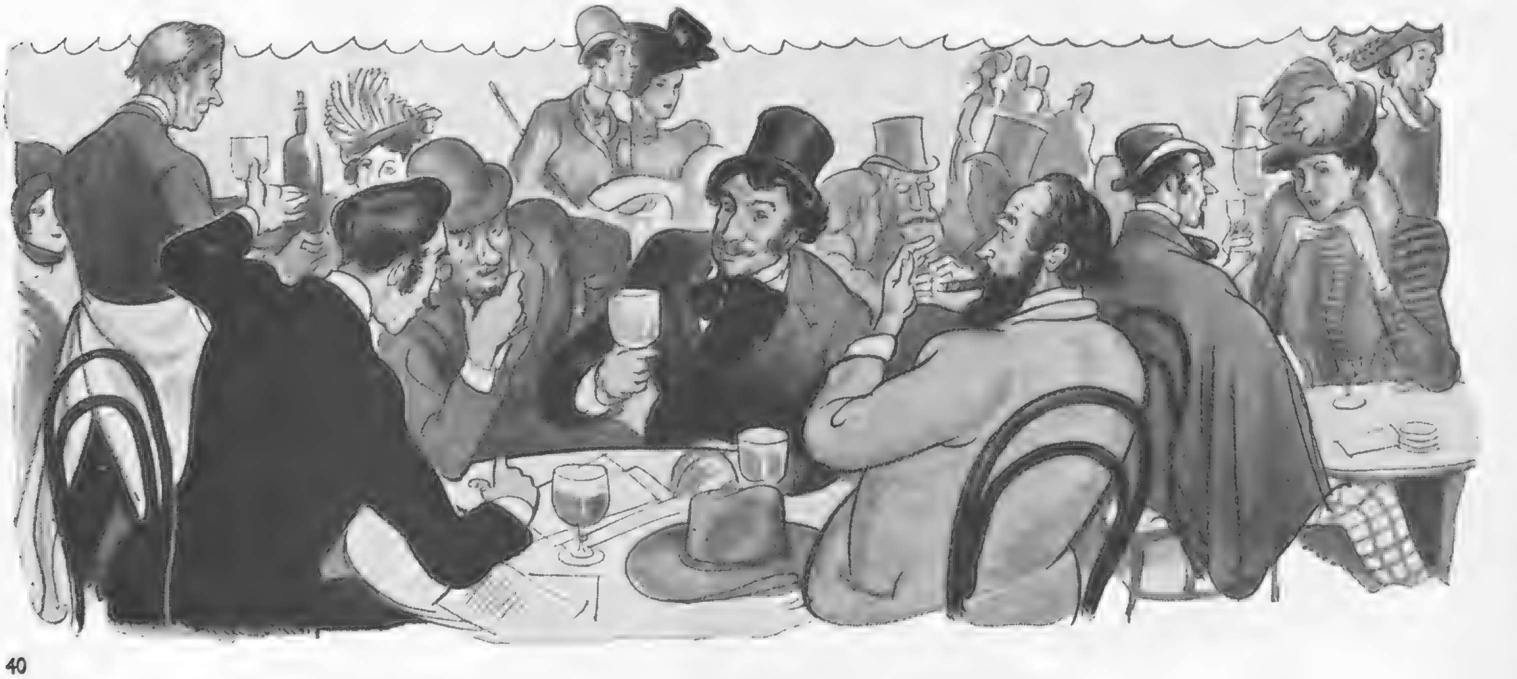
Before Bohemia closed down, Dranem and Paulus were the stars of the Alcazar and the Jardin de Paris in the Champs Elysées. Those were the days of the "professional beauties": Liane de Pougy (whose son became a famous ace of the air) and Emilienne d'Alençon (who married an English jockey) and Edith Loftus, who was English.

Amusing things happened in those dead days; the *Matin* used to organise comic competitions to call attention to alleged public abuses; there was a cross-country race one Sunday, when the obstacles were street menders' sheds and enclosures. Ducks were put into the rain puddles.

Paris used to laugh more than it does to-day, but perhaps there was more to laugh at. Gone, too, are the cafés of Bohemia. Maxim's is now a fashionable lunching place; life has gone west, literally, from the boulevards to the Champs Elysées, where until Bohemia died, there were no shops or cafés at all.

There were two very distinct Bohemias located in Paris. There was the Bohemia of Murger, the Bohemia of the Quartier Latin, which in those days was located along the Boulevard St. Michel. Those were the days of Mimi and Musette, also the days of Rose Pompon, and Cora Pearl, but I am not so much thinking of that Bohemia, for it was already dead and enclosed in the covers of books when I came to Paris for the first time. I am thinking rather of the new Bohemia which grew up and died even as I have said.

Parisians in those days loved to call their city the City of Light; the Gay City. Perhaps, and I do believe it, Paris was gayer in the true sense of the word in those days. Well do I remember an old Parisian saying to me: "So long as I



to Bohemia

Some *Reminiscences* of the Paris *of not-so-*Long-*ago,* When it *was* the "Gay City"

By Harry J. Greenwall

have a piece of *cent sous* (five francs) in my pocket, I am quite happy; I can spend as much as I need."

These words require just a little explanation. Five francs in English money, in those days, was worth just about four shillings, but my, oh my, what one could do in those days for four shillings. There used to be in Paris in those days—I am speaking of a period which, so far as I am concerned, began roughly thirty years ago—a chain of restaurants called Chartiers. I used to eat there every day and it cost me a little more than a franc, and this included a quarter of a bottle of red wine. Oh yes, if you like, "red ink," but I never thought it was and it tasted very good to me. I used to dine for about the same price, so I had one half of my five francs left to spend on my evening's amusement. I could stroll into a swagger bar and ask for a whisky and soda, and be given the bottle from which to help myself. This drink, one of the lordly kind, cost just one franc.

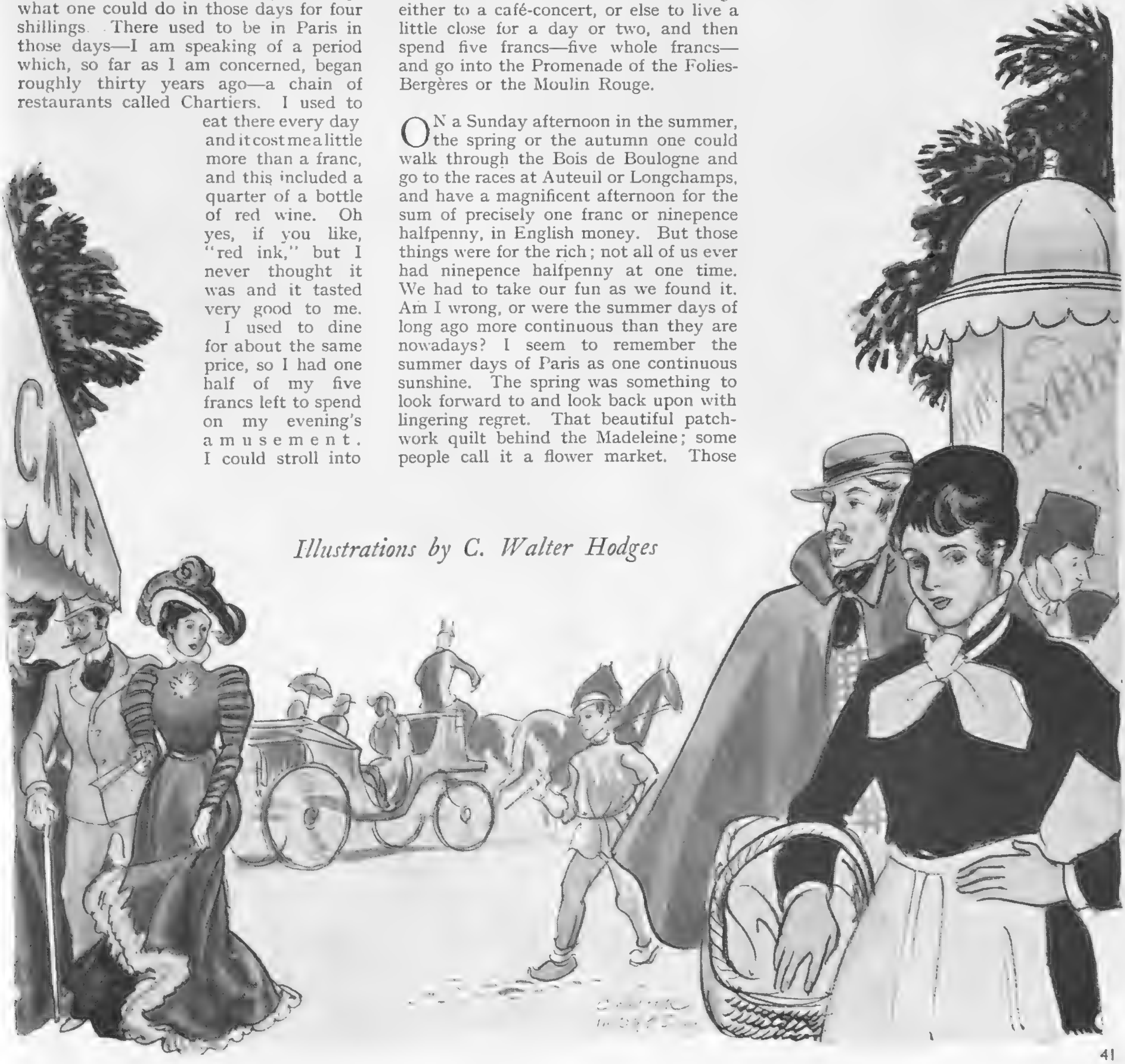
Well, there was still a little money left. There were no cinemas, so one had to go either to a café-concert, or else to live a little close for a day or two, and then spend five francs—five whole francs—and go into the Promenade of the Folies-Bergères or the Moulin Rouge.

ON a Sunday afternoon in the summer, the spring or the autumn one could walk through the Bois de Boulogne and go to the races at Auteuil or Longchamps, and have a magnificent afternoon for the sum of precisely one franc or ninepence halfpenny, in English money. But those things were for the rich; not all of us ever had ninepence halfpenny at one time. We had to take our fun as we found it. Am I wrong, or were the summer days of long ago more continuous than they are nowadays? I seem to remember the summer days of Paris as one continuous sunshine. The spring was something to look forward to and look back upon with lingering regret. That beautiful patchwork quilt behind the Madeleine; some people call it a flower market. Those beautiful blue skies with large powder puffs, which, of course, were just fleecy white clouds, anyone could tell you that. And to just sit in the Avenue des Champs Elysées where an iron chair cost a penny and watch the world go by. What a world it was to watch.

Motor cars were just smelly, noisy things. Those who had money rolled in carriages drawn by high-stepping horses. And what beauties were driven past one's eyes. There goes the *barouche* of La Belle Otéro; that is Liane de Pougy, and that beautiful indolent creature, who is she? Why, is it not the famous Emilienne d'Alençon?

In the summer there were open-air, music-hall shows all along the Champs Elysées. The seats inside were for the rich; we used to sit outside, and smoke *caporal* and listen to the show, just for the price of our penny chair. Often and often I listened to Harry Fragson; I was listening to him not long before he was murdered by his father. Harry Fragson, or Harry Potts as he was born, had an extraordinary personality. Not even his mother could have thought him handsome but people worshipped him. I remember him singing not so long before the War,

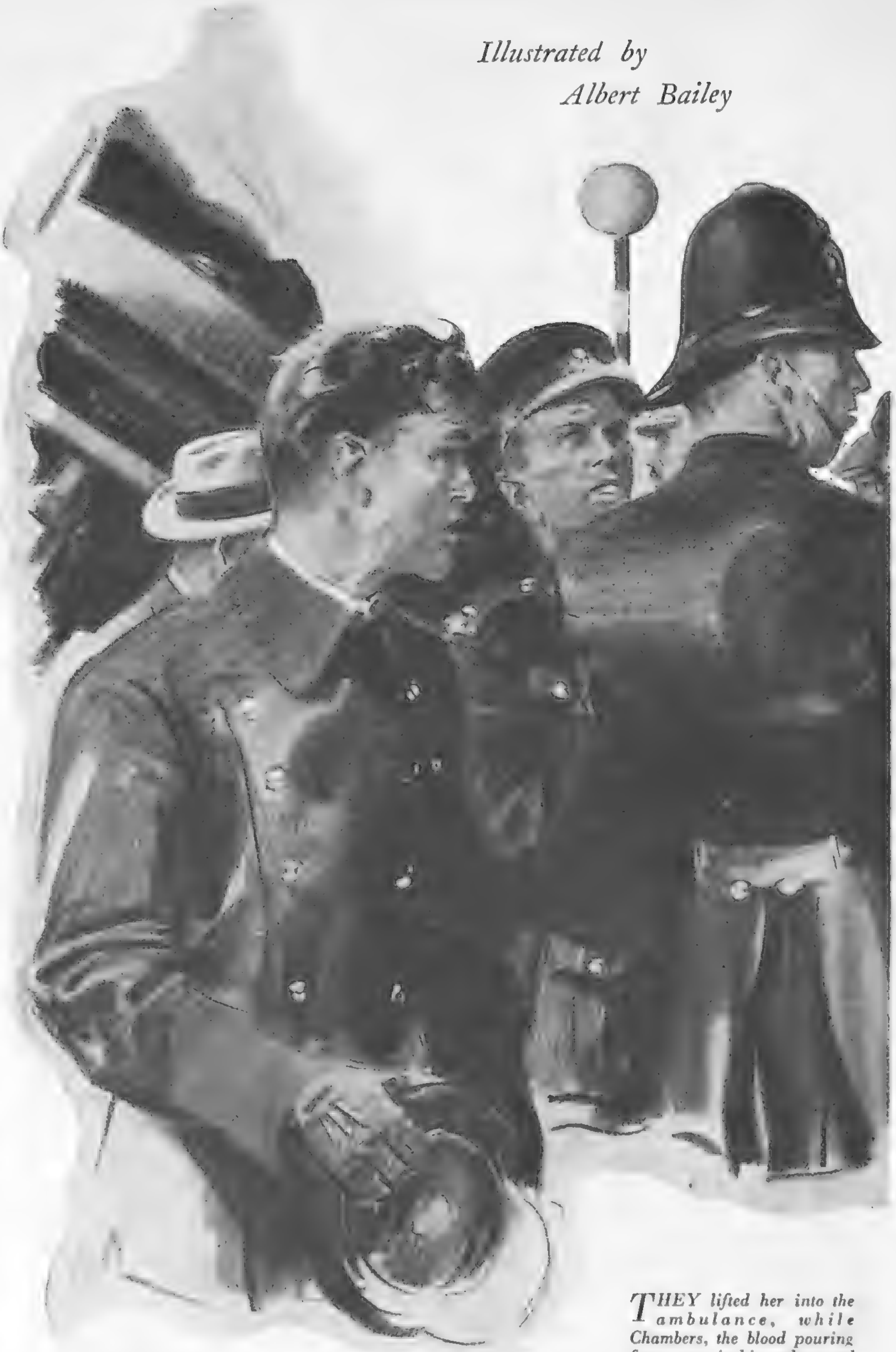
(*Continued on page* 96)



Illustrations by C. Walter Hodges

Sauce *for the*

Illustrated by
Albert Bailey



THEY lifted her into the ambulance, while Chambers, the blood pouring from a cut in his scalp, stood by. "Be careful with her," he kept saying, "she's a film star"

LILY FOREST, who'd begun life as Rachel Rosenblum, and at the age of twenty-eight was a film star, was lying on the sofa in her gorgeously-furnished boudoir, having her face massaged.

"It's ridiculous. I won't pay it." She pushed away the hands of her masseuse and turned angrily to face her secretary. "Write to him, Jennings, and send him a cheque for twenty-five guineas, and tell him it's all he'll get."

Edith Jennings closed her notebook, picked up a pile of letters and slipped out of the room.

The film star disregarded the masseuse, waiting to resume her work.

"It's the old story," she grumbled. "Everyone thinks that just because you're a film star, you're made of money. As if that were any reason why you should be soaked."

Miss Lynes, who earned her living as a masseuse and found it difficult to make both ends meet, waited patiently for the moment when she could get on with her work. She was thinking that the financial problems of her patient must be fairly simple to solve. For, in a moment of expansiveness, Lily Forest had once told her that she had been paid ten thousand pounds for her last two pictures, adding that it wasn't too bad for three months' work.

"Whoever heard of such a fee?" the film-star continued. "Here, look at this bill." She felt among the silken folds of her dressing-jacket. "Damn Jennings! She's taken it away. Anyhow, you'll know as well as I do that a hundred guineas for an appendix operation is absurd."

The masseuse was wondering how she could explain without incurring her client's displeasure that this was the usual fee a surgeon charged for removing an appendix, when the problem was solved by the lady herself.

"Come on," she said roughly. "I can't waste all day talking to you. I've got to be on the set in an hour's time."

The masseuse refrained from making the obvious retort. Instead she bent over the woman, whose ill-temper was already beginning to show itself in the lines around the mouth.

LILY FOREST had been an exceptionally pretty girl, with just sufficiently definite features to make her face "right" for the camera. It was this which first attracted the attention of the film-director Schering, who picked her out of the crowd to play a small part in his film *King of the West*. Like so many Jewesses, she had a genuine sense of the dramatic, and the power to express it in face and body. In the part she had had to play she had used her powers to the utmost: and the best known of the film critics had singled her out, prophesying that the world would soon see her again.

Lily was not surprised when she was offered a part in Schering's next film. It was not a large part and the salary was disappointingly small. Again, she had made a hit. An offer from another film company had followed. But she was no fool. Instead of accepting, she had taken it to the director and, with assumed humility, asked for his advice. Schering, who could smell real talent a mile away, and was determined not to make a present of it to any rival director, had immediately offered her the second largest part in *Morning Life*. Lily had accepted the part and the considerably increased money which it carried. She was too astute to bargain until her foot was more firmly planted on the ladder.

She had been a great success. Her acting had been universally proclaimed by the critics and the public. Her name was made.

Then — and then only — she visited Henry Gort, the agent who knew more about films and film actors than any man alive. She had a long talk with him, a talk in which she explained her views on what she was worth and what she intended to accept in the future from the directors who wanted her services.

Schering, who offered her a part in his next film at a slightly increased sum, was surprised to be referred to Gort; still more surprised when the agent mentioned the sum which Lily Forest would require. At first he refused, and, for a few days, looked round for another girl who looked the part and could act. He found several who looked good, but couldn't act: then one who could act but looked like nothing

Goose

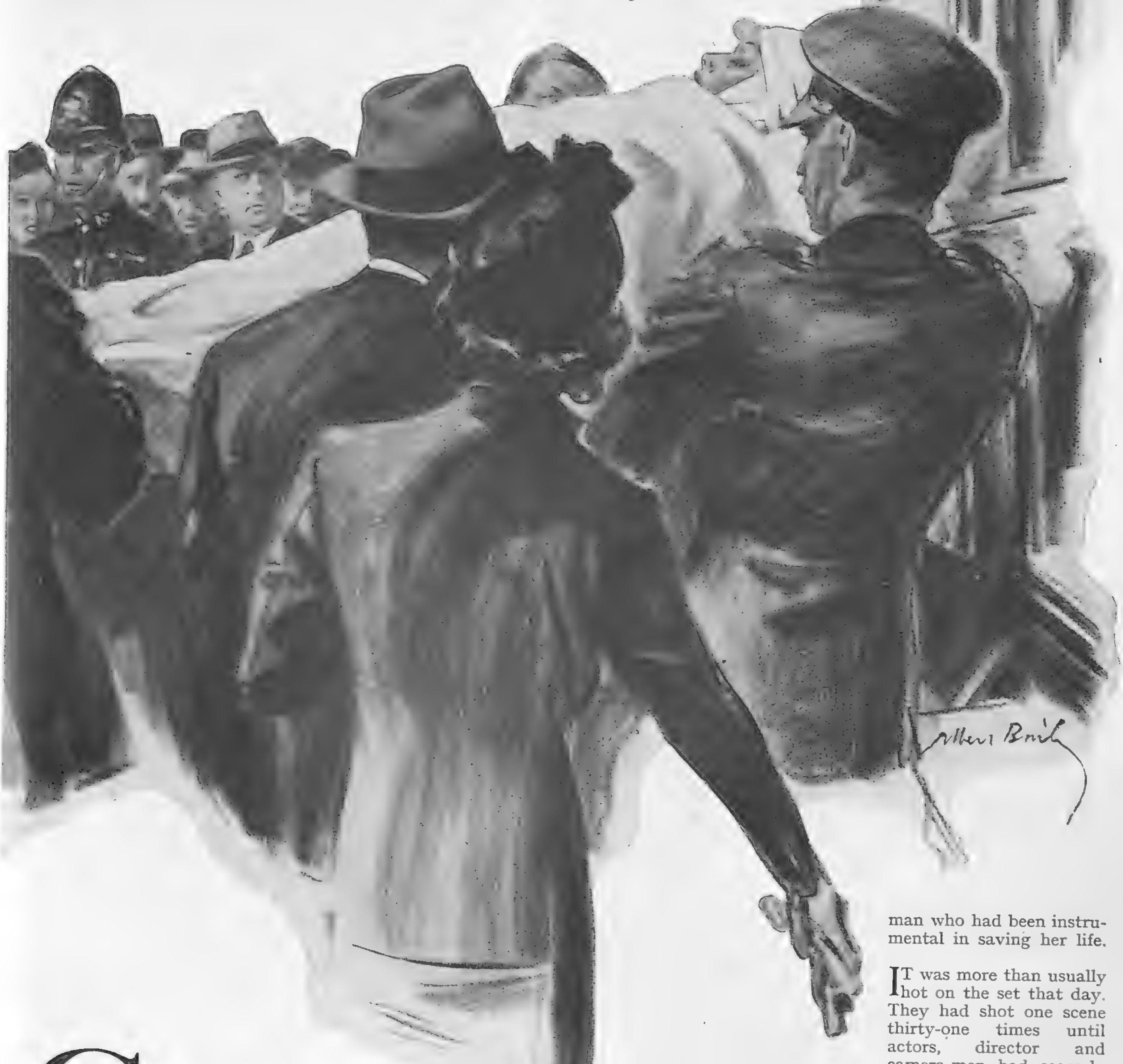
She *prized* her Beauty, she *prized* her Purse, but above all she *prized* her Dignity

By Anthony Weymouth

on earth. At the end of the week he called up Henry Gort and engaged Lily on her own terms.

And now, six years later, Lily Forest was a famous star and a rich woman. Her career had been interrupted only on one occasion—when she had developed appendicitis. Old Dr. Marks had called in Henry Young, who had operated. An uninterrupted recovery had been followed by a month's convalescence, and now she was working again—her first part since her illness.

But Lily Forest, who made ten thousand pounds for three months' work, grudged a hundred guineas to the man who had been instrumental in saving her life.



IT was more than usually hot on the set that day. They had shot one scene thirty-one times until actors, director and camera-men had scarcely known if they were on their heads or their heels. A thoroughly unsatisfactory day had finished by Schering abusing them all, and Lily flouncing away, unable to speak for anger.

The night was airless and the noise of the traffic made it almost impossible to sleep. Lily determined, as hour after hour she heard the clock strike, to move into the country. She hated the country, but anything was better than sleepless nights. She'd lose her looks unless she was careful, and then where would she be?

At two o'clock she switched on her light and, picking up the script of the film, began to read through her part.

It was four o'clock before she slept She was called shortly before eight, because she had to be at the studio by nine.

Miss Jennings, a pile of letters in her hand, came in at half-past eight.

"I can't attend to those now," Lily exclaimed, impatiently. "You'd better come with me in the car. I'm thoroughly tired out—I've hardly slept a wink," she added. Comfortably seated in the back of the Daimler, the film star relaxed.

"Read me some of them," she ordered. "I'll stop you when I've had enough."

The secretary, a dispatch-case on her lap, began to open the letters. There were the usual appeals from charities asking her to open bazaars, or if she couldn't spare the time to send donations. A dozen or so requests for her autograph (some enclosed stamped and addressed envelopes—these were the only ones she ever acknowledged.) Then a few letters from friends and one from a theatre manager, telling her that he had recently secured a play with a part which would suit her down to the ground.

Miss Jennings opened the next envelope. Inside was a letter, and pinned to the letter a cheque. She recognised her own writing. Hurriedly, she read the letter, her expression changing as she read.

"It's from Mr. Young," she said timidly.

"Well, read it. Look sharp, we're nearly there."

"Dear Madam"—it ran—

"I beg to acknowledge your letter and cheque for twenty-five guineas.

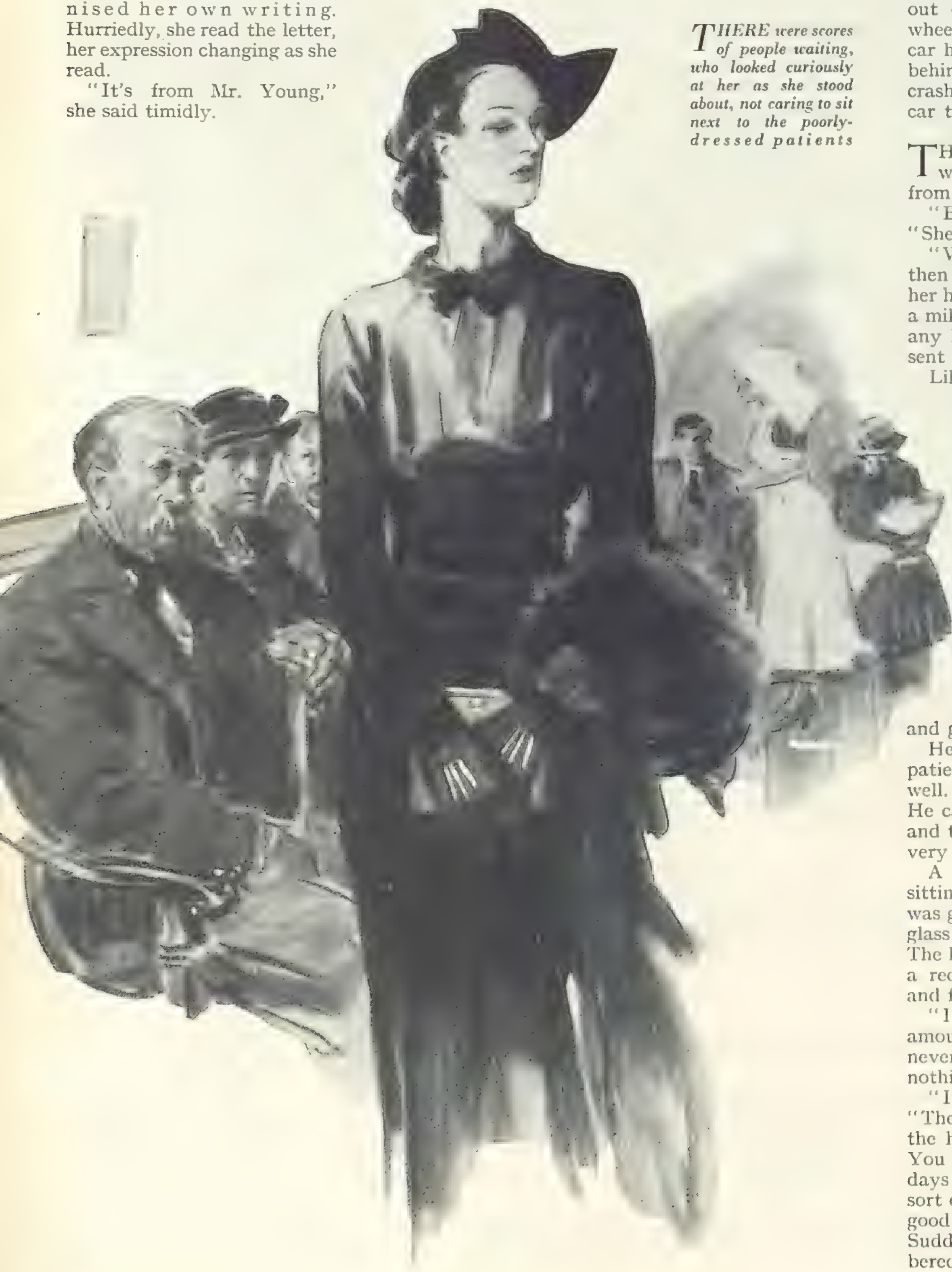
"As I only operate in private for a fee of a hundred guineas, and in hospital practice for no fee at all, I am returning your cheque. I assume that you wish to be treated as a hospital case, that is to say, on a charity basis.

"Yours faithfully,
"Henry Young."

Lily Forest sat straight up, her face reddened with anger.

"Impertinence," she muttered. "Very well, Jennings, he shan't have his twenty-five guineas. Tear up that cheque."

A MONTH later and the film was nearing completion. Difficult at first, the work had become easier as the actors learned each others' ways and Schering had got into his stride.



THERE were scores of people waiting, who looked curiously at her as she stood about, not caring to sit next to the poorly-dressed patients

"Much better, Miss Forest," he had said, as they closed down for the day. "We should complete in a week to ten days."

Lily nodded. She would be thankful to get it over. She hadn't liked her part; she had disliked the man playing opposite her; the weather was too hot to film in any comfort, and she wanted a holiday. As soon as the picture was finished, she had arranged to go to Le Touquet. Gambling was her one interest, and she rarely left the Casino a loser.

As her car was about to turn off the arterial road as it entered London, she opened the glass which separated her from the chauffeur.

"Drive to the Savoy," she told him. "Then go to the flat and fetch my letters and bring Miss Jennings back with you. I'll be in the Grill."

Chambers listened to her instructions, his head turned towards her. He was just a fraction of a second too late in seeing the M.G. sports car which came out of a side-road. He wrenched the wheel round to the right, but the small car hit the Daimler on the left side, just behind the driving seat. There was a crash, a splintering of glass, and the heavy car turned over on its side.

THEY lifted her into the ambulance, while Chambers, the blood pouring from a cut in his scalp, stood by.

"Be careful with her," he kept saying. "She's a film star."

"We'll be careful," they assured him, then asked where she lived. They drove her home, which happened to be less than a mile away, and considerably closer than any hospital. Then her frightened maid sent for Dr. Marks.

Lily was still unconscious. A cut on her cheek which the ambulance men had roughly bandaged, began to bleed as soon as the dressing was removed. Dr. Marks shook his head as he saw the extent of the damage to her face. He cleaned the wound and strapped its edges together. Then he rang up for a nurse and, telling the maid that her mistress was to be kept absolutely still, he left.

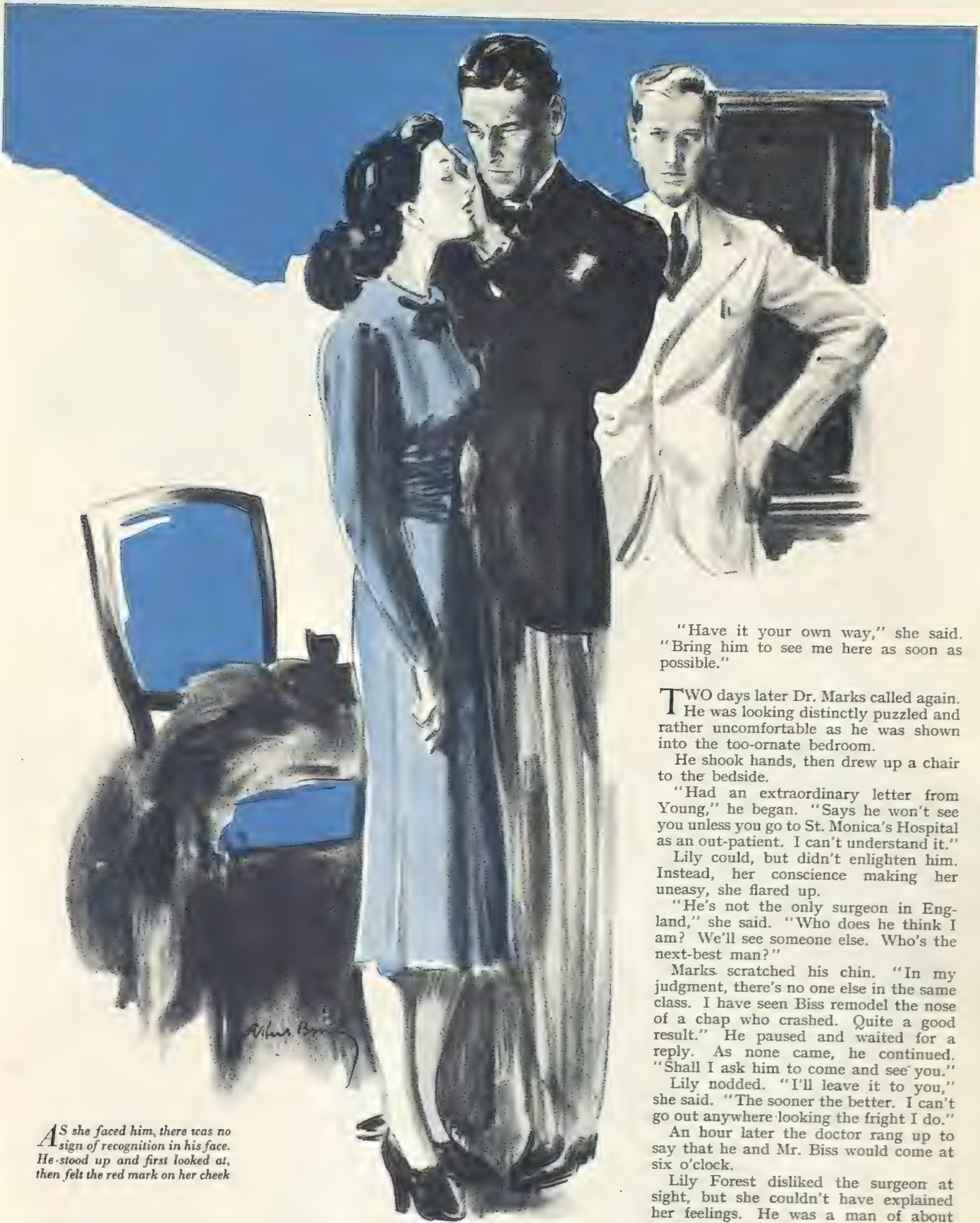
At ten o'clock, when he called, Lily Forest was conscious. She remembered very little of what had happened, but complained that her head was aching. Dr. Marks came in, ordered an ice-bag to her head and gave her an injection.

He came in early next morning. The patient was much better and had slept well. Her headache had nearly left her. He cautioned her against any movement and told her that she would have to keep very quiet for several days.

A fortnight later, Dr. Marks was sitting in Lily Forest's bedroom. She was gazing at herself in the large looking-glass which stood on her dressing-table. The left side of her face was disfigured by a red, angry streak. She swung round and faced the doctor.

"I'm ruined," she moaned. "No amount of make-up can hide it. I'll never be able to act again. Oh! Can nothing be done?"

"It's terrible for you," Dr. Marks said. "The only hope is a plastic operation in the hands of a really first-class surgeon. You know, my dear," he added, "nowadays they can do wonders in just these sort of cases. Now, let me think! Who's good at this." He paused and frowned. Suddenly his face lit up as he remembered. "Why, the surgeon who removed



As she faced him, there was no sign of recognition in his face. He stood up and first looked at, then felt the red mark on her cheek

your appendix is one of the best men alive at plastic surgery. He's made it quite a study. You couldn't do better than get him to do it."

Lily Forest said nothing. She was thinking over the letter he'd written her.

"Is there no one else?" she asked.

The doctor looked puzzled.

"Of course, there are several surgeons who have made plastic surgery their speciality. But why don't you want to see Young? Weren't you satisfied with the results of your recent operation?"

"It isn't that," she answered, indifferently. "But I've a fancy to try another surgeon."

Her companion looked at her curiously for some seconds, then shrugged his shoulders. "Just as you like," he said. "But, in my opinion, he's much the best man."

With that speed which is said to characterise women, the actress changed her mind.

"Have it your own way," she said. "Bring him to see me here as soon as possible."

TWO days later Dr. Marks called again. He was looking distinctly puzzled and rather uncomfortable as he was shown into the too-ornate bedroom.

He shook hands, then drew up a chair to the bedside.

"Had an extraordinary letter from Young," he began. "Says he won't see you unless you go to St. Monica's Hospital as an out-patient. I can't understand it."

Lily could, but didn't enlighten him. Instead, her conscience making her uneasy, she flared up.

"He's not the only surgeon in England," she said. "Who does he think I am? We'll see someone else. Who's the next-best man?"

Marks scratched his chin. "In my judgment, there's no one else in the same class. I have seen Biss remodel the nose of a chap who crashed. Quite a good result." He paused and waited for a reply. As none came, he continued. "Shall I ask him to come and see you."

Lily nodded. "I'll leave it to you," she said. "The sooner the better. I can't go out anywhere looking the fright I do."

An hour later the doctor rang up to say that he and Mr. Biss would come at six o'clock.

Lily Forest disliked the surgeon at sight, but she couldn't have explained her feelings. He was a man of about thirty-five, tall and gaunt, and his fingers poked roughly into her cheek as he felt the flesh around the scar. After his examination, he straightened his back and turned to the doctor.

"I can cut out that scar," he announced. "And leave only a thin line which will hardly show. It's not really difficult if you know how to do it. But you have to know. By the way, my fee will be two hundred and fifty guineas."

The old doctor was shocked at this crude reference

(*Continued on page* 88)

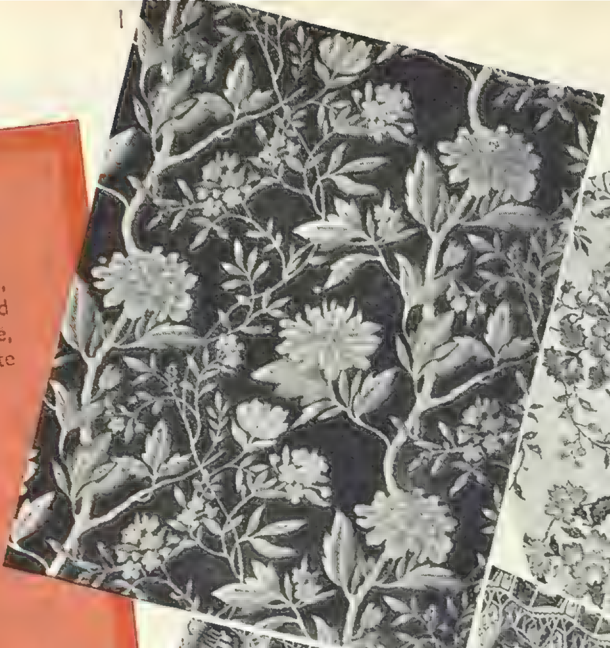
Let Us Colour

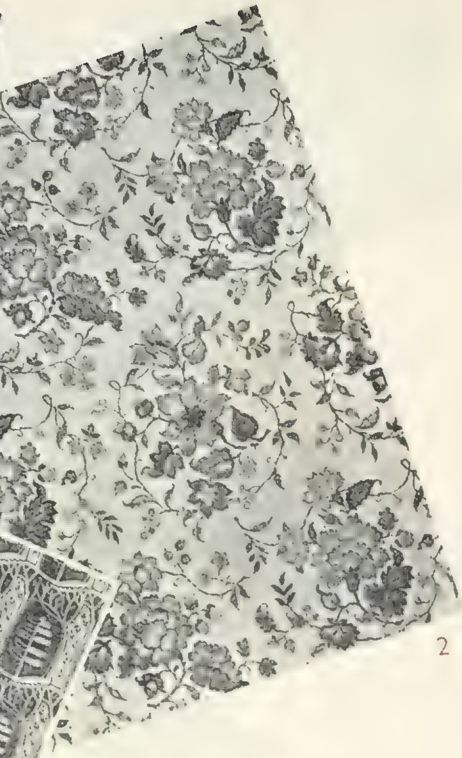
Sitting-room Schemes

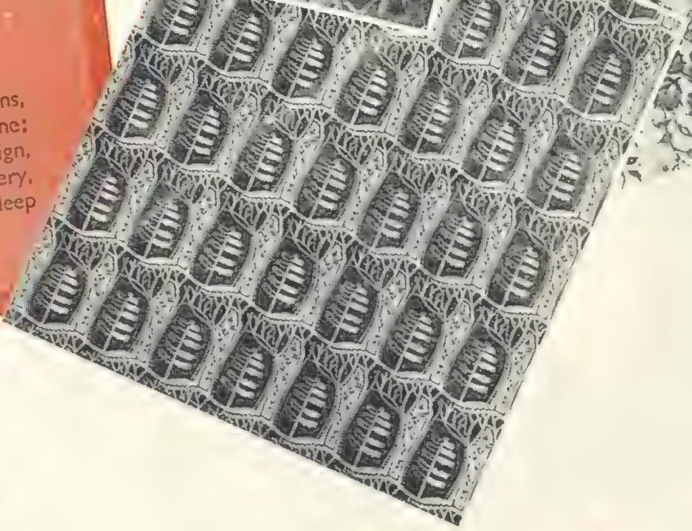
(1) Walls, off-white; curtains, fadeless Cubaleen, lacquer red with cream flowers, 31 ins. wide, 3/3 yd.; nigger carpet; white pottery lamps.

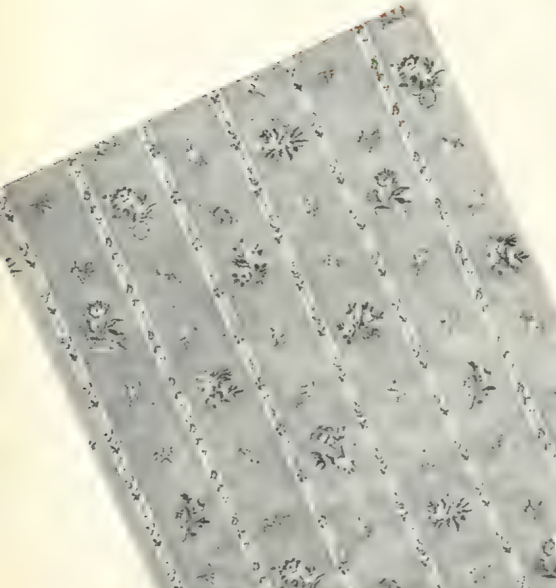
(2) Walls, pale green; chair covers, fadeless figured linen, 31 ins. wide, 3/11 yd.; cream ground, rose blue and green design; green felt curtains; deep rose carpet.

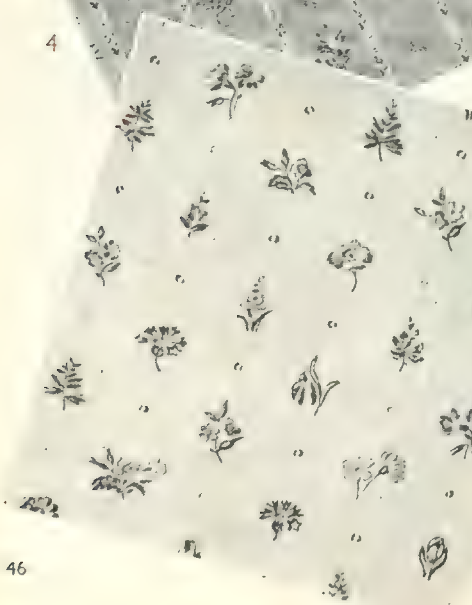
(3) Walls, cyclamen; curtains, fadeless reversible cretonne; deep blue ground, white design, 31 ins. wide, 2/3 yd.; upholstery, plain blue linen; carpet, deep plum.

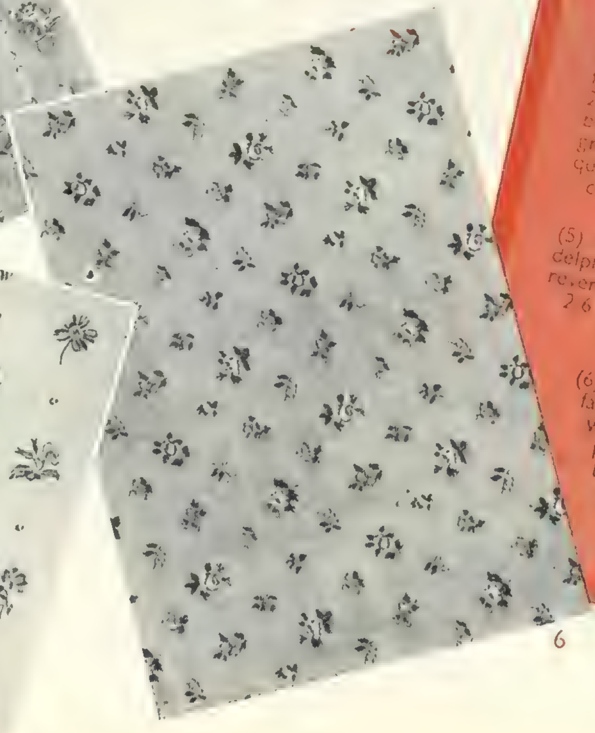

1


2


3


4


5


6

Bedroom Schemes

(4) Pastel yellow walls; curtains, fadeless glazed chintz, 31 ins. wide, 2/11 yd.; blue ground with yellow brocade stripe, shaded pink and green sprays; bedspread, plain blue quilted percale; carpet, fawn; blue china lamps with yellow shades.

(5) Pale cream walls; woodwork, delphinium blue; curtains, fadeless reversible cretonne, 50 ins. wide, 2/6 yd.; blue and wine-coloured flowers; carpet, wine.

(6) Walls, stone pink; curtains, fadeless Cubaleen, 31 ins. wide, 2/11 yd.; blue ground, pink and green bud design; bedcover, blue with frilled hem of peach; natural rugs.

AN INVITATION

Colour is probably the simplest and certainly the most effective means of giving character and charm to the home. Moreover, it is cheap.

A flattering and original blend of colours touches the simplest scheme with magic and costs no more than something commonplace.

Among the fabrics alone which are created for house decoration there is inspiration for your home. Tired chairs acquire a new vigour under smart slip-covers; clever window treatments create a new interest and focus colour in the brightest spot.

Why not dose your home with colour this springtime? Try the tonic effect of a few stunning fabrics in a harmonious setting.

If you doubt your ability to colour plan your home with that professional blend of charm and originality which you have seen and envied, permit us to assist you. Set us your individual problems and we shall be delighted to solve them.

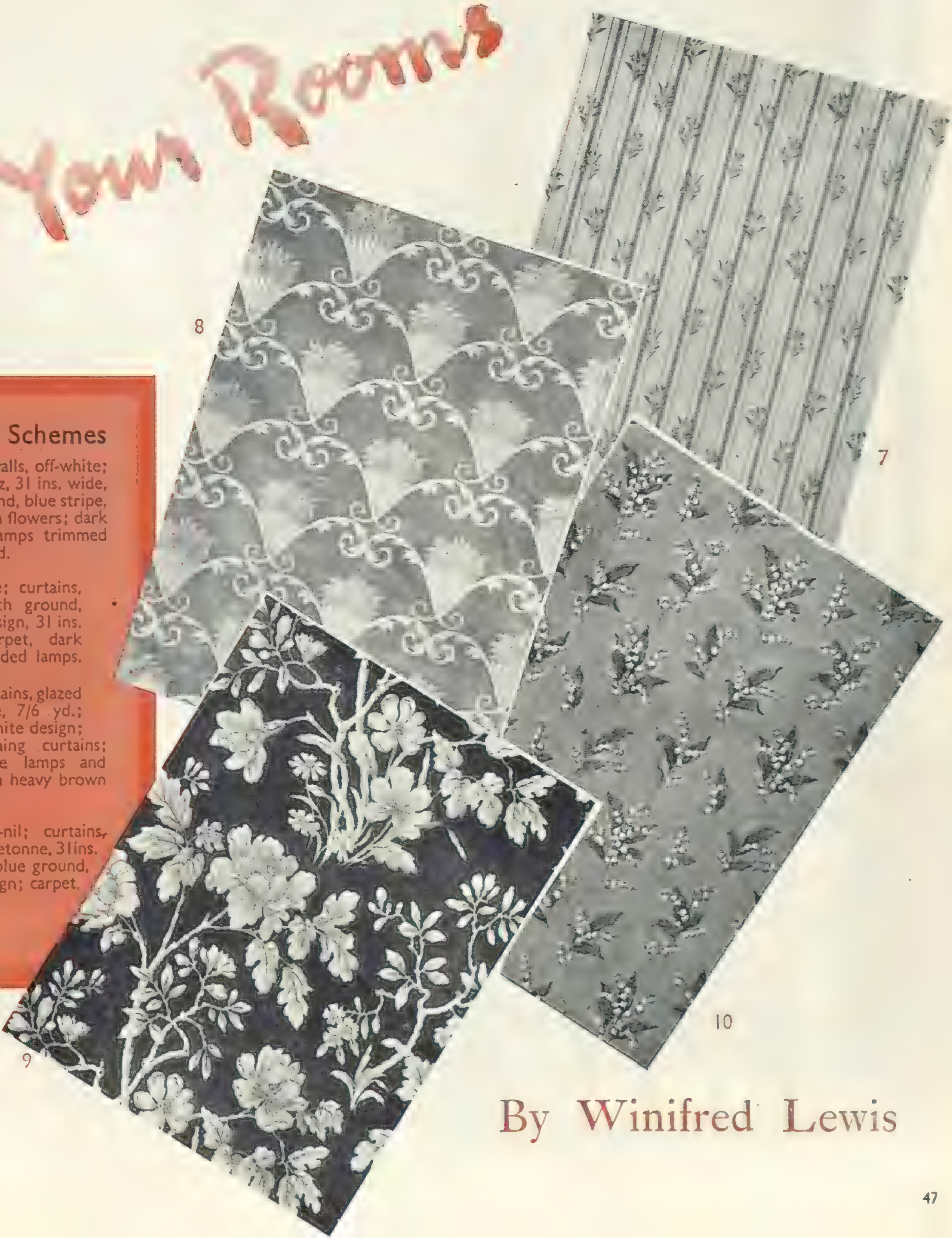
All we ask of you is that you send us a detailed description of the rooms to be treated. State the size, the aspect, the character of the furnishings and the approximate size of the windows. Give us an idea of what you want to spend and we shall send you suggestions for colour schemes with samples of fabric and other details.

Some specimen colour schemes on these pages, just a foretaste of what we can do, have been built up around the lovely and practical fabrics photographed. There are glazed chintzes—the most attractive of decorative fabrics; Cubaleen—an inexpensive and practical imitation of glazed chintz, which retains its crispness in the wash; reversible cretonnes, cheap and lovely, as well as the ever-popular and durable linens.

Our experts will open up a mine of information for you in respect of the purchase of fabrics and other essentials for spring refurnishing. It will cost you less this way. And, of course, our advice is free.

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Plan Your Rooms



Dining-room Schemes

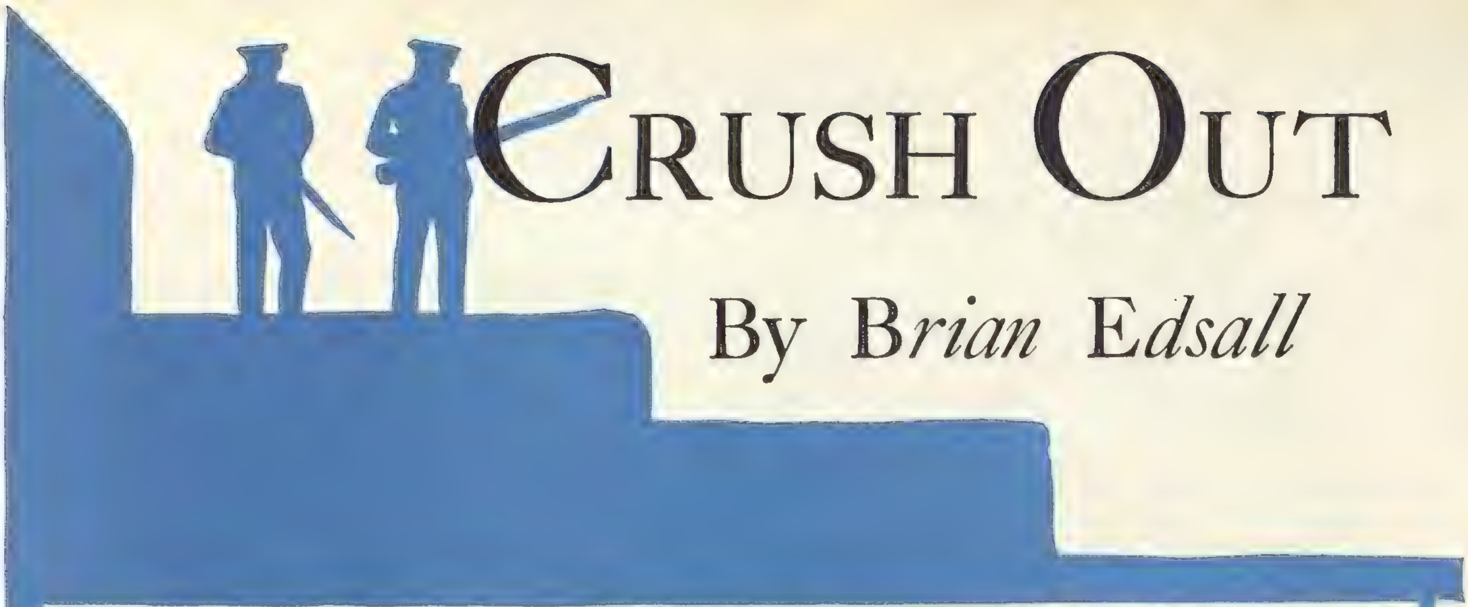
(7) Cottage room: walls, off-white; curtains, glazed chintz, 31 ins. wide, 2/11 yd.; white ground, blue stripe, red, yellow and green flowers; dark red carpet; white lamps trimmed with red.

(8) Walls, turquoise; curtains, glazed chintz; peach ground, salmon and fawn design, 31 ins. wide, 3/9 yd.; carpet, dark turquoise; peach shaded lamps.

(9) Walls, peach; curtains, glazed chintz, 50 ins. wide, 7/6 yd.; nigger ground, off-white design; peach ninon screening curtains; natural rugs; white lamps and shades trimmed with heavy brown cord.

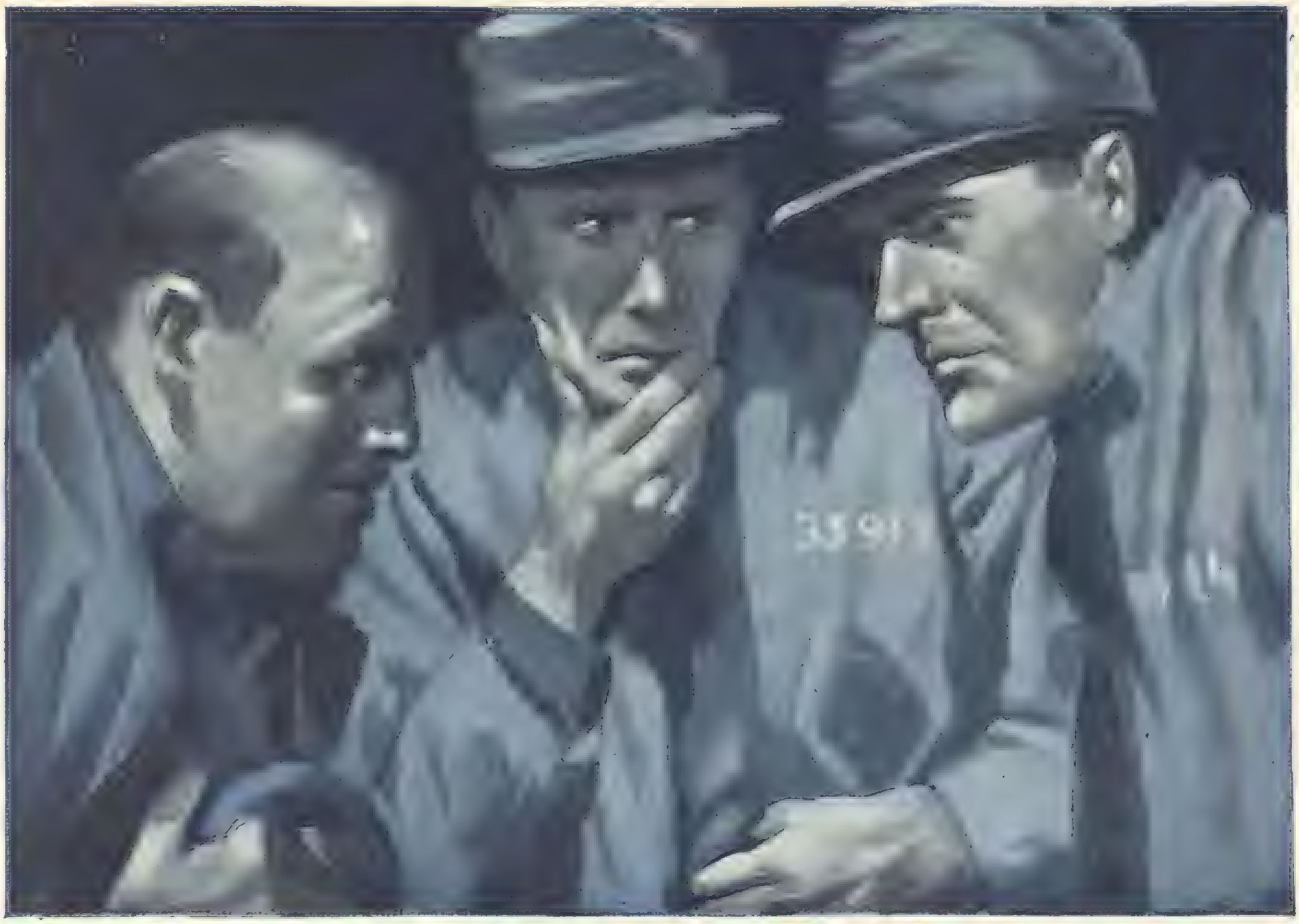
(10) Walls, eau-de-nil; curtains, fadeless reversible cretonne, 31ins. wide, 2/3 yd.; pale blue ground, green and white design; carpet, lily green.

By Winifred Lewis

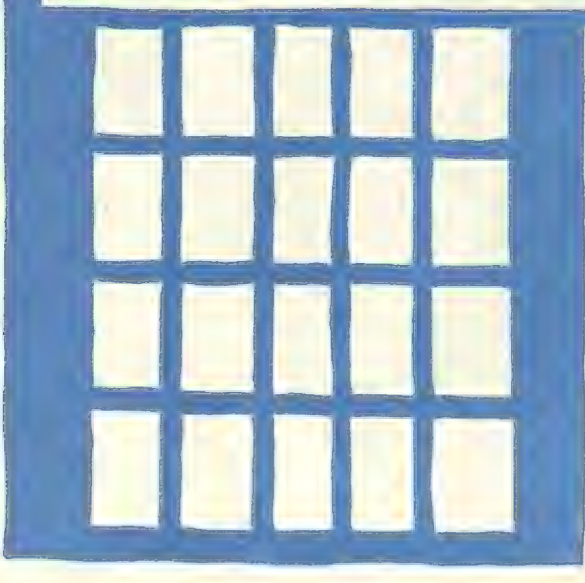


CRUSH OUT

By Brian Edsall



"I FIGURED it all out" Jimmy said. The two men came closer to him



"THAT guy sure makes me feel nervous" the first guard said. He was talking to his friend, standing up high on the prison wall, looking down on the prisoners taking their morning exercise. They kept moving their eyes here and there all over the crowd of men beneath, watching for any suspicious movement. They leant on their rifles and watched intently, and now one of them had singled out one man and had fixed his gaze on him. The other guard looked at the first guard and tried to see who he was looking at, but he could not make out who it was.

"Which guy?" he asked.

"That Jimmie the Limey" the first guard answered. "It sure makes me nervous. It always makes me nervous when a guy like that gets to being a model prisoner. That guy's so model it makes my hair stand on end. I guess he's figurin' out something all right."

"You should worry" the other guard said. He looked down into the crowd of men, searching with his eyes for Jimmie the Limey. When he found him he kept on looking at him as he walked up and down in the

Illustrated by Kenneth Inns

Tony was a Good Driver, *but not such a* Good Liar—*and the* Laws *of the* Underworld *are* Irrevocable

sunshine in the yard below. The other guard was also looking. But Jimmie the Limey kept right on walking up and down with his hands behind his back, so the guards got tired of watching him and looked elsewhere. They kept looking all over the place, trying to see everything and everybody.

Jimmie the Limey walked up and down in the sun. His head was bent down, his hands were behind his back, his lips were drawn in a tight smile. He was thinking. He was not thinking about the prison or the guards who had been watching or the Shakespeare he was always reading. He was thinking about Tony the Toff. His mind was exercised about Tony because he was a rat. Nobody ever knew what Tony might do. He always got worked up and excited about things and you never knew what he was going to do next. The tight smile on Jimmie's lips was compressed into a thin, hard, unsmiling line. He looked up and around him. Then he walked over to a corner of the yard where two men were standing talking.

"I figured it all out," Jimmie said.

The two men came closer to him. One was slightly bald on the top and had a red, round, joyful face. The other was taller and dark with a scar on his left cheek. He kept raising his eyebrows up and down.

"Tony can come along" Jimmie said. "We'll fix that outside. This is the way it is, Jake, and I don't see how you can alter it. You know how Tony is. If we cut him out you don't know what he won't do. You got to humour a guy like that. Anyway, you can't stop him. He knows the hole's going to be there and he'll go through it. He might be a hell of a nuisance; he might gum up the whole works. The way I figure it he better come along. We can fix Tony all right when we've got the hell out of here. What do you say, Eddie?"

"I guess Jimmie's right" Eddie said. "You know how Tony is, Jake."

Jake looked at the two men. Then he looked across the yard, into the distance.

"O.K." he said. "I guess you boys is right. We better fix that guy outside."

"That's swell" Jimmie said. "We'll fix him all right. I guess we better break it up now. You tell Tony everything's O.K., Jake."

"I'll tell him everything's fixed" Jake said.

"The rat" Eddie said. Jake and Jimmie looked at each other. Without another word the three men separated.

ON the morning of the following day the three men were working in the machine shop. Tony kept looking across at each of them in turn. The day before he had got his gun from Jake, one of the four firearms they had smuggled in bit by bit. Every now and then Tony put his hand on the gun and felt it's hardness.

The machine shop was near the place where the deliveries to the penitentiary were made. A number of trucks were drawn up to the unloading platform. Two guards were watching the trusties take the goods out and put them in the checking room. Eddie kept looking at the guards and watching the trucks. One by one, as they were unloaded, they moved out of the yard. One of the trusties who was unloading the last truck looked over at the machine shop and scratched his head. Eddie pulled the lobe of his left ear. The two guards watching the trusties had their backs to the machine shop. The door of the shop was wide open because of the summer heat. Jimmie and Jake and Tony saw Eddie's hand go up to the lobe of his left ear. They moved quietly towards the door. When they got nearer they quickened their pace and walked out onto the loading platform. The four of them went up behind the guards together.

"Step inside" Jimmie said.

The two guards turned round suddenly and looked at the four men. They were all smiling, but the guards could see the guns they were fingering. One of the guards thought about his wife and children and then about the Chicago policeman Jimmie the Limey had shot. The other man was single so he did not worry about his children any. The two guards walked into the truck, followed by the four men.

When they got inside the truck Eddie took the two rifles belonging to the guards and kept one himself, handing the other to Jimmie.

Jimmie walked up to the front of the truck and leant over the driver who had his back to him. The driver looked up quickly and opened his mouth and closed it again.

"Go ahead, buddy," Jimmie said.

The driver started up the truck and drove towards the gate. Tony and Jake put the two guards facing out of the back of the truck and stood behind them with their guns ready. The truck moved slowly towards the main gate.

"Now listen you guys," Jimmie said. "There ain't no need to get excited about this. Everything's going to be O.K. if you just play ball with us. You ain't got nothin' to worry about. But if you ain't gonna play ball with us there might be a lot of blood around. Now you wouldn't want that, would you, pop?" He looked at the older guard.

"You're crazy," the older guard said.

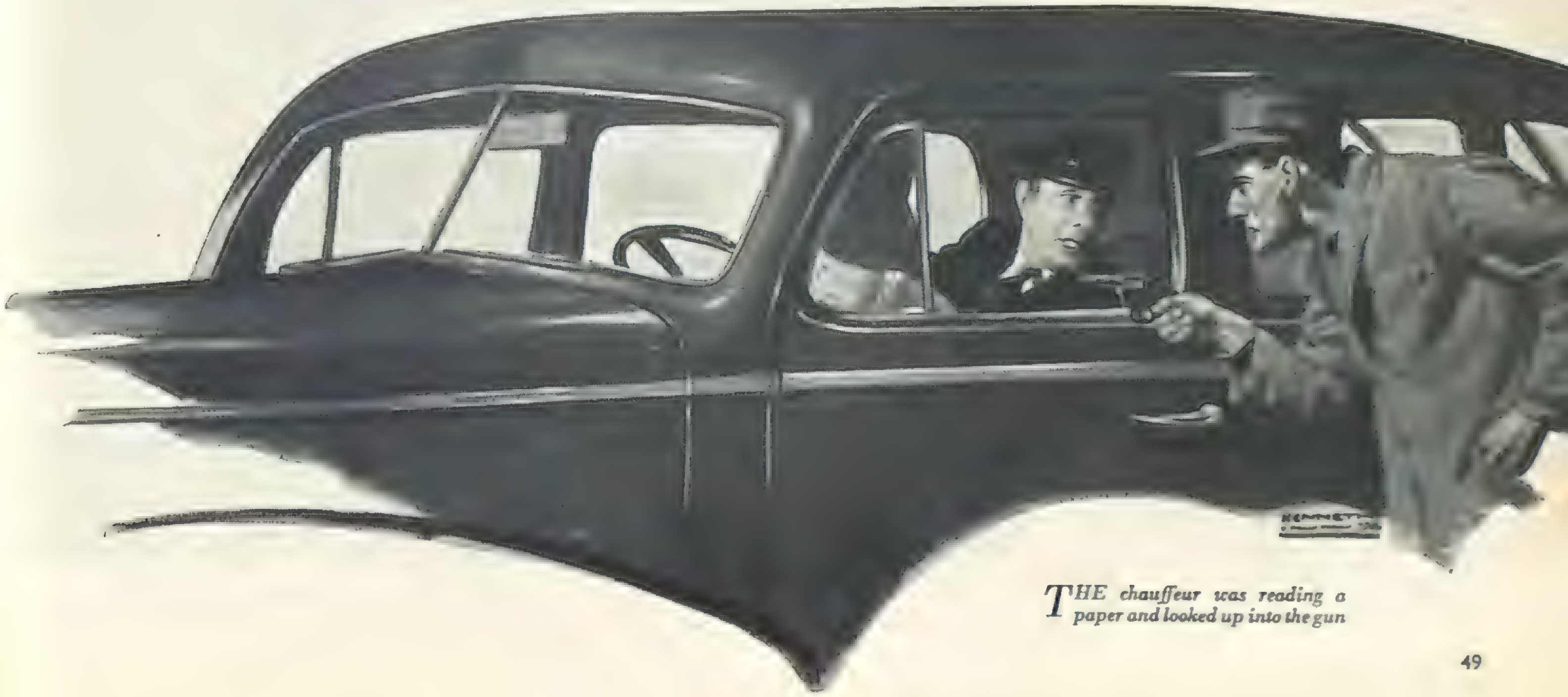
"Maybe we're crazy, pop," Jake said, "but you wouldn't want a lot of blood around, now would you?"

The guard did not say anything.

"Personally," Eddie said, "just a little cut in my finger makes me giddy. I just can't stand the sight of blood. But you know how it is, pop."

"You'll never get away with this," the older guard said.

"All right, pop," Jimmie said. "You have it your way. We won't get away with it. But right now, you keep your mouth shut and do like we say or we'll plug the daylights out of you."



THE chauffeur was reading a paper and looked up into the gun

The guard did not say anything. The truck moved over to the main gate.

The man at the gate came out to pass the truck through. He came out close to the truck to give it the usual formal inspection. Jimmie jumped out of the truck and stood close to the man.

"Listen, buddy," he said. "You just open that gate or we'll blow you, the gate, and everything else to hell. Make it snappy."

The man opened the gate.

"That's what I call a real gentleman," Jake said. The truck moved out of the gate.

As soon as it got outside it turned to the left. Jake and Tony were standing in the back of the truck behind the guards. Eddie was in the middle holding a rifle. Jimmie was behind the driver.

"Listen Tony," Jimmie said. "You get up here and drive."

Eddie took Tony's place behind the guard. Tony went over to the driver's seat. He climbed and sat on the driver's knee. The driver slid out from underneath. The truck kept on going. When Tony got hold of the wheel he stepped on the gas. The truck shot forward.

"You better step out buddy," Jimmie said. The driver looked at Jimmie, then he looked at the road outside. He looked at the speedometer. Fifty miles an hour.

"I'll break my legs," he said.

"You better step out, son," the older guard said. "Ain't no use you gettin' mixed up in this. There's going to be a lot of shooting around here."

"You hush your mouth," Tony said.

"Pipe down, Tony, will you?" Jimmie said. "I guess he's right buddy, ain't no use you gettin' mixed up in this. I guess you better step out."

The driver looked at the road again, then he looked at the speedometer. Sixty-five miles an hour.

"O.K.," he said. "I'll break my legs." He stepped out.

"Now you step on it," Jimmie said. "Just keep heading right on."

"They'll be out after us in a minute," Tony said.

"Don't you bother about that," said Jimmie. "You just keep right on going. We got it all figured out. All you got to do is to keep your foot on that gas, and keep ahead of the cops until you get into the city. Then it's up to you to lose 'em so we can scram out of here. Once we get into the city everythings O.K."

"All right," Tony said.

Jimmie went to the back of the truck and joined Eddie and Jake behind the two guards. Not a word was spoken. The guards had hard smiles on their faces and they were looking back down the road to the prison. They were waiting for something, straining until it came. Then they heard it, the siren. Both of them smiled.

"You're crazy," the older guard remarked.

"You said that," Jake answered.

"He's a wise guy," Eddie said.

"Didn't you know?" Jimmie said. "All them guards down there are college graduates. Ain't that so, pop?"

"You're crazy just the same," the older guard said. "They're coming out after you now."

"I believe you're right at that too, pop," Jake said.

The three men peered over the shoulders of the guards and saw two cars coming down the road in pursuit.

"Step on it," Jake said.

"It's all out," Tony answered.

"All right, but keep it going," Jimmie said.

The two men got their rifles ready. The pursuing cars were drawing nearer. Jake opened fire, let go a couple of rounds. The pursuers came on.

"We got to delay those guys," Jake said.

"Listen Jimmie," Eddie said. "How about one of these boys stepping out?"

"You're crazy," Jimmie said. "If these boys step out they'll put the machine guns on us. These boys stay here."

"But it's an idea at that," Eddie said. "We got to delay those guys, Jimmie. It ain't no good if those guys catch up on us before we get into the city. Maybe if one of them was to step out they'd pick him up, what do you say?"

"They sure are getting close," Jimmie said.

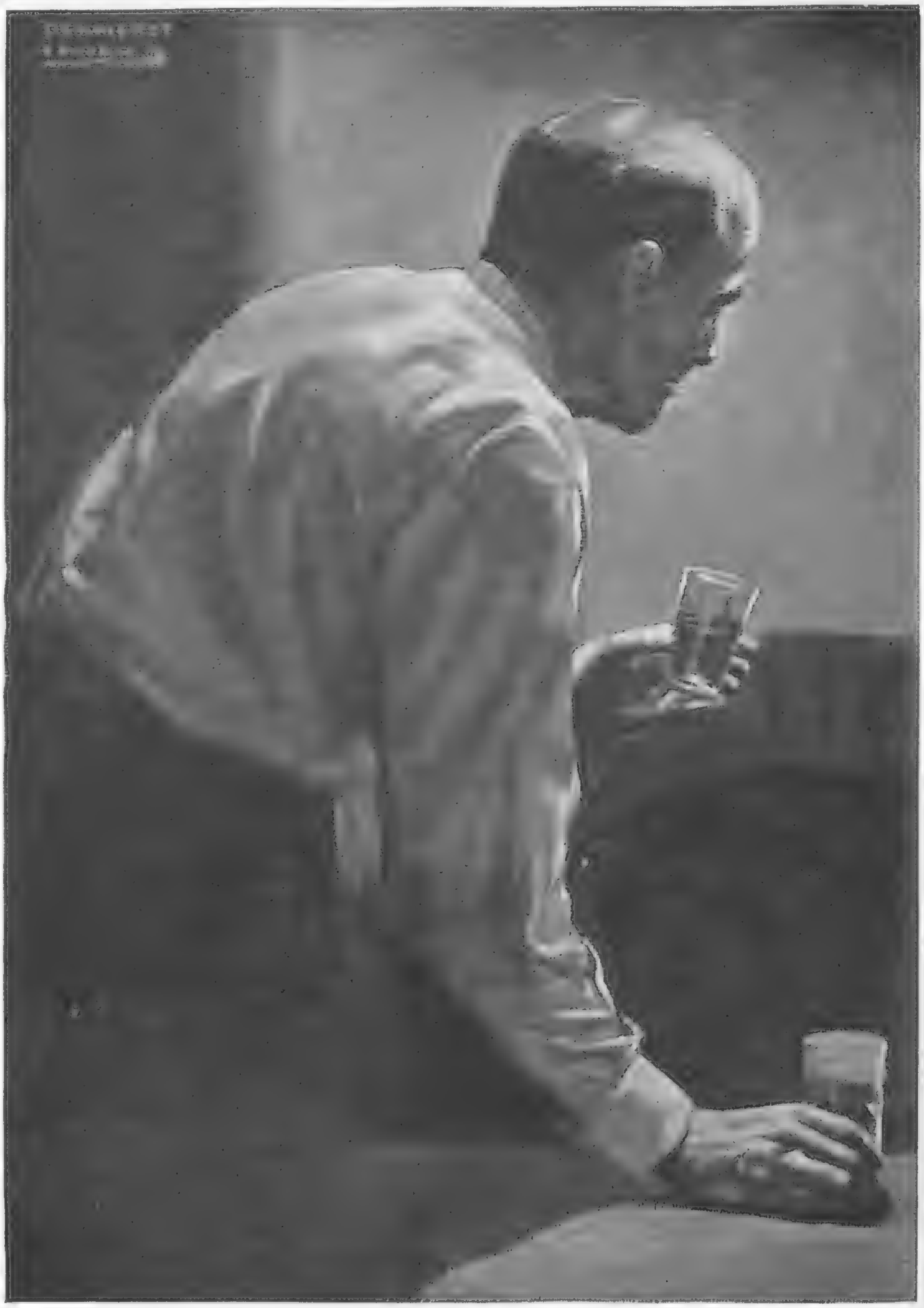
"You won't get away with this," the younger guard said.

"No? All right sonny," Jake said. "Then you step out."

"It's suicide," the younger guard remonstrated.

"Call it the high jump," Jake answered. "It don't make no difference to me. But step out."

"I tell you it's suicide," the younger guard said.



FRITZY went over to Tony, and gave it back again, "I

"What's the use," remarked the older guard.

"You're right," the younger one said. He jumped out, rolled on the road and lay still.

"He was a nice boy," the older guard remarked.

"He was a dandy kid," Jimmie said.

THE first pursuing car stopped and drew up beside the still figure. A man stepped out. Eddie raised his rifle and fired. The man crumpled to the ground. Then the second pursuit car overtook the first and came on.

"That was a swell idea of yours," Jimmie said.

Nobody answered. The car came on, gaining on the truck. The older guard had a hard smile on his lips. He was thinking about his wife and children. His boy had just started to work his way through college.

"You got to step out pop," Jake said, leaning over his shoulder.

"It ain't no use arguing with you fellows," the guard said. "But you won't get away with this."

"You said that," Eddie rejoined. "Now pipe down and step out."

"It won't do you no good," the guard said, then he jumped out.

The body rolled over and was still. The pursuit car came up to it and slowed. It avoided it and came on.

"Why, the lousy rats," Eddie exclaimed, "wouldn't even stop for a pal."

"Those guys have no feelin's," Jake said.

"They'll let that machine gun go in a minute," Jimmie said. "We better duck."

The three men lay down on their stomachs. When the machine gun started to spray the truck they answered with rifles. They splintered the windscreen of the car behind and winged a man who had leant out of the side. But the car continued relentlessly on, gaining ground. Then Jake got caught by the machine gun and flopped down on his face on the floor of the truck. The blood began to stain the boards.

"Where'd it get 'im," Jimmie asked.

Eddie put his hand over and lifted Jake's head by the hair.

"They shot his jaw away."

"You're crazy," Jimmie said. "They couldn't shoot his jaw away."

"I don't know about that," Eddie answered. "I don't see nothin' there. Looks to me like they shot his jaw away."

The two men went on firing. Tony looked back once and saw Jake's body and Eddie and Jimmie lying on their stomachs. He could see the car behind, dangerously close. He noticed them talking and a swift suspicion flashed through his mind. In the distance he could see the first buildings of the city. A plan began to form in his mind. Meanwhile Eddie and Jimmie had also been thinking.

"Listen," Eddie said. "We're in a spot."

"You're telling me!"

"Listen, it ain't no use taking Jake along, not with his jaw the way it is."

"I guess not."

"We're coming to the city. What we better do is to let Jake off right here. They'll stop for him all right."

"I guess that's what we better do."

"Sure, what's the use of taking along a guy with a jaw like that? He can't move any." Eddie bent closer to Jimmie's ear.

"When we get into the city we'll duck out of here. This truck's a red light for those guys. Hell, we don't want to advertise! We better duck out of here when we get to the city."

"What about Tony?"

"What do you think?"

Jimmie did not answer. The two men pulled Jake's body over to the back of the truck and pushed it off. As they had expected, the pursuing car stopped and picked it up. Even such a slight delay gave them a bigger lead and now they were coming to the outskirts of the city.

Tony's brain was working fast. He did not slow down but went racing on, over the red light, down towards the heart of the city. The truck was going too fast for Eddie and Jimmie to jump. Tony sped on, down into the business section.

He swung the truck round a sharp left turning. On his right, a hundred yards down, he saw a quiet side street. Straight ahead was a warehouse. His brain was working fast. He slowed the truck down, and grabbing his gun, jumped out. Jimmie and Eddie lurched and hung on. They had no idea what was happening. Tony ran down the side turning and the truck, still in gear, crashed down the street.

As Tony ran up the quiet street he heard the police siren of the chasing car. He heard the crash of the truck (*Continued on page* 85)

took the empty glass, refilled it
guess you're tired" Fritzy said

Books: *For the Connoisseur, the Traveller and the Layman*

EXPLORING with BYRD
RICHARD E. BYRD
THE WAY OF BIRDS
F. B. TALBOT KELLY
GOODBYE WEST COUNTRY
HENRY WILLIAMSON
CHARLES GRA
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY
ADA GALSWORTHY
YESTERDAY'S CHILD
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
M. WILLSON DISHER
DOVER-NÜRNBERG RETURN
OUT OF AFRICA
MY SCOTTISH YOUTH

WITH Europe divided into armed camps, reliable information as to what is really going on becomes increasingly rare and interesting. Obviously the great Nazi Rally held this year in Nürnberg was a useful focusing point for students of the German scene, and in *Dover-Nürnberg Return* (Burrup, 5s.) Mr. Baker White has attempted an unbiased account of what he and his wife saw and heard on a motor tour to the Congress. As a record of fact it is the work of a trained observer, and contains clear pictures and explanations of much that is misrepresented or ignored in the press, but nothing really new is added to what is generally known of the underlying causes of Nazi-ism, and many questions are left unanswered.

To Nürnberg, too, went Mr. Henry Williamson, and in *Goodbye West Country* (Putnam, 10s. 6d.) he gives a far more personal account than Mr. White of why he shares his admiration for Hitler. Indeed, the whole book is altogether a very personal affair. "Just as some writers get all their ideas and feelings from literature, the minority get them direct from life—their own life, feelings, reactions, which to them are truth." In this revealing quotation lies the key to the whole book, and indeed to all Mr. Williamson's writing. In the form of a year's journal he tells us frankly of his own life, feelings and reactions, and of his reasons for abandoning the West Country for a farm in the East of England. It is the old story of an artist, discontented with his work, seeking a change and a new source of inspiration. The book's range is very wide, and a running commentary on the author's unsettled state of mind alternates with random descriptions of country life or impressions of current events, all treated with that blend of acute observation and introspection that is Mr. Williamson's own peculiar charm.

While Mr. Williamson is seeking pastures new in East Anglia, Mr. Bruce Lockhart is returning to settle in his native Scotland. In *My Scottish Youth* (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), he tells of the seventeen years before he left home to travel all over the world, successively as a journalist, diplomat, civil servant and banker. An almost aggressive national pride, common to so many Scots, runs through the whole book, which moves briskly along from early recollections, through schooldays at Fettes, to the day he first left Scotland, bound for Hamburg.

BY comparison with the orderly sequence of Mr. Lockhart's narrative, the autobiographies of three ladies which have come to me for review are shapeless and intangible. *Over the Hills and Far Away*, by Ada Galsworthy (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.), is above all a tribute of the authoress to her husband. Whether writing of early holidays in the Dolomites or lecture tours in America, one feels that her chief pleasure was sharing her experiences with him. Together they seem to have possessed that most enjoyable gift, the joy of living.

Karen Blixen, who wrote *Out of Africa* (Putnam, 12s. 6d.), is a Danish baroness and self-styled romantic who at one time ran a coffee farm in Kenya. She possesses to the full the Nordic faculty of making her home in a strange land and among strange people, and one of the pleasantest things about a very pleasant book is her understanding of and sympathy for the natives with whom she came into contact—a sympathy that is neither patronising nor sentimental. A rambling, formless book, containing many sensitive descriptions of people, animals and scenery. A map would have been welcome; the English are notoriously shaky on their geography—even of the British Empire.

It must be confessed that *Yesterday's Child*, by Beryl Lee Booker, is a very slight book for the price, which John Long have put at 12s 6d. It is an entertaining description of the life of a nicely brought up girl of good family during the last ten years of the nineteenth century and the first

(*Continued on page* 94)

Craven Hill

gives an account of some of the more "popular" experiments

In *the* Zoo's Laboratories

THE Laboratory at the Zoo Reptile House where many experiments are carried out

WITH its 4,000-odd animals, the Zoo is, of course, primarily the playground of the public. It is to see the world's strangest creatures, the big jungle cats, the mirth-provoking monkeys, the latest animal babies, and to enjoy rides on the elephants and camels that the "man-in-the-street," with his wife and family, flock to the Regent's Park menagerie in their millions every year.

But there is another side to Zoo life quite unguessed at by the majority of the visitors who saunter, chatting and laughing, past the cages. In the workshops and laboratories, anatomists, zoologists and medical men labour unceasingly not only in the interest of the Zoo's exhibits, but in the wider cause of humanity in general. Here, in these laboratories, all manner of experiments are constantly going on, untouched, for the most part, by the limelight of publicity; and it is about this particular side of the Zoo's activities that I want now to tell you something.

Come with me, for example, into the reptile house laboratory, where experiments of one kind or another, initiated by the curator of reptiles, Dr. Burgess Barnett, are nearly always in progress.

This room is worth more than a casual glance. Situated on the upper floor above the public galleries, and flooded with daylight from large windows on three of its walls, one end is fitted like a surgical laboratory; it has an operating table and all the appliances for the carrying out of minor operations upon reptilian patients.

At the other are small glass cages, used mostly for rearing young reptiles, born in the exhibition dens, through the baby stage; or for housing very delicate creatures that have to be fed by hand. At the moment of writing, for example, one of these contains a family of baby chameleons—tiny, frail, slow-moving forms that appear to be "all eyes." The containers housing these and other similar exhibits are made of vitaglass and are illuminated by strong electric lights set in bulbs of fused quartz, the latter providing a useful source of the ultra-violet rays so necessary for the successful development of many young reptiles.

Another section of the room is given over to the carrying out of sundry experiments.

To describe all those which have been prosecuted here of recent years would be outside the scope of this article, for many are of purely scientific or medical interest. I need only cite (*Continued on page* 102)

A COMMON toad being taught that it cannot eat worms through glass

A PRAYING mantis being deceived by a dead fly

WORRY

Our overdraft... The children's school fees... Jim's cough... The next door radio... Our overdraft... The children's school fees... Jim's cough... The next

One has only to murmur the word and conjure up the state of being, for the mind to plunge into infernal regions of labyrinths and mists where thought is led by mazed tracks willy-nilly, round and round and round.

Reason is paralysed, the brain thrashes wildly out, but no matter where or how it tries to break free, round it goes again, over the same old points, round and round.

Worry is a mental fog engendered by natural causes.

The question is, how are our brains and bodies to function best when under these dark hours, these health-harming hours which cannot be evaded because they are part of the pattern of living.

Worry leads to sickness, to nervous indigestion—in fact, it is not possible for the digestion to function normally at all under worry—to nerves (irritated and poisoned by indigestion) and sleeplessness. Worse than that, it is thought now, that growths and tumours are due to no germ, but to the wrong formation of body tissues under the state of strain and worry.

All this unhealth has somehow to be prevented and brought under control by a mind that is far from being under control, that is in a state of ferment.

First, your food. Take as little and of as light a variety as possible. Never mind what people tell you about keeping up your strength; the more food you take under bad conditions, the more poison you assimilate.

Try to take your food quietly, and while feeding, to banish the thoughts that plague you. If you cannot, then banish food.

In any case, if you do not feel like eating, going without will do you no harm.

Now as to your actual worry. The method of tackling this entirely depends on the problem. But the great foe in nearly all cases, is panic.

Half the harm in business or financial crises, for instance, is done by panic. Fear precipitates a rout. So, although you should be prompt and alert, and move quickly when moves are indicated, do not let fear betray you into hasty and ill-considered action. Nor fret yourself into a frazzle trying to arrive at a solution.

Face the issues. Tabulate them. Make out the points in favour of a successful outcome, and those against you. Then see if you can avoid the points against you, or mitigate them—either by bluff, by confession, by striking first, or by temporizing to gain time. Whatever the problem, think it out in logical sequence, and when you have thought it out and decided on your plan of action, *try to obtain command by being able to dismiss it from your mind.*

No one can get clear of troubles by running away from them or ignoring them. Nor can anyone deal with them by battering himself or herself to pieces, unless this battering is going to achieve some purpose. Senseless worrying exhausts reserves and bars inspiration.

I know you will cry: It is easy enough to talk and think like that when heart and mind are free of worry. But it is a different matter to try and act like that when they are crushed and almost broken by some great and anxious burden.

That is true enough.

Well, here is a thought to help you. Almost any loss, with the exception of a close bereavement, can be made good, providing you meet it with peace of mind. It is not the loss that matters so much as the dislocation of your thinking box.

Riches can go down the drain, the work of years can be destroyed, yet the pity of this will be as nothing compared to the glory of an unimpaired constructive state of mind.

Fortunately, crises of this nature only come once or twice in a life time; and most men and women do all they can to arm themselves against them. One way is to have several interests, so that if one of your strings snap, you can switch to another. This lessens a blow.

Another way is to build up great spiritual strength.

But more often than not, it is the petty daily worries that drive men and women distracted. Plates that smash, a dress gone wrong, a car that won't start, the plumber who has failed to come, servant trouble, one nuisance after another at the office.

All these are far less hard to bear than they were years ago. For if men had their clubs, then, to go to as a re-creation and forgetting ground, women usually sat at home and could only brood. To-day the wireless quickly whisks them to another world. Respite is at hand.

As for combating the distressing fog of major problems: once again, *think through them.* Size up your position by talking the matter over with your partner, your friend, or helpmate. Decide on your best course of action; and, having decided, follow it, hoping for success but not neglecting to prepare for the worst.

Armed with such balance of mind, which is the secret of true fortitude, for your health's sake and your ultimate success, stop that maddening brain-buzz circle, round and round and round.

by Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London. E.C.4.

THIS WIPES OUT MIDDLE AGE

Have you ever heard of it. Oxylation? No? Well, it is the name for a youth-perpetuating process in which oxygen is used to revive the complexion, for the first time.

And I want to accent the word *perpetuating*.

Oxygen is a source of life-giving. Its administration is always associated with a crisis and a revival. But a beauty specialist has not only harnessed this gas to the *revival of loveliness*, but added certain treatments which fix the process, so that the whole results in a *permanent youthifying*.

Naturally, you have to re-new wear and tear from time to time, but that is a mere trifle. The oxygen bleaches and re-fines, and so re-vitalises the skin, it gives it back the close, firm texture of a baby's, and the ravishing bloom.

To say that *after having* the oxygen, your face, whether middle-aged, whether twenty-eight-ish to forty-ish, returns to you ten or fifteen years younger, is no exaggeration, because the gas and accompanying face-packs simply spell re-generation.

The method is this: you arrive at the beauty-specialist, recline in an all-comfortable chair, have your face cleaned, and then receive the oxygen—from a huge cylinder as in all nursing clinics—but in this case ingeniously released through a herbal spray, so that the face is showered by the finest vapour.

I warn you, the effect of the oxygen is so exhilarating, you will probably kick away life's problems like footballs. Your complexion will have been thoroughly examined before being subjected to oxygen, as the amount of gas to be given varies with every type of skin, as do the face-packs which immediately follow it.

A hot Cream and Oils pack is for the very dry, maybe weather-beaten and consequently wrinkled skin, and after this has been effectually worked in and removed—*more oxygen.*

The idea is that the oxygen prepares the way by tremendous stimulation; the hot creams penetrate and repair the ravages of years, and also make good any lack of oil in the tissues; the final oxygen re-affirms the effect, by stimulating the cells once more, so that they will not fail to assimilate the food they have been given.

Eastern oils form the mask for a younger, dried skin.

A powerful herbal mask is used for a sluggish skin.

An entirely different type of mask, one to restore circulation, is applied in the case of acne or blemished skins. The oxygen, itself, is a marvellous deterrent to acne, and such skins benefit extraordinarily by the treatment.

Oxylation, from every point of view, is beauty's latest path to radiance; and the price paid is cheap for it. Recommended for any woman from twenty-five to seventy. *And, especially recommended after illness or strain.*

Now for a simple restorer you can use at home, while working; one that re-contours the face in twenty minutes, no bluff about it.

This is a very fine pink stocking-silk mask, which fits to the face, ties at the back of the head, and is lined with special lifts for under the eyes and under the chin.

All you have to do is to drench the *pink silk* with a certain liquid, supplied with the mask—a lotion that clears and firms the complexion—and then tie it on with care so that it envelops your own face like another skin.

After twenty, or forty, or one hundred minutes, untie it, and you *will find that* all the lifting work has been done for you, leaving your face smoothly ready for make-up, instead of having to be cleaned of some glutinous substance as in the case of other masks.

Of course, this makes the pink silk mask by far the safest for any novice to use, because all the good and the lifting that is done by other masks is so frequently undone by tugging at the face to remove them. Also, you have only to wash the pink silk out in warm water for it to be ready for the next time, and the facial astringent in which it is dipped is sent in a large bottle and keeps good for months, so that it is there on tap as you require. Moreover, this simple but cleverly moulded device does take out the lines and re-contour the face; the secret lies in the stocking weave of the silk which lifts, while the tonic fixes.

It should be used by any and every woman over twenty-five.

Superfluous hair is a problem which tends to become more troublesome as the years go on.

There is a soap containing Resorcin, which discourages the growth. Resorcin is peculiar in that it will either promote hair or kill it, according to

(*Continued on page* 102)

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

Jean Burnup

Photograph by John Everard

A photograph from Hollywood of Frau Richard Tauber, outdoing all the girls in a floor-length ermine evening coat and high ermine evening hat, reminded me of an evening in June when I last saw Diana Napier. We hadn't met for a long time before that. Since, in fact, her early struggling days, when we used to lunch a bit, and meet at parties.

Well, in she came—it was at the Savoy—looking pretty handsome. And over to our table she came. No question of *our* having to go over to *her*. While she talked, with animation and enthusiasm about the husband with whom she is wildly happy, I thought how nice it was when someone absolutely on top of the world and moving in the Big Name circles, remembered her old buddies.

Then she called her escort over and said to him, "I want you to meet two of my oldest and dearest friends—" Then poor darling, she stopped dead. She had quite forgotten the name.

A birthday in the office to-day, with the unfortunate birthday girl bullied, as usual, into buying the traditional office treat for all of us—an iced walnut cake from Fullers.

I shall never be able to understand why the birthday owner who, outside the office, is showered with gifts, should inside the office have to do the buying. It is one of life's unsolvable problems to me, like why it is wrong for a man to wear a made-tie.

Soon I shall put on my seven-league boots and go to the British Industries Fair at Earls Court. It is always full of good ideas. That won't be until the twenty-first of the month. Meanwhile, I am enthralled by the news that in the textiles section we shall see tablecloths made in Lancashire, and so treated that neither ink nor coffee can stain them. I have tried to find out if they are equally invulnerable to tea, fruit, wine, but nobody seems to know. And as I am far more likely to spill tea, fruit and wine on my tablecloths than I am to spill ink, it doesn't look as if they are going to help me much, personally. Especially as really and truly, I am not much of a spiller at all.

Down in the country for a quiet week-end I was invited to go and judge the waltz contest and fancy dresses at a village dance in Haverhill, Essex.

It was all grand fun, with the judging quite hard because of the dancers' elegant style, and the really good fancy dresses.

Afterwards came a competition called "Do as you please." There was a piano solo or two, but most of the competitors were pleased to croon into a mike. It was all right so long as they sang out of tune, or were nervous, or sang a straight love ballad, which any of us might do in our own homes when the family come to Sunday tea. But I did not like it nearly so much when a rosy-cheeked girl held the microphone lovingly, and squeezed and twisted her face about trying to be Alice Faye, or when a boy with a quiff did a Bing Crosby, and yet another boy with rosy cheeks *and* a quiff sang with the real nigger throaty sounds.

We town dwellers are selfish. We still want the country to be remote and horsy and doggy and oil-lamp lit, and behind the times. But we have to go a long, long way to get it nowadays.

Unlike some of my friends who are famed for their constant witty cracks, I make a good one about once a year. So I am feeling a little chagrined about my last year's effort which, told to one or two, has gone round and round and round, and is now actually being told back to me.

So since no one else has given me a credit line, I shall do it myself. This is it (said rather mock dramatically) "Leslie Hore Belisha. . . . That man has made his name into a by-pass."

Not very good? Perhaps you are right.

Diana Napier and husband Richard Tauber

Leichner gave a lunch at the Café Royal to celebrate the opening of their new make-up service in Regent Street.

They have been making make-up for the profession for over sixty years, and eminent stage folk at the luncheon rose to their feet and testified to its goodness and purity.

Now anyone, stage folk or not, can call at their new salon—no stairs to go up, which makes it so much easier—and be given free expert beauty advice and assistance.

I rise to my feet and testify to the goodness and purity of their entire range of non-professional cosmetics and beauty preparations.

I have lately been entranced with Alexander Woollcott's *While Rome Burns*, a collection of newspaper-man essays, pieces, portraits and travels, so tenderly, wittily, and brilliantly written that you feel you know all the exciting people and places he writes about, share all the emotions the experiences, think all the thoughts he thinks.

And if you can make readers feel that way, there is no more to be said. You are *good*.

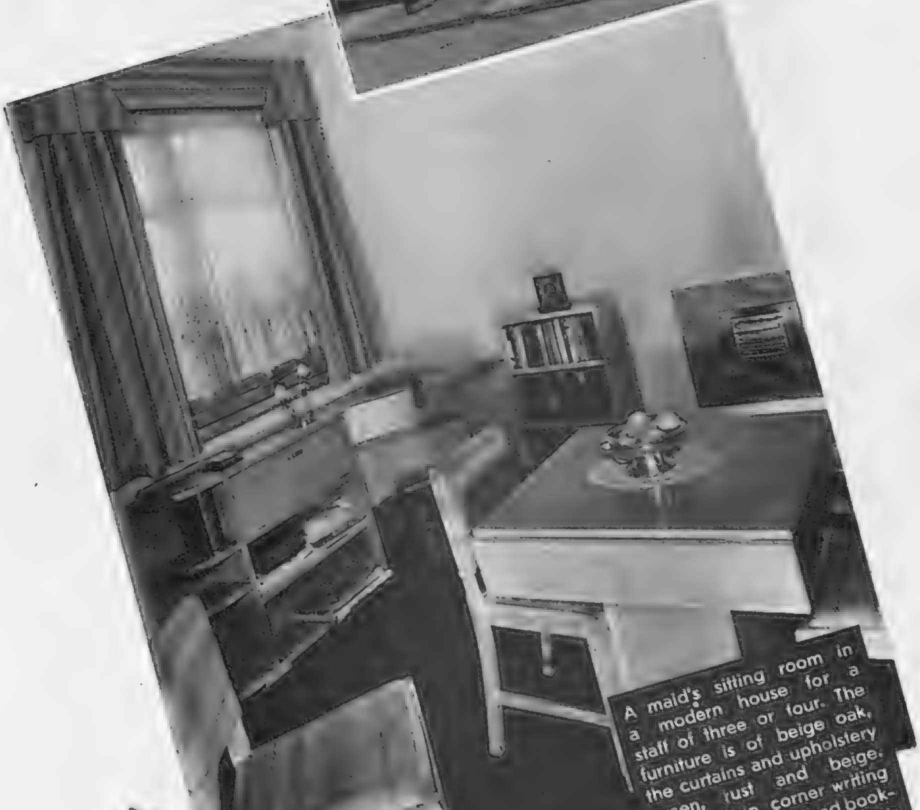
There are some new—to me—Dorothy Parker sayings. "I find," says Mr. Woollcott, "that I have done little more than run round in circles quoting Mrs. Parker. I know a good many circles where by doing just that one can gain quite a reputation as a wit." Quite.

If there were nothing else in the book at all it would be worth reading for the Mrs. Patrick Campbell portrait alone. It is a Penguin Book now. Sixpence.

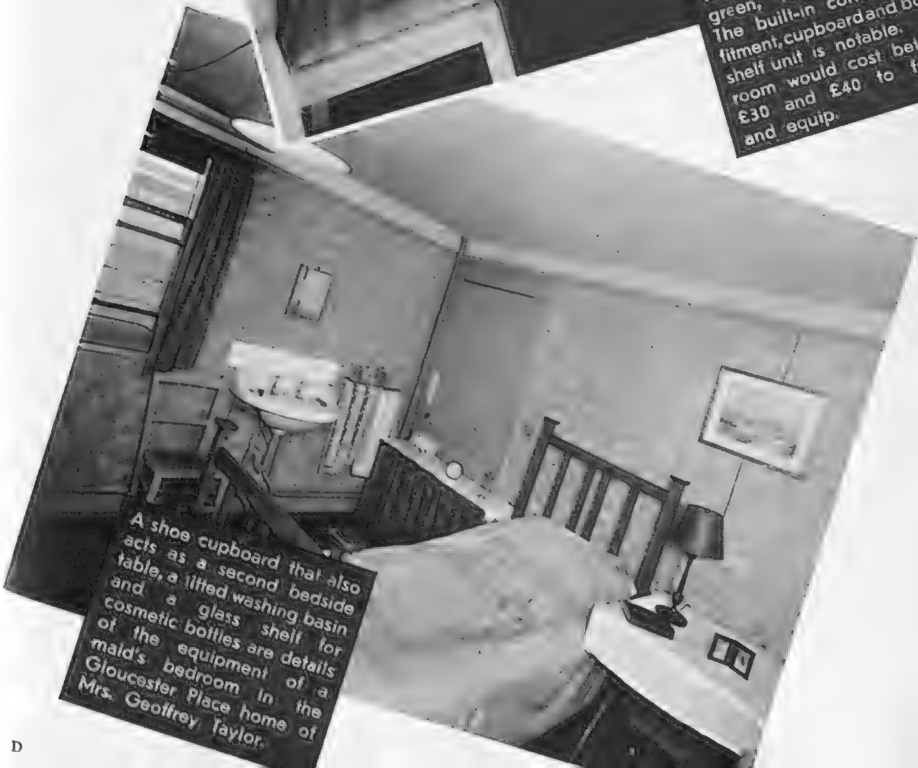
Jean Burnup

YOUR MAID'S COMFORT

House in Chelsea, showing the one front-door step only, requiring no daily whitening, the front door fitted with stainless handle and keyhole.



A maid's sitting room in a modern house for a staff of three or four. The furniture is of beige oak, the curtains and upholstery green, rust and beige. The built-in corner writing fitment, cupboard and book-shelf unit is notable. This room would cost between £30 and £40 to furnish and equip.



A shoe cupboard that also acts as a second bedside table, a fitted washing basin and a glass shelf for cosmetic bottles are details of the equipment of a maid's bedroom in the Gloucester Place home of Mrs. Geoffrey Taylor.

NOT so very long ago, the hostess showing her friends round a new house would stop short at the final flight of stairs leading to the maids' quarters, with the words "of course, you don't want to see the maids' rooms, they're not in the least interesting." Indeed, the only interesting features were the total absence of creature comforts taken for granted in the rest of the house, such as heating, lighting, attractive dressing-tables and mirrors, bedside lamps, comfortable chairs and carpets.

A very welcome change has come about with the building of new flats and houses, and with the increased sense of responsibility felt by the housewife for the comfort of those who work for her.

One of the best modern ideas for maids' comfort is the staff flat, such as Lady (Basil) Bartlett has in her ground-floor flat in St. John's Wood. It comprises a kitchen and scullery combined, a sitting-room, a bathroom and two bedrooms, with its own back and front door, so to speak. The colour scheme is green and white, and features in the sitting-room are book-shelves, a big sofa, cupboard, wireless and easy chairs.

Passage space is utilised for glass and china cupboards and the kitchen door has glass panels to keep the passages light.

Many modern houses might adopt this service-flat plan, or might do as Lady Ratendone did and use the basement for her big drawing-room and establish her kitchen, scullery and maids' sitting-room on the ground floor next to the dining-room.

Those of us who have to adapt to modern ideas Victorian houses with their supreme contempt for comfort "below stairs," have a hard row to hoe. Housewives must be prepared to spend more at the outset on their maids' comfort than their mothers did.

Essential details nowadays are bedside lamps, either plugged-in from a second point in the wall or working from a battery, electric or gas heating, which can be fitted with slot meters and controlled by a weekly allowance, facilities for boiling a kettle, arm-chairs, a carpet or several rugs and adequate mirrors and hanging space for clothes.

Painted furniture with glass handles, such as Lady Jean Rankin installed in her staff bedrooms, is not unreasonably expensive. Coloured sheets and blankets cost very little more than the white variety and divan beds can be used as sofas in the daytime, where a maids' sitting-room is out of the question.

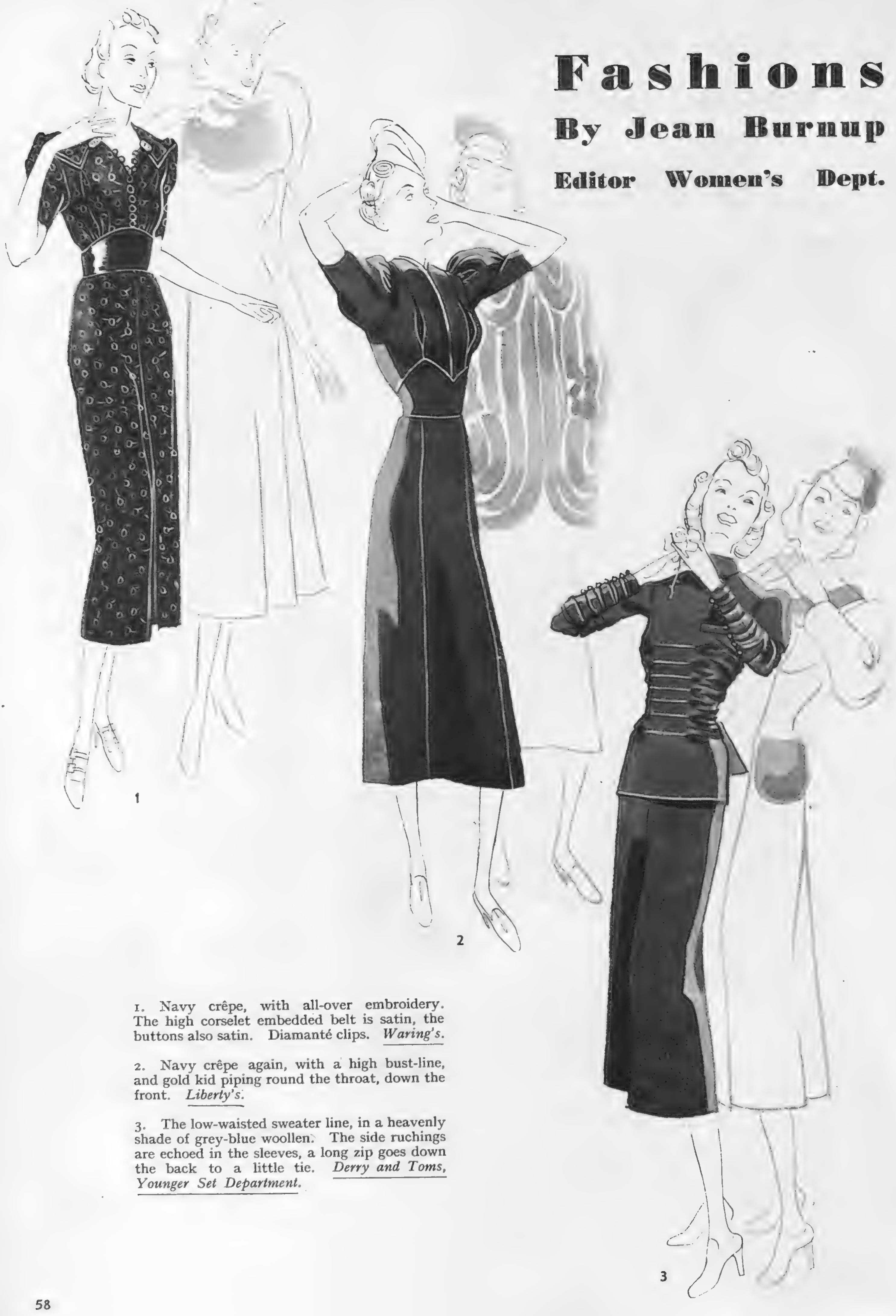
Comforts that are appreciated include glass shelves for toilet bottles—from a multiple store—tooth glass and sponge holders,

(*Continued on page 83*)

Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Dept.



1. Navy crêpe, with all-over embroidery. The high corselet embedded belt is satin, the buttons also satin. Diamanté clips. *Waring's.*

2. Navy crêpe again, with a high bust-line, and gold kid piping round the throat, down the front. *Liberty's.*

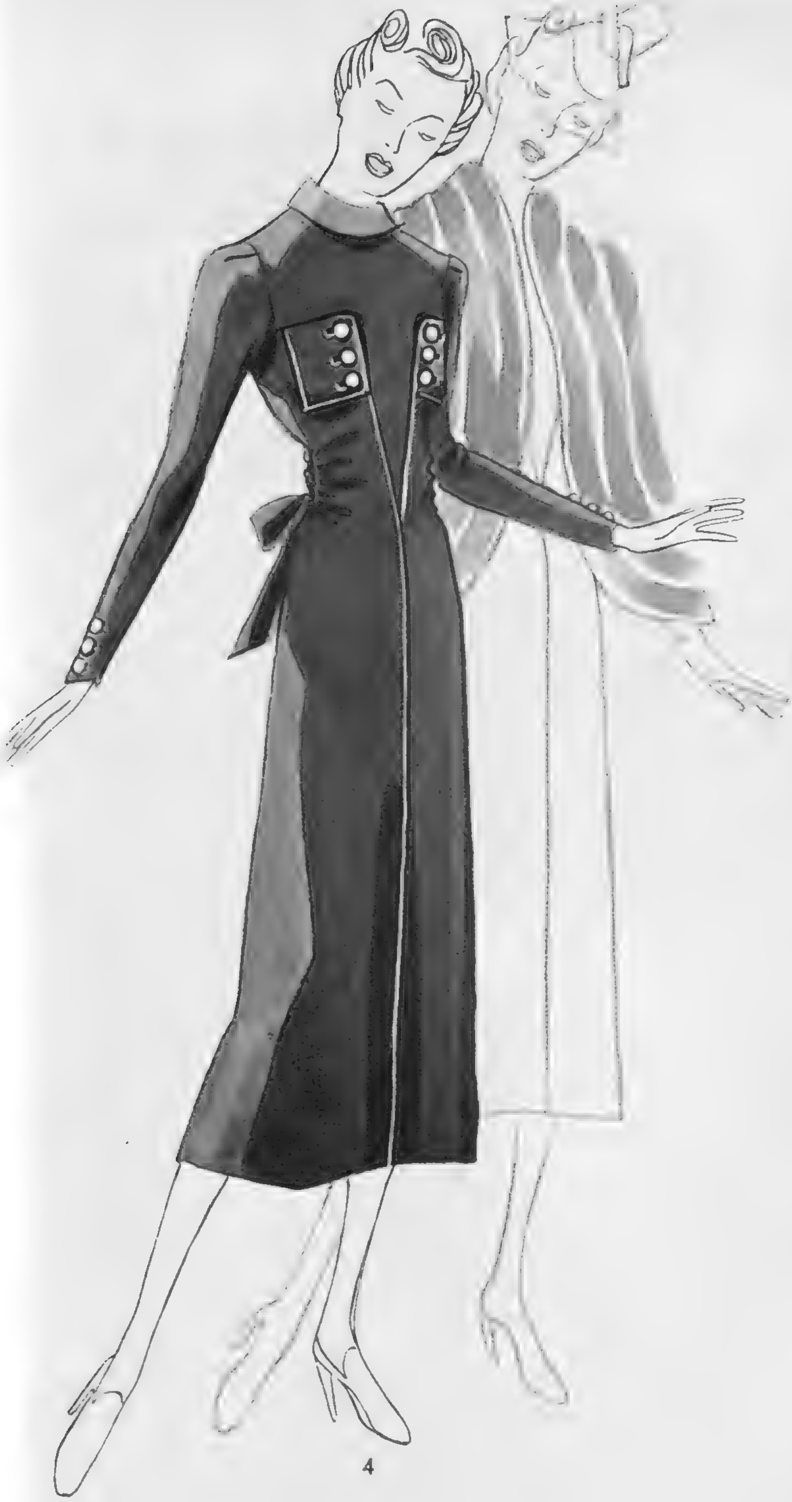
3. The low-waisted sweater line, in a heavenly shade of grey-blue woollen. The side ruchings are echoed in the sleeves, a long zip goes down the back to a little tie. *Derry and Toms, Younger Set Department.*

February Frocks

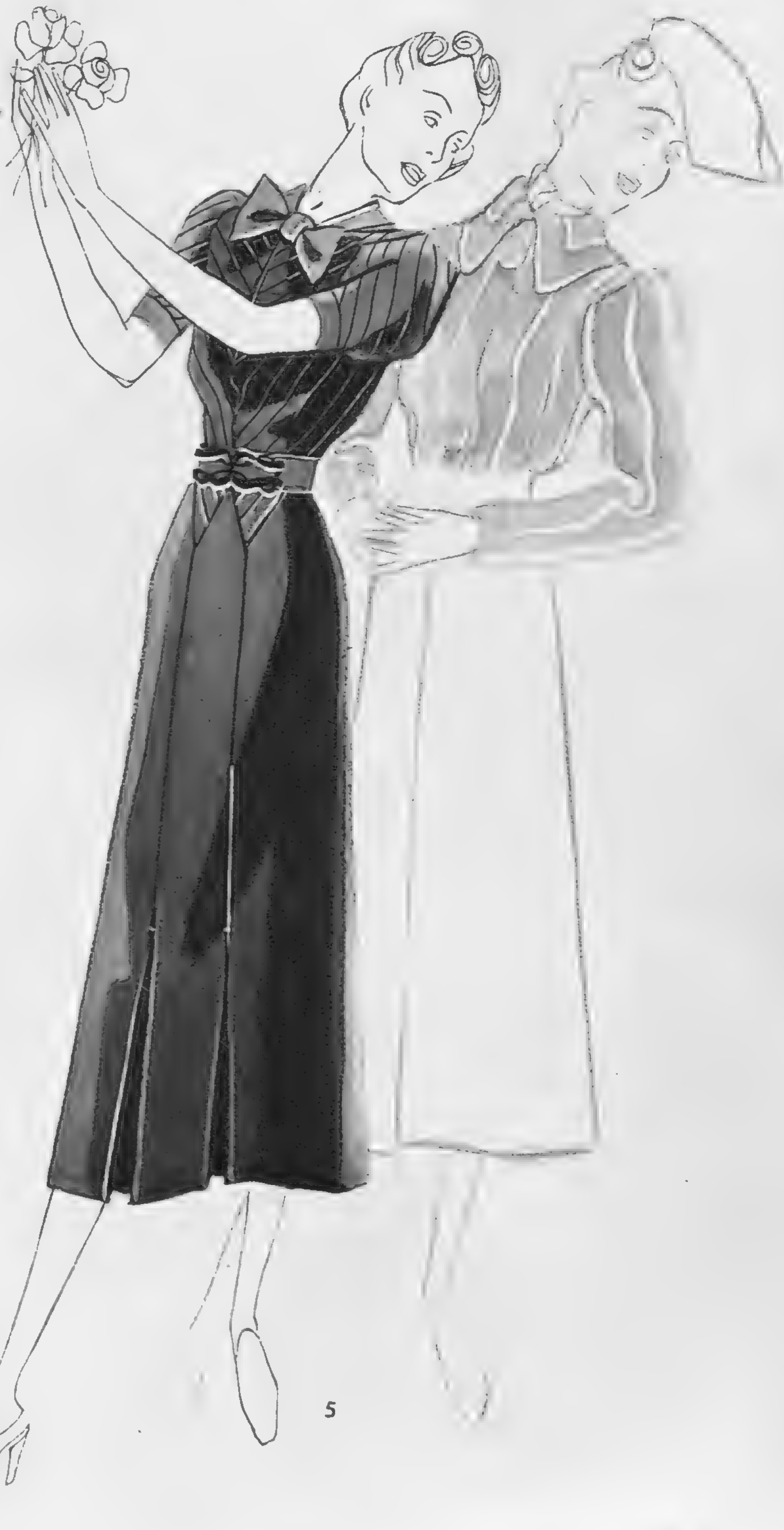
This is the month of all others when a new frock enlivens the coat you have been wearing all winter. Carefully chosen, it becomes, later, a useful extra to a Spring outfit.

The outstanding feature of the newest day-frocks is the different placing of the waist-line. High up (see 1 and 2). Low down, on sweater principles (3). Modified princess (4). Belted, at the normal waist (5).

These frocks, from three of London's most famous shops, are hard to beat for price, fabrics, styling.



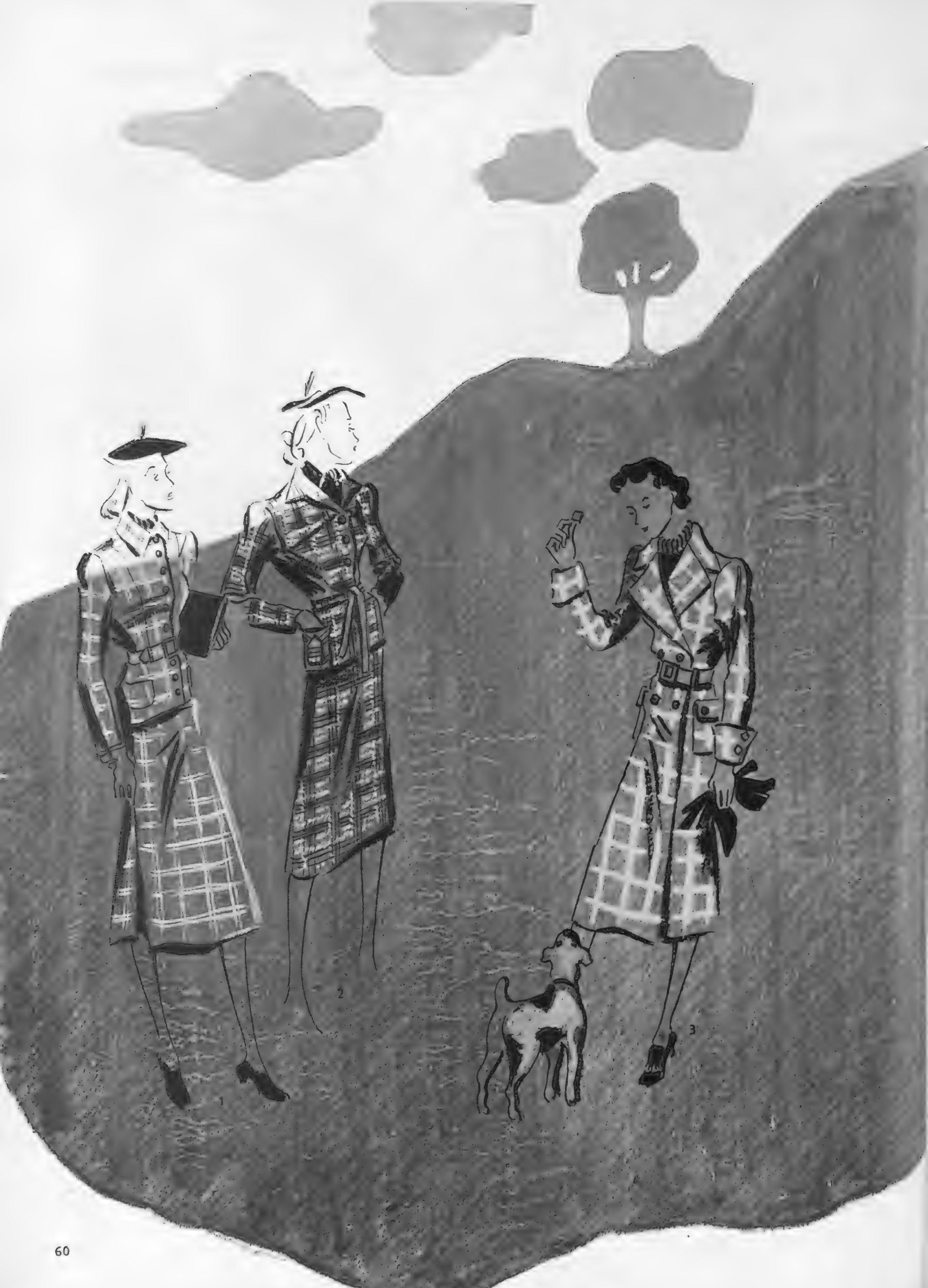
4



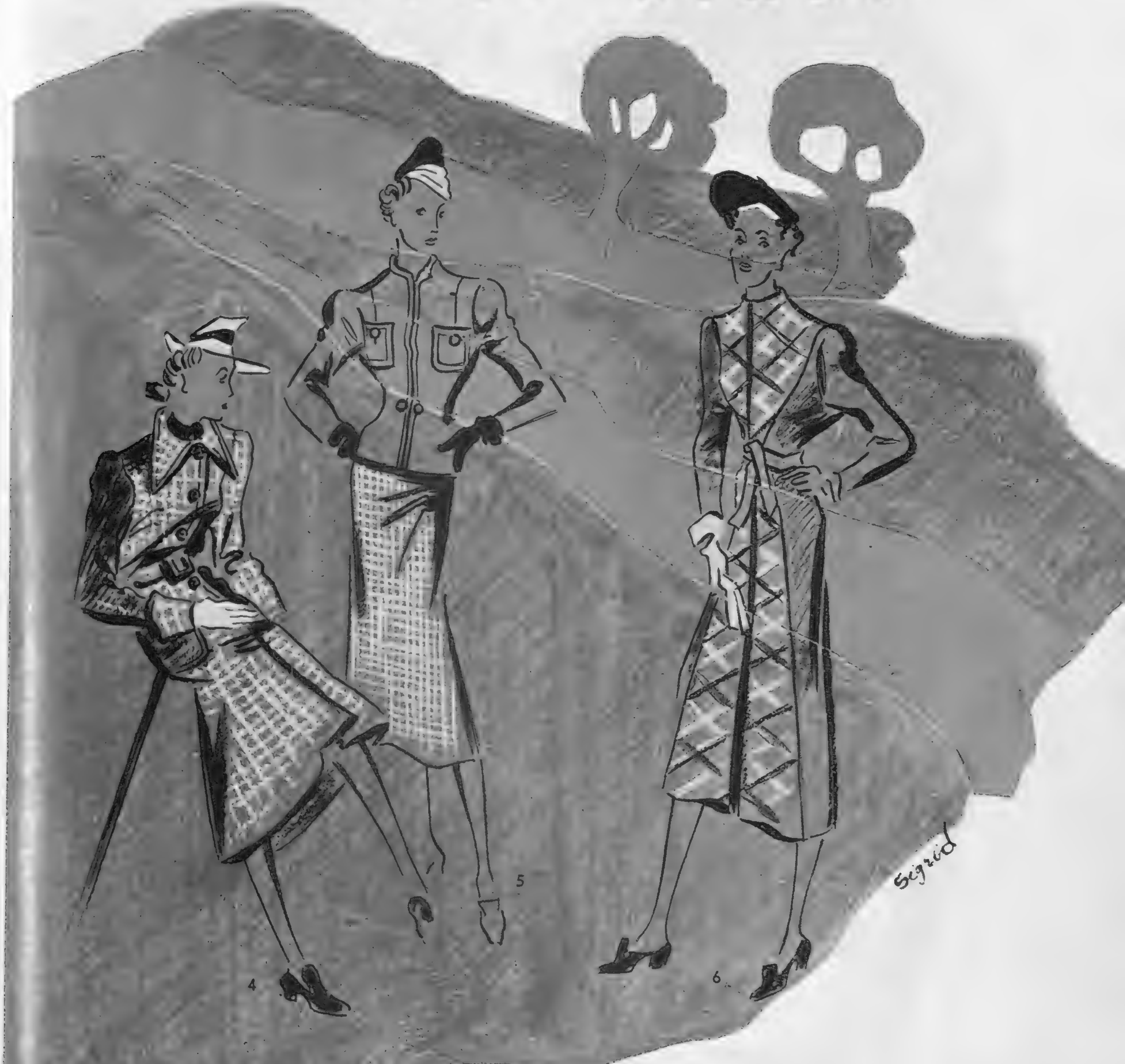
5

4. Blue-green woollen with magenta turn-over high collar, magenta buttons on slant pockets, and a back sash ensuring snug fit over diaphragm and waist. *Derry and Toms, Younger Set Department.*

5. Diagonal pin-tucks trim the entire bodice of a light blue fine woollen dress. The belt has a brown leather clasp. Large flat buttons fasten all down the back. *Waring's.*


1
2
3

COUNTRY GIRLS



Favoured colour combines in early Spring tweeds are mulberry/blue; plum/black and white; greige/beige and brown; nigger/nigger and white. Jackets are longer than last year, skirts have walking freedom. Checks march on. The whole feeling is young, colourful, spry, which, to those who know anything about tailoring, means the impeccable tailoring which shows in every line and stitch of the clothes featured on these pages.

1. Mulberry hairy woollen suit, with a blue thread check. The coat buttons cosily to the throat, has an all-round belt, patch pockets. *Burberry.*

2. Plum tweed, checked in black and white. The belted jacket has a diagonal yoke back and front. *Burberry.*

3. The parent coat to No. 1 suit. Same colouring, but the check pattern is bolder, more clearly defined.

4. Country coat in brown and white check, with a high collar, gauntlet cuffs, large pockets. At the back, a stitched inverted pleat runs down the centre from a deep yoke. *Studd and Millington.*

5. A nigger-brown fitting jacket, stitching trimmed, opens to show a check inside (reversible fabric). The matching check skirt has a high corselet line, with a belt slotted through at the real waist. *Jaeger.*

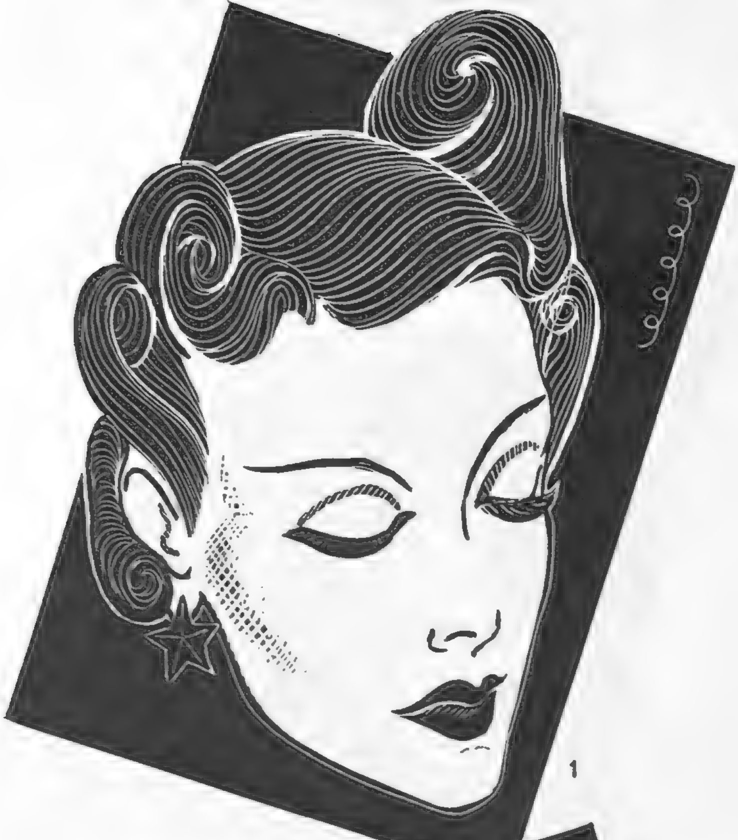
6. Greige woollen coat, with front and back V-shaped inserts (and how slimming) of beige and brown in a latticed check design. *Jaeger.*

UP AND UP

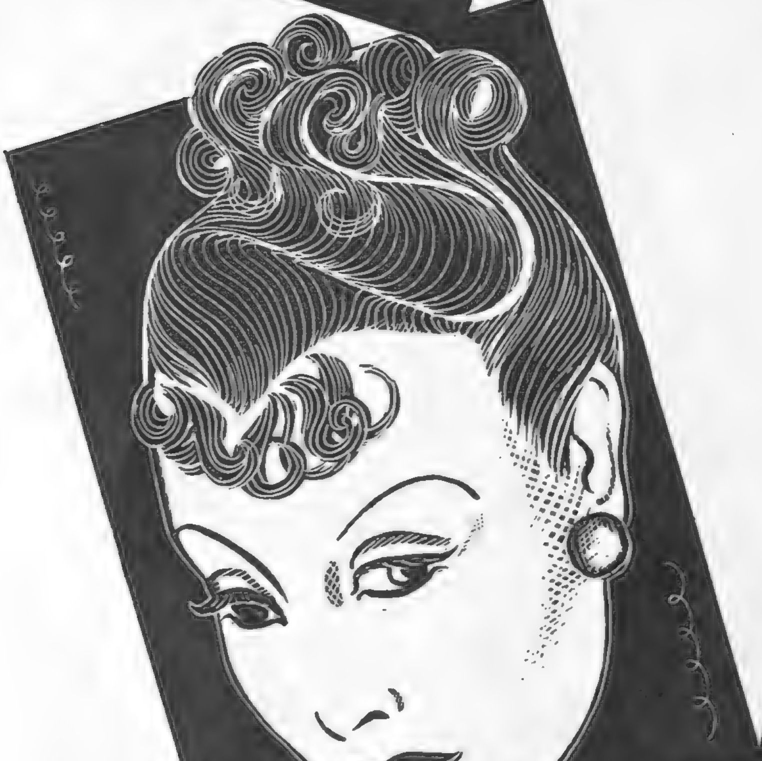
If you thought last year's styles were upward styles, look at this year's newest coiffures. The hair almost needs an alpenstock, it climbs so high. A wave or so is allowed. No, not really a wave, a hint, a breath, an undulation, like the slowly swaying hips of an Andalusian dancer.

Curls are big, and before they are curls the hair is always brushed flat to meet them. The back of the hair is brushed up into a few large curls on the crown of the head, or swirled across to become large side curls, or just plain brushed up.

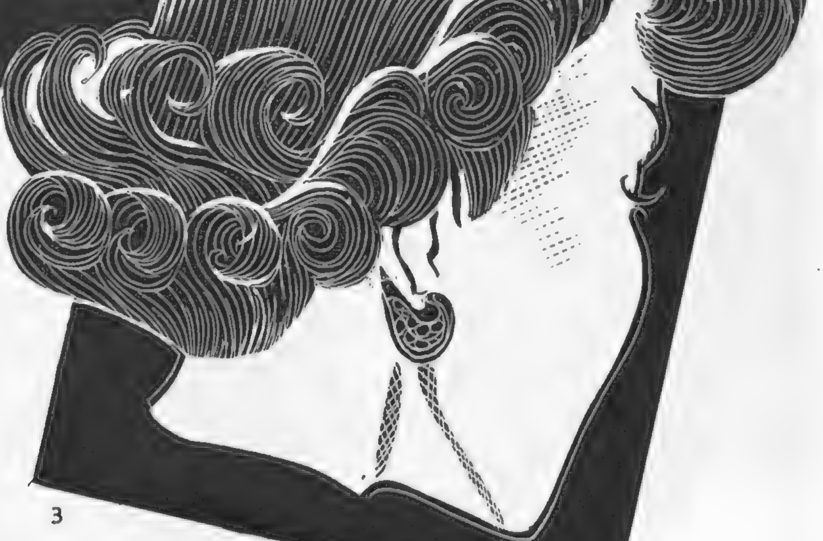
Antoine, Raymond, Francis, three of London's ace hairdressers, created these styles for "Britannia and Eve."



1



2



3

AND UP

1. The low parting does not go straight back, but curls right around the ear, behind those side, horny curls, and ends in a big, flat roll curl. The rest of the hair is drawn straight across the back to the other side, to become another flat roll curl, half-hiding the ear. *Antoine.*

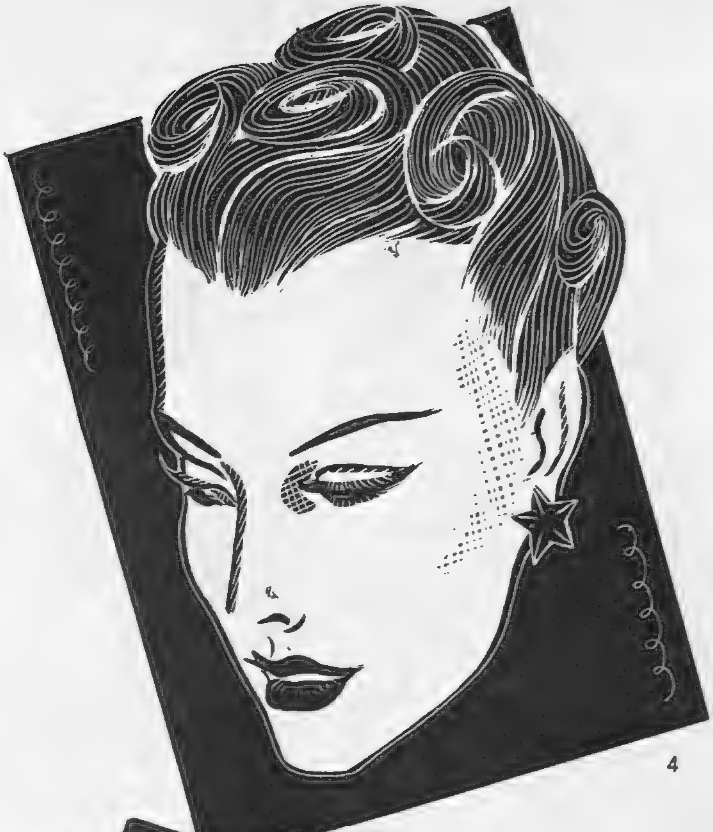
2. The hair is drawn up all round the head, and bursts exuberantly into curls on the top of a waving movement. Slight fringe. (This is suggested for a round-faced blonde.) *Antoine.*

3. For a young girl. The entire front is a turned-under bang, the sides and back are light, flat curls, the whole effect fluffy. *Francis.*

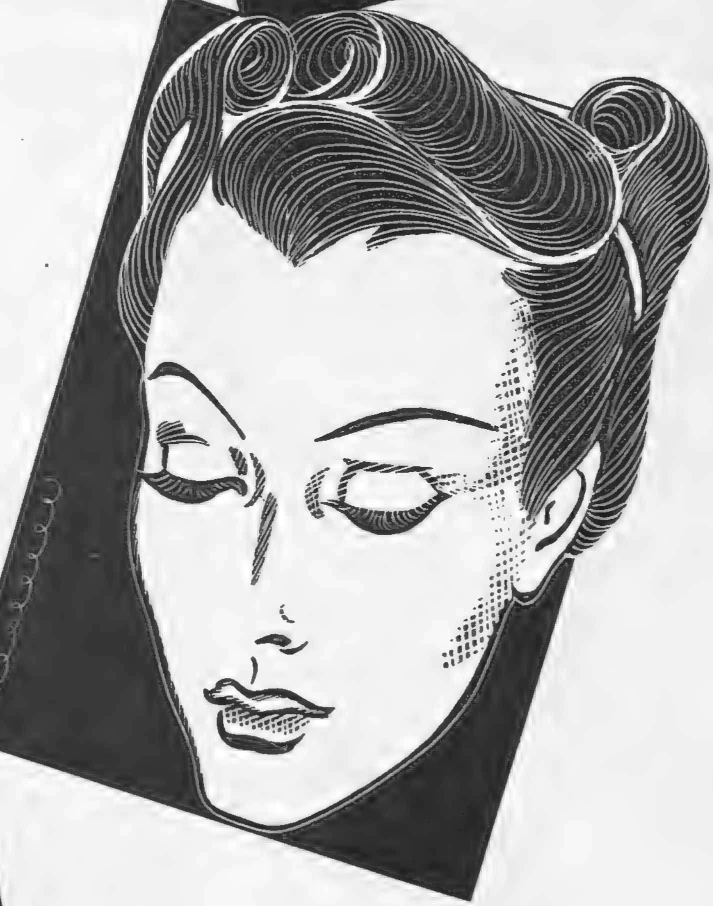
4. All the hair on the head, front, sides and back is drawn up into eight or nine enormous curls. *Raymond.*

5. One frontal swirl and curl, two high up side curls, the back brushed up for two inches, and then rolled flatly over. The side curls stay where they are told, with the help of little combs. *Raymond.*

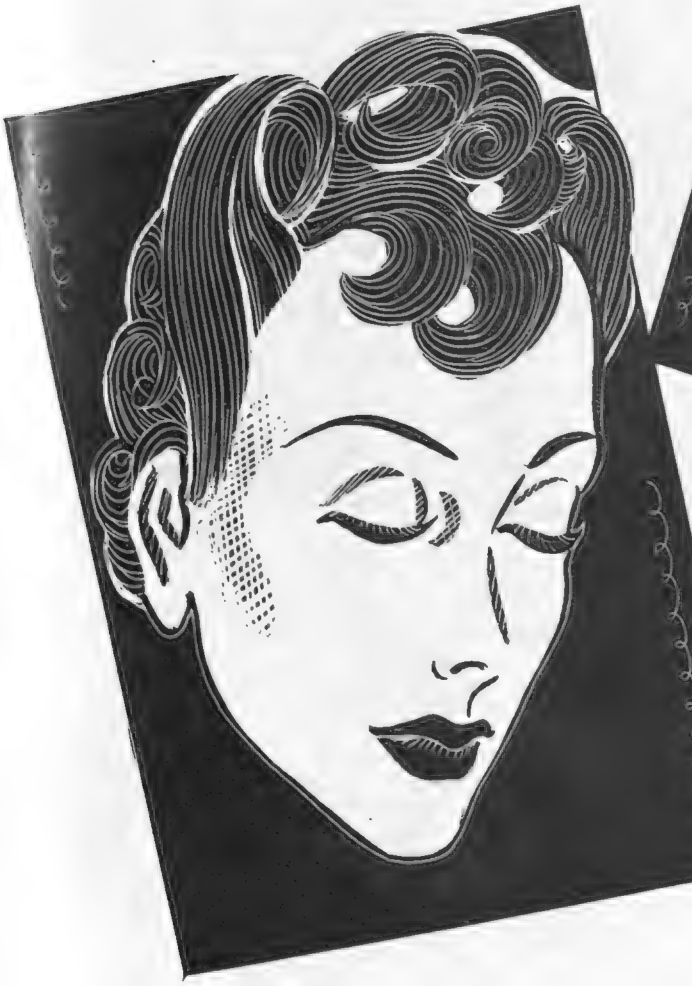
6. The whole front is curled loosely, with two locks dropping on the forehead for a fringe, the sides are brushed up and up, then curl. (The parting can be right or left, the high side curls ignore it.) Behind the ear and at the back, large curls twist alternate ways, dropping at the centre, heart shaped. *Francis.*



4



5



6

A Spring bouquet arranged in a shallow green glass bowl. Apple blossom, freesia, narcissi, daffodil, lily-of-the-valley, mimosa and grape hyacinth make this brilliant combination. Flowers and arrangement by Moyses Stevens.

(Below) The exquisite form of this flower group contributes as much to its loveliness as the perfect harmony and balance of its colouring. At the base are red tulips, starlike euphorbia and mimosa with a dramatic contrast of arum lilies mounting to the brilliant yellow of tall daffodils. Moyses Stevens.

DOING THE FLOWERS

THE art of arranging flowers was always a delicate accomplishment, but now, instead of regarding it entirely as a gift from heaven, we realise that it can be acquired.

There will always be those who have some special magic in their finger-tips, some original spark that makes their handling of flowers inspired, but these are the lucky few. The rest of us can, by studying a few simple rules, learn to make a very good job of doing the flowers.

If the flower decorations in the home are to add anything appreciable to its character they must be carefully planned.

Flowers—exquisite as they are in themselves—mean very little from the point of view of decoration unless they are selected and displayed as an integral part of the ensemble.

No use to buy flowers haphazardly. More useless to bring them home and arrange them neatly, even lovingly, in the first vase that comes to hand.

Plan your colour scheme before you buy. Take into consideration the background against which the flowers are to stand. Let the height and the shape of them bear some definite relationship to the situation chosen. Choose them with a special thought to the shape and colouring of the base you mean to use. Long, slender sprays for the shapely urn. Flat, bold blossoms for the shallow bowl.

Many of us look upon flowers in winter as an expensive luxury, but, in fact, this is untrue.

Lovely and even dramatic flower arrangements can be achieved without much cost if one has the heart to learn how. One spray in the right setting is a thousand times more lovely and effective than a whole cartload of expensive blossoms thrown together.

Artificial flower arrangements, almost Victorian in spirit, have recently grown popular again. Many people dislike the idea . . . understandable . . . but there is much to be said for it.

A more or less permanent decorative feature, if very skilfully devised, can give a rare touch of distinction to a decorative scheme. The practical advantages for the busy woman are that it saves much time in arrangement and is economical.

The talented heads of Flower Decoration, the London floral artists, have lately made a special feature of this type of formal flower decoration, and very distinguished they are.

A shapely vase of exquisitely harmonised " flowers " set in an illuminated niche typifies this type of decoration. You can have such a one specially created (*Continued on page* 83)

I'll Tell You All I Know

In one of those old fashioned let-your-back-hair-down chats, the woman who is troubled with superfluous hair on the face will tell you a big hard luck story. She can't afford expensive treatments; she has tried tweezers, and back come the hairs stronger than ever.

There was a time when she might have been right. To-day, well, the lady simply is not so knowledgeable as she might be.

There is a lotion she should be told about, just a simple lotion in a simple bottle.

Each hair is tweezed out and the lotion dabbed on the skin after. With each application goes the encouraging knowledge that the growth is weakened and eventually will be killed. A little patience is needed, for the hairs will not vanish in a week, but patience is cheap and the results, it is claimed, are lasting.

Undoubtedly, a lot of hot air is talked about beauty treatments. But I have recently discovered a treatment that takes hot air to make it the success it is. That is the treatment of red veins. The hot air has the effect of evaporating the dead blood which lies on the surface and which is responsible for these unsightly blemishes.

This, briefly, is the salon treatment. If a salon visit is out of the question, there is a red vein lotion to dab on at home at night and a clever concealing make-up to use by day.

A nose that goes red when its owner comes into a warm atmosphere after being out in the cold, is another problem prevalent just now. It all comes of getting a rush of blood to the nose. At this same salon, superfluous red matter is taken away quite pleasantly, painlessly and (need I add?) bloodlessly, by electricity. Three treatments at intervals of a week are usually necessary. After that you can go courting in the greenhouse if you feel that way, in full confidence that while blushes may mantle your cheek, no roseate hues will rise on the proboscis.

Every woman, at some time or other, has woollie trouble. The garment shrinks or stretches, or else as hard as board, or turns the strangest colour. Having just had an all-in wrestling match to get all out of my new laundered canary polo-jumper, I decided the only thing to do, was to wash my woollies *chez nous*.

Just in time to help me keep this resolution, comes news of a new liquid woollie washer. In use you add a tablespoon to three or four quarts of tepid or cold water, immerse the woollies and leave it to soak for five minutes. Squeeze out and rinse. That's all. The gentle action of the cleanser actually helps to prolong the life of your favourite jumper and to keep its colour in all its freshness. The price is 1s. and 2s. a bottle.

It seems to me that the language of the eyes is going to lose its meaning pretty soon if something isn't done to curb these young women who think, with every smudge of eyeshadow and every stroke of the mascara brush, that they are hitting up glamour. Glamour is in the eye itself. It is in that swimmy, brimming-over look of that great black iris like a peat pool, that does the talking.

And suppose you haven't got that look, you can put it there drop by drop.

There is a lotion that makes the iris dark and mysterious and gives a youthful blue tinge to the whites. It is quite harmless. Beauties of three decades have used it daily.

Speaking of soap and water, all face washers gather round for this paragraph.

Do you know the reason why your skin is not so clear as you would like it to be, despite your devout ablutions? It is all on account of lime soap flakes. The alkali in the soap and the lime in the tap water, get together and form flakes which are insoluble in water. These minute particles become embedded in the pores and block them causing irritation, blotches and pimples.

A simple, once-a-month treatment will counteract all this. Even if you are not a "cream" washer, it will work wonders for your skin.

The basis of the treatment is a loofah pad and milk emulsion. The combination of the loofah massage and the milk brings impurities to the surface and tones up the circulation. There is also a specially prepared water that acts as cleanser and tonic. Used regularly, this facial will rid the complexion of blemishes and soften wrinkles and lines. A home outfit sufficient for one complete treatment can be had for 2s. 6d.

An infallible way of impressing one's friends when giving a cocktail party is not, as one might think, by the display of drinks—anyone can make a show of these, provided they have the money to buy them—but by the good looks of your "eats."

Now, as every good hostess knows, these little odds and ends add up considerably to the expense account of the party, because you have to go to a good shop to find them.

What about making them yourself, then? It is quite easy with a gadget that gives cocktail biscuits, cookies cheese straws, creams and other dainty little numbers, a slick professional twist. It is not at all complicated, just a light aluminium cylinder with a spiral screw inside. Put the mixture inside the cylinder, turn the handle and out come lovely corkscrews of pastry, which can be twirled into any kind of curlicue as you go along. Excellent for decorating iced cakes, too.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

GOOD COOKING BY GAS

This scientifically planned kitchen with its enclosed sink and spacious built-in cupboards is fitted with the latest New World gas cooker

The hot closet above the cooker is a special feature of the Main "Sussex" gas cooker. This closet enables plates and other dishes to be warmed without interfering with the cooking of food in the oven

Below: The Vulcan gas cooker makes it easy to become an expert cook. Automatic oven heat and a patent double glass door to give a clear view of the interior are vital features

Smart streamline gas cooker—the Parkinson "Renown." Special features are small dimension, large cooking capacity, automatic ignition, automatic heat control

A full capacity cooking unit to occupy the smallest possible space. This is the Flavel "Elf" gas cooker. It cooks for a family of four and is suspended from the wall. Dual colour porcelain enamel finish

Do you cook by gas? You do. And does your cooker allow you to enjoy the advantages that modern gas cooking has to give?

The most subtle secrets of good food lie in the cooking. Any chef will endorse this fact. You may have a magical touch in mixing, a veritable genius for flavouring, but if the actual cooking is not scientifically correct your food will be less than perfect.

The manner in which heat is circulated throughout the oven is a factor which largely controls the excellence of the finished dish. The modern gas cooker is planned so that heat is evenly distributed and accurately controlled, thus ensuring that uniformity of cooking and finish which gives the professional touch to ones efforts.

If you want your cooking to be good as well as economical, you must have an up-to-date gas cooker. It is less costly in the end to replace an obsolete model with a labour-saving, money-saving model of to-day.

Suppose you have a tiny kitchen. Many of us have. Then the Flavel "Elf" will improve your cooking, and add vastly to the comfort and spaciousness of the kitchen.

This little model was designed to meet to-day's need for a small apparatus with a full cooking capacity, and it does.

The "Elf" will cook for four persons quite easily. Its overall dimensions are eighteen inches wide by thirteen inches deep, and the inside of the oven measures eleven inches wide by eleven inches high and thirteen inches deep. You can have the cooker suspended from the wall to save space or on a specially built stand. It is finished in grey porcelain enamel, the oven is insulated and porcelain enamelled throughout and there are two warming chambers with pull-out racks for plates, besides many other useful and practical devices.

The Standard model costs £4 9s. 6d., the De-Luxe (coloured enamel) £5 12s. 0d.

If you have a very modern kitchen and like the appearance of an ultra smart streamline cooker, you should take a look at a "Renown." The luxurious equipment of this model includes automatic hotplate burners and a unique tap design with a safety oven device. An automatic simmering position is incorporated in the hotplate taps, and the automatic heat regulator ensures perfect even cooking at all times.

A cover closes down over the hotplate giving the cooker when not in use the appearance of a neat white cabinet. The price is £13 10s. 0d.

The visible

(*Continued on page* 100)

A gleaming polished floor adds immensely to the character and charm of this Parisian room and gives a warm, rich base to the pale colouring of the bright floodlit walls

Below: The rich tints of old Persian rugs enhance the characteristic charm of polished oak boards in this very picturesque hall

FLOOR FACTS

We are inclined to be careless about the treatment of floors. Perhaps their lowly elevation leads to a certain attitude of indifference, but that it should be so is a pity since floors have as much value as walls in the decorative scheme.

Simply to choose between a carpet or linoleum and leave it at that, as many do, is to leave unexplored some of the most effective means of giving character and charm to the home.

Consider the four sides of a room in equal relation when you are planning a scheme of decoration. These are, of course, the ceiling, the walls and the floor. Treat them as a backcloth upon which to build your effects, making the floor the weightiest or darkest side to give a proper sense of balance.

The colouring of the floor will throw all the other colours used into relief. It should be unobtrusive but vital. It should never be a focal point of colour but it should be used to produce all manner of effects.

By keeping the floor one colour right up to the wainscot you can add to the effect of spaciousness in the room. For this you will need either a fitted carpet or, for economy, a carpet square with the wood surround painted exactly to match.

A large pattern carpet is not advisable in small or even average-size rooms. They steal importance from other furnishings and *yards* from the size. Small rugs present a restless "cut-up" effect to the eye except in very small quarters and a small carpet with a contrasting surround is the deadly enemy of spaciousness.

Painted floors have gained in favour since paints really suitable and reliable for the purpose have come along. For halls and stairways hardly anything can be more effective than painted floorboards with a carpet strip either softly blending or matching the background. The same colour effect is, of course, carried to the stairs.

Modern wood stains make light of the task of colouring floorboards in the style of the traditional polished wood floor. The older type of varnish "stain" was not always satisfactory as it invariably wore into bare patches where traffic was heaviest.

The modern floor dye, such as "Colron," however, penetrates the wood fibres so effectively that the colouring is permanent. One coat only is necessary to obtain a lustrous finish in either one of twelve effects resembling wood from yellow oak to dark mahogany. This wood dye does not raise the grain and dries quickly. All that is needed afterwards to keep it in

(Continued on page 101)

HOW MUCH IS IN HEREDITY?

By Louisa Kay

Heredity is a term about which many generations of Old Wives have been pleased to weave their tales.

The serious scientific fact that a transmission of qualities or complaints from parent to child is feasible has very little relation to the wierd beliefs to which quite intelligent people cling.

So, how much is in heredity? More, perhaps, than we know. Less, most certainly, than many of us think.

In one sense the subject bears a likeness to astrology about which certain scientific facts are established and practically lost in the welter of ignorant conjecture which surrounds them.

There is evidence of the heritability of some diseases but science is diffident in its interpretation of its own findings in this connection, and stresses most carefully its opinion that in the case of such infectious diseases as tuberculosis, exposure to infection is more significant than inheritance.

Even when signs of the disease disclose themselves in an older person in whose family tuberculosis has appeared it is more probable that infection occurred in early childhood than that inheritance has anything to do with it at all.

At the same time, it is not denied that there may be families with a readier tendency than others to develop some specific complaint under irritant conditions that would not affect an average person.

As to the wild and woolly claims that are made by the credulous and misinformed in regard to the extent of hereditary forces would hardly merit comment but for the fact that much misery and apprehension and some carelessness is caused in the upbringing of children on their account.

"Peter's just a bundle of nerves, but we can't do anything, he gets it from his father," is one of the ways in which inheritance is used as a shelf upon which to banish our troubles.

That a child may inherit a nervous instability from one of its parents is likely enough, but that nothing can be done to combat the condition is absurd.

When a child is born with a nervous inheritance his upbringing needs to be more than carefully studied and supervised. Sympathetic understanding, a gentle insistence upon self discipline and a meticulous watch upon the general health may enable him to grow into a normally robust and healthy creature, unaware of his legacy.

To say, as some people do, that a child inherits a violent temper from either of his parents is absurd. He may inherit a certain instability of temperament, but this will only manifest itself to the extent that his early training permits.

Self-control is acquired not inherited. Babies are not born with the habit of self-discipline any more than with the habit of playing the piano without tuition.

I recently met with a small boy of two who, after having learnt to talk quite normally, had suddenly developed a serious stutter.

When asked how they were coping with it the child's mother replied, "We're not. You see I stuttered until I was fifteen."

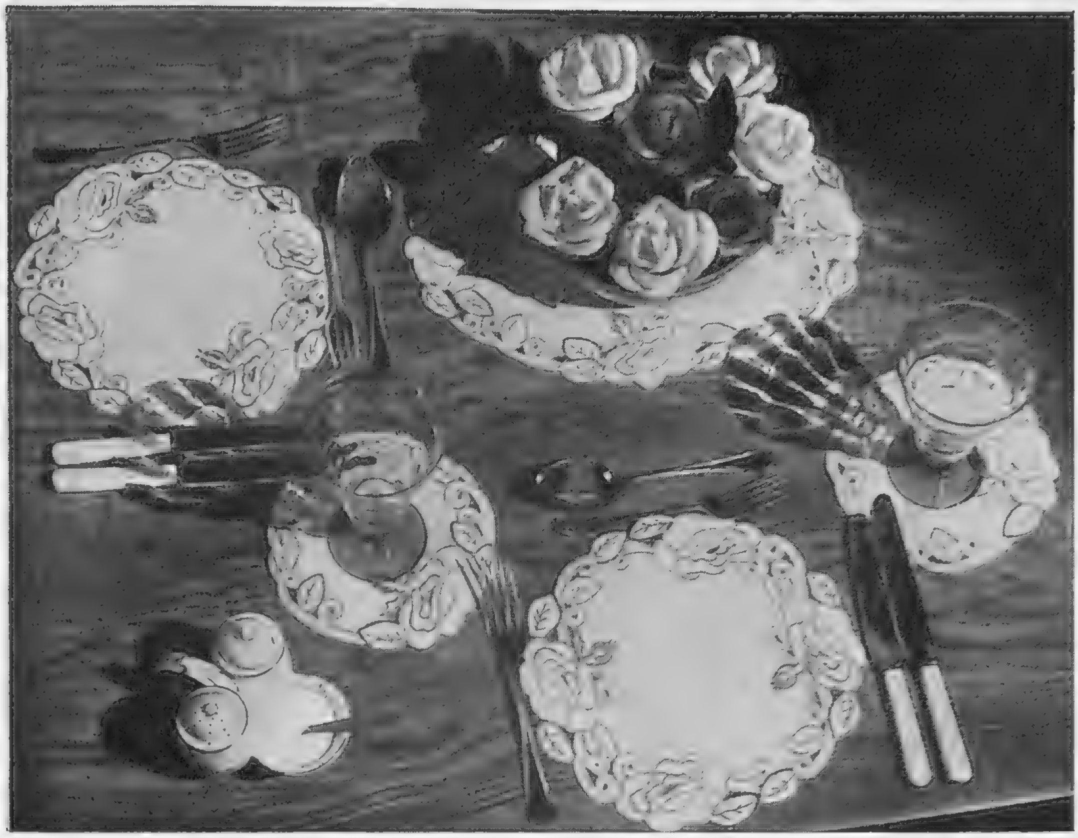
This, apparently, was the end of the matter. Heredity could not be denied.

It is sad to think that this little boy may go to the end of his days with that affliction because of a misunderstanding as to the chances of his recovery.

Actually he probably suffers from a nervous condition that may even be unrelated to his mother's youthful complaint and which, in any case, could be more easily cured now than at any time later in his life.

The danger of cousins marrying is something that has long been misinterpreted. A close blood tie does not of itself import any risk into marriage except in such cases as where one of the very rare group of family diseases has manifested itself on *both* sides.

In all other cases there is not the slightest reason why the marriage of cousins should not produce a healthy and normal family.



SIMPLE DESIGN IN BUTTON-HOLE STITCH AND CUT WORK FOR A LUNCHEON-FOR-TWO SET OF TABLE MATS

LUNCHEON-FOR-TWO SET

The set of five transfers is obtainable for sixpence on application to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

MATERIALS. Three quarters of a yard double width, old bleach ivory linen.

Clark's Stranded Embroidery Cottons, using two threads.

PINK	Dark, 404 ..	1 skein
	Medium, 497	1 ,,
	Pale, 465 ..	1 ,,
GREEN	Dark, 498 ..	1 ,,
	Medium, 403	1 ,,
	Pale, 496 ..	1 ,,
IVORY	610	2 skeins

The centre mat measures 13¾ *ins. by* 10½ *ins. The place mat measures* 9½ *ins. by* 9½ *ins. The side mat measures* 6½ *ins. by* 6½ *ins.*

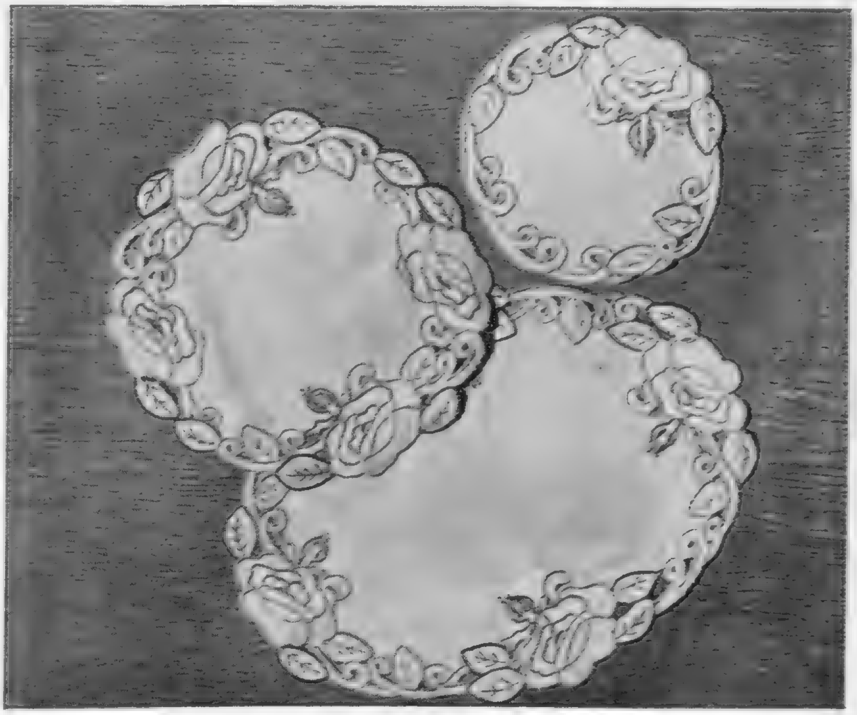
Trace the designs on to the linen, and then run a thread along the outline of the design, in ivory for the scrolls, green for the leaves and pink for the roses.

Work in buttonhole stitch, shading the roses, from deep to pale pink, with deep pink centres to the buds, which are worked in satin stitch.

Three shades of green are used for the leaves and buds. Work the veining and inside leaves of buds in machine or back stitch.

Press out the work when finished with a damp cloth and hot flat iron *before* cutting out the work.

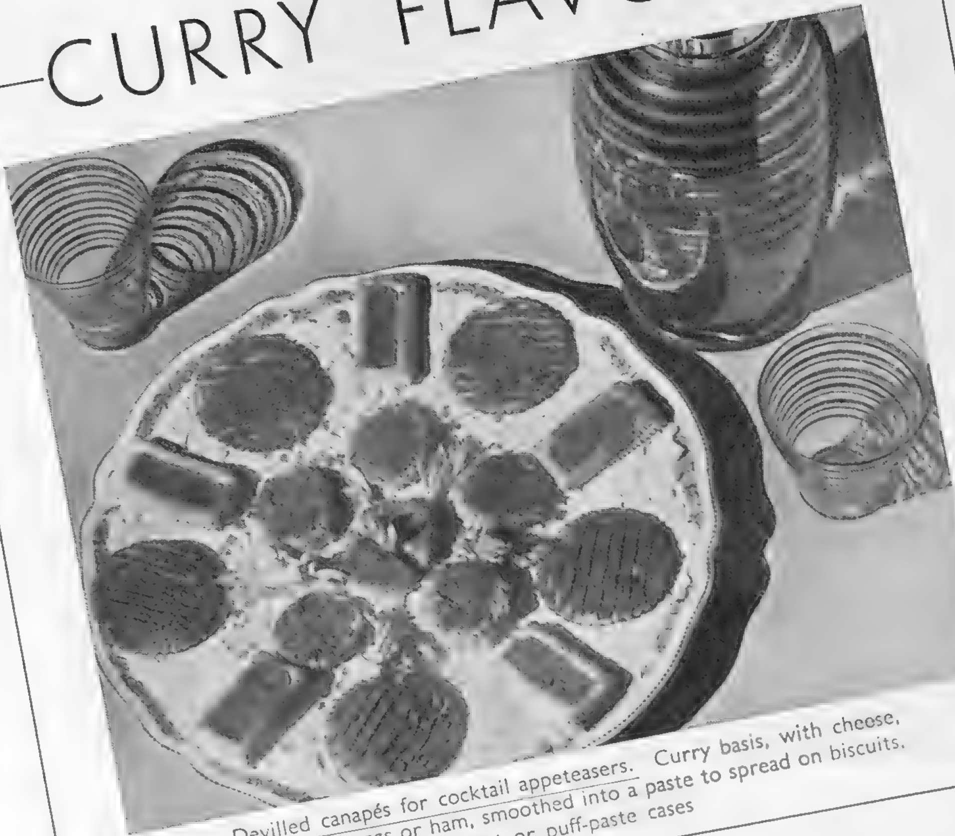
When it has been cut out, give a final pressing.



CURRY FLAVOUR

Better Cooking

By A. H. Adair



Devilled canapés for cocktail appeteasers. Curry basis, with cheese, hard-boiled eggs or ham, smoothed into a paste to spread on biscuits, toast or puff-paste cases

Curried dishes can be quite varied and easily adapted to take different places on the menu. First of all you must have a good curry basis, properly cooked, which you can use in many ways as I shall explain, dealing afterwards with a few soups and little savoury odds and ends.

Curry Basis

One onion, three or four shallots, clove of garlic.
Curry powder, flour.
Lemon juice, jam or sugar, salt.
Meat or fish stock, milk.
Butter or bacon fat.

Peel and cut the onions and shallots into small pieces and chop the garlic finely. Brown these in butter or bacon fat (I find the latter an excellent frying medium for curries), sprinkle with a puddingspoonful of flour and put in the curry powder, two pudding or tablespoonfuls, according to taste, stir well, letting this cook for a few minutes.

Now add a cupful of stock, bring to the boil, stir well and simmer very gently, barely at boiling point for ten minutes.

It is at this stage you put in your meat, or chicken, and later add more stock, lemon juice, sweet jam and finally milk.

Meat or Chicken Curry

If the chicken is uncooked, carve it into pieces as for a casserole, using the carcase and bones to make a stock. The pieces of chicken are put in a pan with a little butter and browned all over. A cooked chicken can be treated in the same way, the carcase and bones also making perfectly good stock.

Meat—I think mutton and veal are better than beef for a curry, but that is a question of taste—should be well trimmed of all fat and gristle and cut into small pieces, and these browned in butter or fat, whether the meat is previously cooked or not.

Anyway, you now put your meat or chicken into the curry basis, add another cup of stock, bring to the boil, stirring well, and let the whole thing keep hot without boiling until the meat is quite tender.

A quarter of an hour before serving, add a squeeze of lemon juice and a puddingspoonful of jam or sugar, also salt if necessary. Stir again, bring to the boil and keep simmering for the rest of the fifteen minutes.

Curry should be tasted often while it is simmering, as you should have a good blend of hot and sweet and sharpness. It may be necessary also to add a little more stock occasionally and at the last minute, just before serving, I always add two or three tablespoonfuls of milk, which gives a very smooth and finished taste.

Curried Fish

As white fish cooks so quickly you should make your curry basis, add more stock and simmer all this separately, putting in the fish, cooked and flaked or broken in small pieces, only about fifteen to twenty minutes before serving.

A very good fish stock can be made as follows: Put the bones of the fish into a saucepan with a carrot cut up, also an onion, outside leaves of celery if available, parsley, thyme, bay leaf, salt and pepper.

Add a tablespoonful of vinegar and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil and simmer for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes and then strain.

Cooked lobster can be treated in the same way, using the shell and odd things to make a stock.

In these cases the jam and lemon juice should be put into the curry basis about five minutes before adding the fish.

Potage a l'Indienne

One egg yolk.
Two or three tablespoonfuls of milk.
Bones and carcase of cooked chicken.
A few carrots, onions, celery leaves.
Thyme, parsley, bay leaf.
Butter, salt, pepper, curry powder.

Peel and cut up the onions and the carrots, put them in a saucepan with the celery leaves and a tiny piece of butter and brown them for a few minutes. Add a tablespoonful of curry powder, salt and a little pepper and cook for a minute or two. Add the bones and carcase, cook for a few moments, stirring. Add the thyme, parsley and bay leaf, and now put in boiling water. (*Continued on page* 101)

Salads do not belong exclusively to the summer months; the variety of winter ingredients is quite large, and while you can well do without lettuce—although even this is to be found in winter—think of curly chicory, Batavia, Belgian endive, watercress, corn salad, and realise that there are already the bases of many delicious salads.

In winter also you can let yourselves go a little and make all sorts of exciting and slightly eccentric mixtures, incorporating many other ingredients.

Batavia Salad

One Batavia.
Small clove of garlic, parsley, salt, pepper.
Oil and vinegar, piece of crust or toast.
Sufficient for three or four people.

Remove the outside leaves, cut the good leaves into convenient pieces and wash this in cold water. Drain well, dry in a cloth and put the leaves into the salad bowl. Have a small piece of toast or crust of bread and rub it all over with garlic. Put this into the salad and dress with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Stir well and you will have a really crisp, savoury salad.

It is not necessary to eat the piece of garlic flavoured bread.

Curly chicory, Belgian endive, corn salad can be treated in the same way.

Salade Liègoise

For each person, one head of Belgian endive.
One tablespoonful of chopped cooked beetroot.
Parsley, salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar.

Prepare the endives as for a plain salad, washing and draining them well and cutting into small pieces. Put into the salad bowl, add the beteroot and dress with the plain dressing, into which some people put a little French mustard.

Salade d'Hiver

One head of celery.
Half a cooked beetroot.
Two handfuls of green salad—Batavia or corn salad or watercress.
Parsley, salt, pepper, oil, vinegar.
Sufficient for four to six people.

Clean and prepare the green salad and celery, cutting into small pieces when necessary. Put into the salad bowl with the beetroot diced and dress with a plain dressing, with or without mustard according to taste.

Plain Dressing

Mix this in the salad spoon, over the bowl. Put a pinch of salt in the spoon, also pepper and fill the spoon with vinegar. Stir to dissolve the salt and pour over the salad. Add two spoonfuls of olive oil and stir all well, but lightly, together. Where mustard is used, put it in with the salt. I mean, of course, prepared mustard; French if possible, but never mustard powder.

Salade Suèdoise

One head of celery.
One teacupful of diced pineapple.
Half a beetroot.
Two fillets of anchovy in oil.
One teacupful of cold cooked potatoes, diced.
Tomato sauce or ketchup, salt and pepper.
Cream, lemon juice.

Clean and prepare the ingredients, cut the celery into small pieces, also the pineapple, beetroot, potatoes, and chop finely the two fillets of anchovy. Put all this in the salad bowl and mix well. Make separately a dressing with cream (one tablespoonful), lemon juice (a teaspoonful), salt, pepper and a good dash of tomato sauce or ketchup. Be careful of the salt because of anchovy.

Mix the dressing well, pour over the salad and stir several times to blend thoroughly. Garnish the salad bowl with a few crisp leaves of green winter salad well washed and dried and sprinkled with salt and lemon juice.

Sicilian Salad

For each person, one large baked potato.
One walnut.
A quarter of an apple.
Mayonnaise.
Salt, pepper, grated orange peel.

Choose large evenly sized potatoes, wash and scrub them, dry them, and cook them in the oven.

Remove a slice off the top and scoop out the flesh and chop this roughly while still hot. Have ready the apple peeled, cored and chopped with the walnut, mix together with the potato adding salt and pepper. Pour over a little mayonnaise (Heinz), mix again and put back into the potato skin "shell." Sprinkle the top of each salad with a little grated orange peel. (*Continued on page* 101)

WINTER SALADS

Cheshire Salad. Belgian endive, orange, tomato, dressing, grated Cheshire cheese

Sicilian Salad. Split baked jacket potatoes, the scooped out flesh mixed with walnut, apple, seasoning, orange peel; topped with mayonnaise

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles can be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are despatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

1. A cracker and pick of metal, cellulosed lobster colour, which simplify the job of extracting the meat from lobster claws. Price 9s. 6d. (postage 4d.).
2. Decant your whisky into this attractive Blob bottle. It has a well-fitting stopper and costs only 3s. 6d. (postage 9d.).
3. Floral aquariums make lovely table decorations and the submerged flowers keep fresh for a long time. These bowls are 4s., 8s. 6d. and 15s. 6d., and instructions for use are enclosed (postage 9d.).
4. A toilet and sponge case of pigskin, lined oiled silk; very useful for travelling or for carrying a wet swim suit from the baths. 25s. (postage 6d.).
5. This small clothes or hat brush (shown open and closed) has really strong, useful bristles. For the handbag, price 2s. (postage 2d.).

GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH

They ARE ALWAYS READY FOR BREAD AND BUTTER . . .

. . . when there's delicious New Zealand Butter for tea!

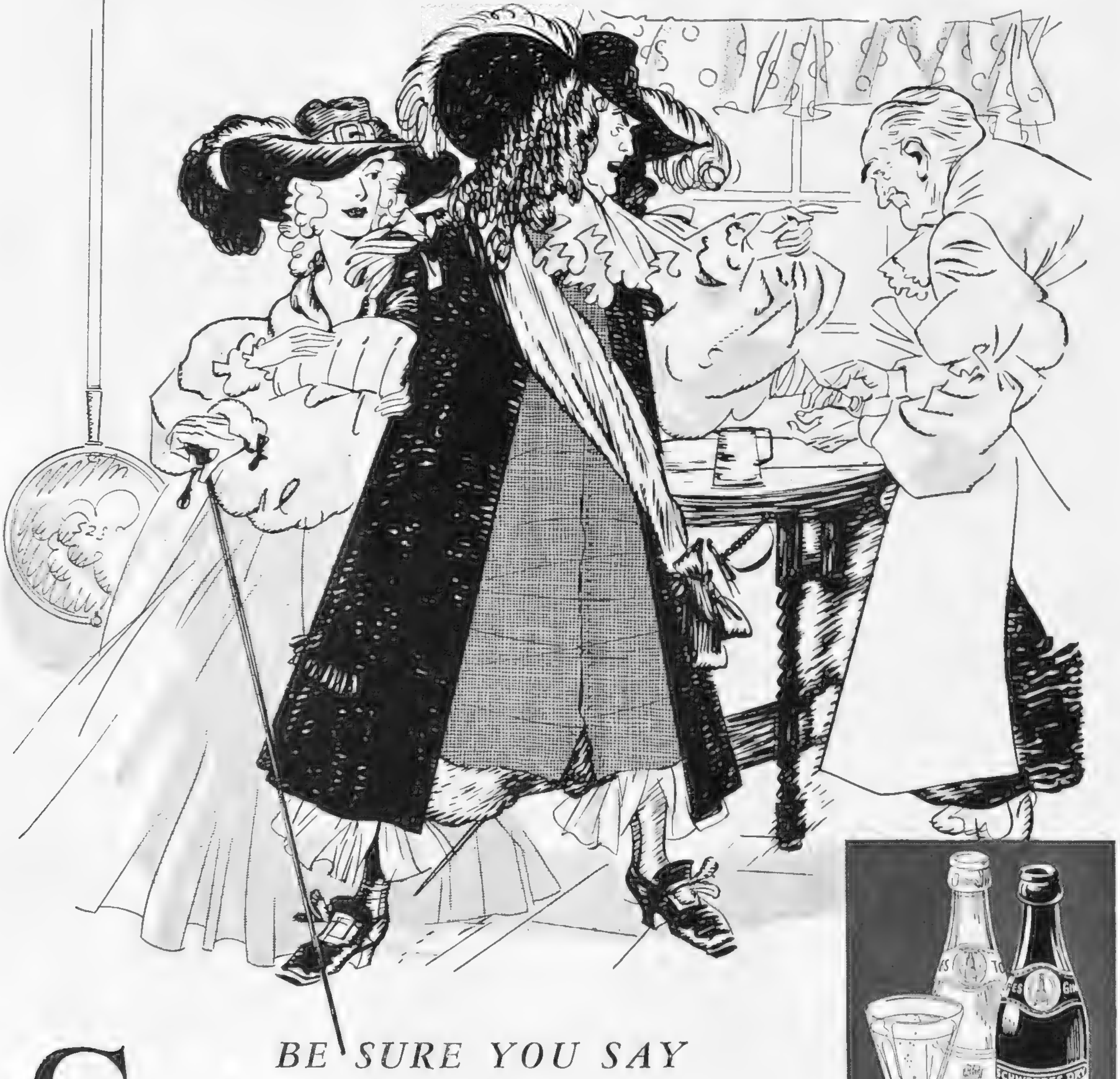
What can be more appetising than generously spread New Zealand butter with its *natural* golden colour and delicious sweet cream flavour! And there is nothing more nourishing for your kiddies than plenty of bread and New Zealand butter. It will build up their resistance to winter ailments and help to give them sturdy limbs and rosy cheeks.

There is *no* substitute for butter . . . nature's own sunshine food. And the best of all butter is . . .

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

FEB. 1ST By traine to Dorking to look into a house, my wife and I having a mind to live soon in the country. Which proved a journey wasted, for the house was in no wise as the Agent described it, but a cramped narrow dogg-hole. So to an Inn nearby, where I bade the serving-maid procure me a Schweppes Tonic Water and my wife a Ginger Ale. Upon these being served, my wife and I discerned a certain lack of zest and liveliness in our drinks. Whereupon we asked if they were indeed of Schweppes, and discovered that they were not. And we staid complaining so hotly to the Keeper of the Inn that we escaped missing our traine by a bare minute.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Owing to lack of sunshine during the winter months, many people, children in particular, do not receive enough Vitamin D to preserve their teeth and hair and to keep them fit to combat colds and chills and any epidemics that may be prevalent during the treacherous months of late winter and early spring.

Cow and Gate Vitamin D malted milk provides this all-important requirement and is an energising food-drink prepared from rich creamy milk and the finest malted barley and wheat.

Nourishing and easily assimilated, it is the ideal beverage for all invalids, and is an excellent mid-morning pick-me-up for housewives, office workers and all who are suffering from debility or lack of energy.

Taken at bedtime, Cow and Gate Vitamin D malted milk is the perfect nightcap, for it builds up the nerve cells and induces sound, refreshing sleep.

Controlled heat is a feature of many of the new electrical devices for the home, and the H.M.V. controlled heat electric iron, though by no means the cheapest electric iron on the market, is so economical in use that the extra initial outlay is quickly cancelled out by the saving on subsequent electricity bills.

This iron reaches ironing heat almost as soon as it is switched on, and automatically maintains its temperature. The required heat is obtained by the simple adjustment of a control knob, and when the iron is hot enough the current is automatically switched off.

Other advantages of this controlled heat are that heavy and damp material or the most flimsy ninons and chiffons can be ironed without fear of scorching.

The iron has a real porcelain finish; this has proved the best protection against heat and electricity and is the easiest finish to keep clean.

The heat distribution is so good that the toe part of the iron does its work as efficiently as the heel.

H.M.V. controlled heat irons can be supplied on trial without any obligation to purchase.

The H.M.V. controlled heat electric iron is economical in use and automatically maintains its temperature

Falling hair, dandruff and signs of premature greyness are all danger signals which should not be ignored, for, however slight in the first instance, they may quickly lead to permanent baldness and conditions of hair and scalp which cannot easily be remedied in an advanced stage.

All hair troubles, of course, demand a separate diagnosis and specialised treatment, and a hair specialist should be consulted without delay.

Professor J. Harley Parker, of 117 St. George's Road, London, S.W.1, has devoted many years to the study of the hair and scalp, and has built up an extensive practice very largely on personal recommendation. He gives personal consultations free of charge by appointment, and has successfully treated many obstinate cases of hair and scalp disorders.

Those who find it inconvenient to consult him personally can send samples of hair for microscopical examination for a nominal sum of 5s.

Courtaulds, the well-known rayon manufacturers, have included in their programme for 1938 the introduction of their Quality Control Plan.

They have evolved this scheme in order to give the public confidence in buying rayon. The majority of Courtaulds rayon yarn is not manufactured into fabric by them, but by numerous manufacturers in every branch of the trade. The Quality Control scheme is going to raise the standard of all these productions, because before they can be identified as Courtaulds products they will, in future, be subjected to a very strict test by an independent testing house to ascertain their wearability, washability, and so on.

By this scheme the public is to be educated on the treatment of the cloth it buys by means of attached instructions under Courtaulds Quality Control Plan.

The Nukair system of permanent waving is an innovation in the history of this art inasmuch as in the Kerka process a special outfit has been introduced which contains many valuable aids to a perfect setting and lasting wave.

The contents of the outfit are used by the hairdressers before and after waving, and a special hair treatment is included which is invaluable in cases of lank and impoverished hair.

The perfected Nukair system is the result of many years' experience, and a certificate of guarantee is issued to those hairdressers who are competent to undertake a permanent wave by this process.

The special Kerka sachets are free from harmful ingredients, and no ammonia is used.

Kerka Permanent Waving Ltd., 353 Oxford Street, London, W.1, will be pleased to send a book of hair styles and the name of their nearest registered Kerka hairdresser to all who are interested.

Those who already know "Airsea," that splendid antidote to travel sickness, will appreciate the fact that owing to public demand, in addition to the 7s. 6d. size for a long or return journey, there is now a small size for single journeys for only 4s.

"Airsea" banishes all travel sickness whether by sea, rail, car or air, without any harmful after effects, and can be taken with perfect safety by children and elderly persons.

The FORD "TEN"

The "Ten" with the recognised best performance. Lowest in Price, Highest in Quality!

It carries on the Ford tradition of pioneering, putting within reach of the most economically inclined a number of features of design, construction and finish, rapidly becoming general, which were originated on Ford cars.

The interior design and appointments of the Ford "Ten" have a distinctive charm rarely attained except in more costly cars. Its deep, wide and shapely seats, modern colour-harmonies and general air of spaciousness are invitations to enter and enjoy road-travel at its best.

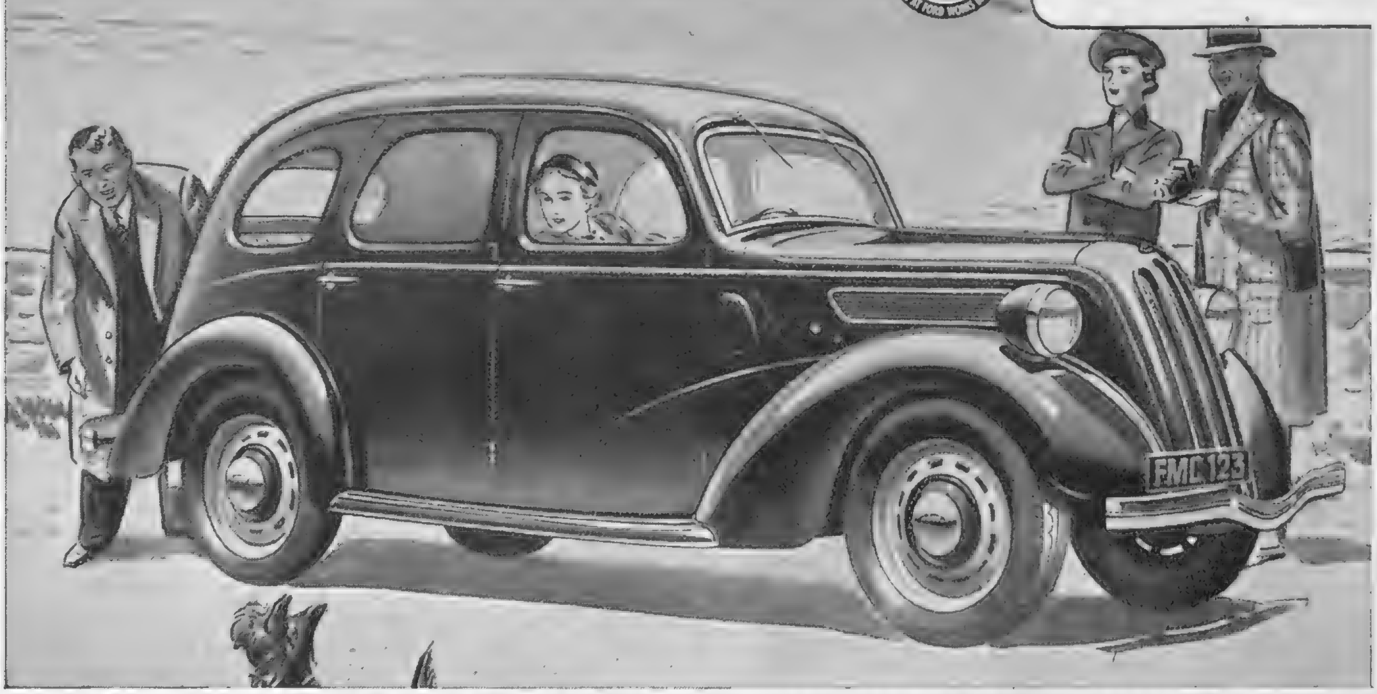
SALOON, £150		
	• Double-Entrance Saloon (*as illustrated*)	£162.10s.
	• Touring Car	£162.10s.

All completely equipped, and delivered at Works.

Catalogue on Application, or from the Local Ford Dealer, who will gladly demonstrate any Ford Product.

OUTSTANDING POINTS OF THE FORD "TEN"

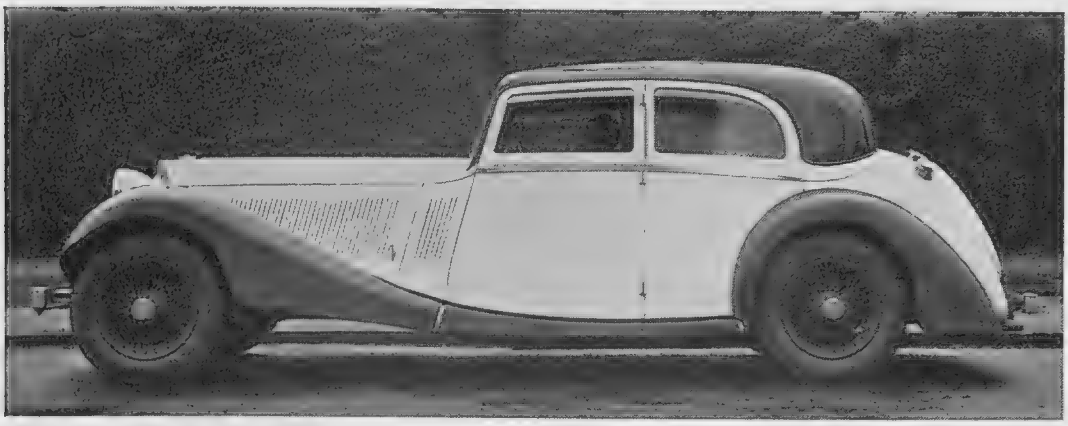
- Steel body-construction integral with chassis, combining strength, rigidity and safety.
- Centre-poise riding, giving luxury-car comfort; All occupants seated between axles.
- Four-point engine suspension on live rubber insulators, which prevent engine-vibration being communicated to the chassis.
- Completely opening windscreen, operated by a single central control, placed conveniently for the driver.
- Separate luggage and spare wheel compartments, accessible from the outside of the car.
- Really roomy seating for four adults, with ample head, leg and elbow room; Wide-opening doors for ease of entrance and exit; No foot-wells in rear compartment.
- Synchro-mesh gears, assuring simplicity of change and smooth, quiet performance.
- Transverse springing, a feature of Ford design, standardised for over 30 years, giving maximum riding comfort.
- Bonderizing of wheels, mudguards, etc., to prevent spread of rust.
- Permanently brilliant body-finish, easily kept in showroom condition.
- Pistol-grip brake lever, conveniently placed beneath instrument panel, increasing space in driving compartment.
- Unusually good acceleration, irrespective of engine-dimensions, due to high power-to-weight ratio.
- Fully compensated brakes, giving the best braking of 8 cars recently tested by "The Autocar."
- Economical petrol-consumption, despite high performance.
- Sound design, expressed in efficiency, simplicity of handling, and lasting resistance to wear and tear.
- Efficient, dependable, fixed-price service through Ford Dealers, assuring ALL-ROUND economy.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

Motoring Section: Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan

A Fast Car of Uncommon Interest



THE 3½-litre Jensen has remarkably good looks. There is no overhang at the front, but the chassis is long enough to provide plenty of coachwork space, in which a large luggage locker is included

The 3½-litre Jensen in brief

Engine: "V" type, eight cylinders with side valves. 30 h.p.

Transmission: Three-speed gearbox (synchromesh second and top). Pre-selective overdrive gear in rear axle, making up six ratios in all.

Performance: normal top gear 90 m.p.h.; overdrive top 85 m.p.h.; ditto second gear 75 m.p.h.

Springing: Underslung transverse, with controllable shock absorbers.

Steering: Light, geared moderately high.

Brakes: Of powerful Servo type.

Coachwork: Very comfortable all round.
Price: Four-door saloon, £695.

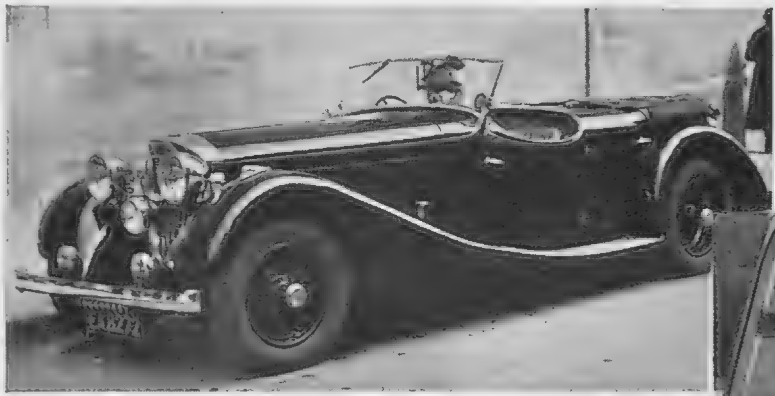
The 3½-litre Jensen

By

The Earl of Cardigan

THERE are always plenty of fast cars on the road, capable of speeds in the region of 90 m.p.h. There are also quite a few new models every year, which attract attention by reason of some striking originality in design.

It is not very often, however, that one is both impressed by the sheer performance of a new car, and at the same time intrigued by a number of novel mechanical features. The Jensen, I think, may be described as both impressive and intriguing — and it can therefore fairly be commended to the keen motorist as an unusual and distinctive proposition.



AS an alternative to the saloon, this attractive open tourer can be supplied. Rear passengers are protected by special decking and individual windscreens. The price is £50 less

The 3½-litre engine of this car is of a type which has been deservedly admired for some years past. The eight cylinders are arranged in "V" formation. Side valves are operated by a central camshaft, and there are two carburettors. The R.A.C. rating is 30 h.p., but as much as 120 h.p. can be developed. With such an engine, one can count on really fine acceleration, with enough surplus power to "flatten out" hills and make high average speeds very easy of attainment.

What is new and interesting is to see this type of engine built into an English sports-car chassis. The result is very satisfactory—for it means that the Jensen has road-holding qualities which are on a par with the excellence of its speed performance. Transverse springing is used; but the springs are underslung and moderately stiff, and the shock absorbers are controllable by the driver. The whole build of the car is low, and no frontal overhang has been permitted.

If the Jensen had no other virtues, this should suffice to attract the owner driver. A first-rate engine—and a chassis which enables high speeds to be maintained with perfect confidence. There is however another very important feature; namely, an "overdrive" which operates in a special manner, and which puts no fewer than six gear ratios at the driver's disposal.

As is well known, the usual form of overdrive comes into action more or less automatically when a certain road speed is exceeded. With the Jensen, the driver can engage his overdrive at *any* speed. He can use all six ratios while cruising down Piccadilly, if he happens to feel so inclined.

What it really comes to is that the car has an orthodox three-speed gearbox, with a top gear ratio of approximately 4 to 1. (By ordinary standards, this is already a high gear.) Then, built in with the rear axle, there is a pre-selective two-speed gearbox. The pre-selection is done by means of a plunger on the instrument board, and the actual change is effected by depressing the clutch pedal.

With the overdrive engaged, the Jensen top gear is given a ratio of about 3 to 1, which is very high indeed. In the same way, second gear is raised to 4½ to 1. (In other words, overdrive "second" is as high as a normal "top.") First gear also is raised to 8 to 1, so that in overdrive "first" it is possible for the car to reach the astonishing speed of 50 m.p.h.!

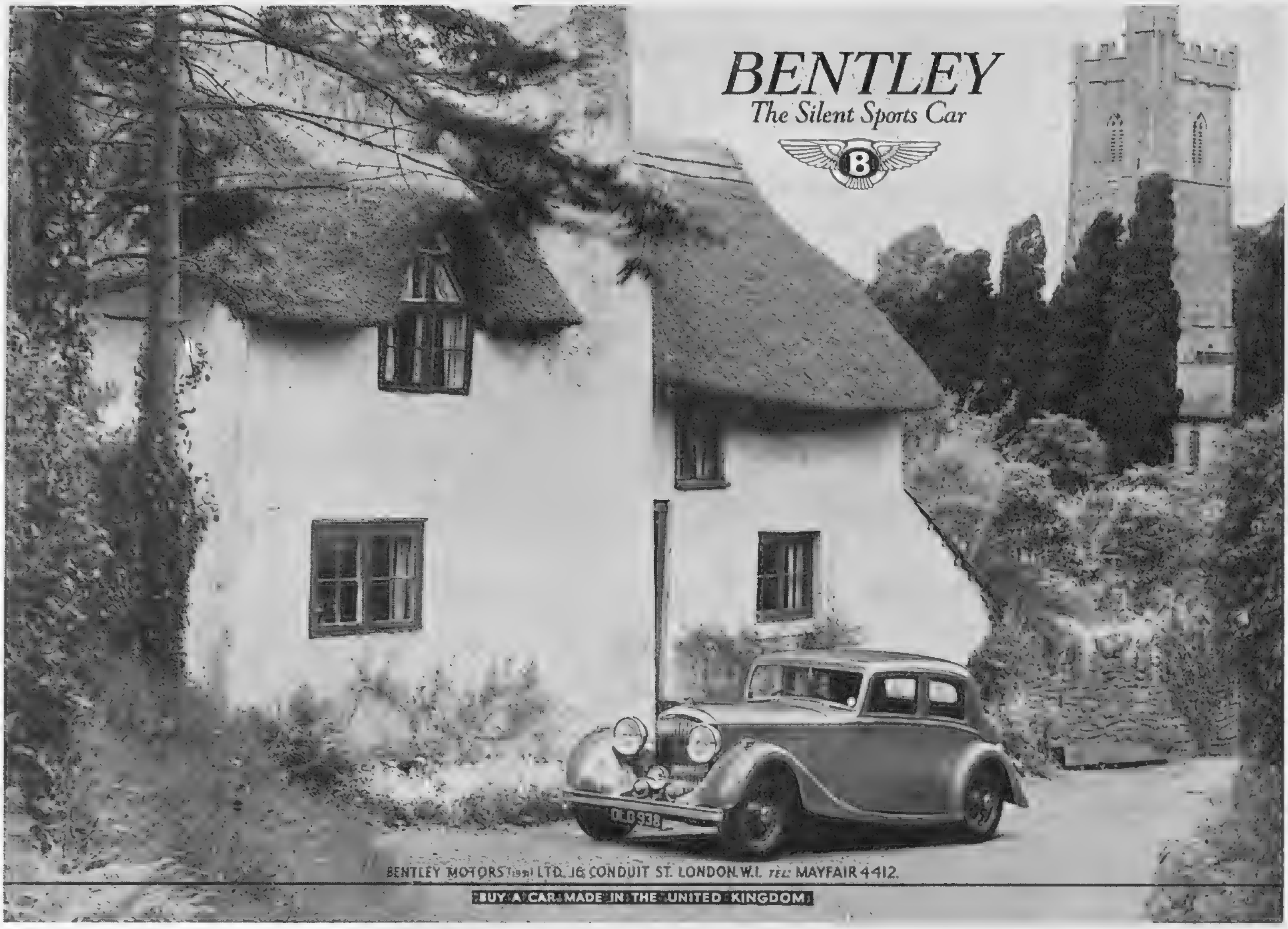
Some people will be surprised to know that, of these six different ratios, it is *not* the overdrive top which provides the maximum speed. If one wishes to go really fast, normal top should be engaged—in which case 90 m.p.h. can easily be reached. For hill climbing, overdrive second is perhaps the ratio to recommend, with its speed capacity of 75 m.p.h. or more.

Overdrive top, however, is a delightful ratio in its own way. It enables the car to cruise at anything up to 85 m.p.h. with an extraordinary degree of silence, economy and ease. At 60 m.p.h. it only calls for 2,000 engine revolutions per minute—a very modest figure. To me at any rate, it is an enormous attraction to be able to do this sort of speed, while feeling that the engine is barely being asked to exert itself at all.

Among other good chassis features, one may mention that the brakes are highly efficient. The steering conforms to the best English standards. Thus, although quite light in operation, it does not require an excessive number of wheel turns between one lock and the other. (*Continued on page 81*)

THE instrument panel contains a full array, including a "rev counter." The "central heating" is just below the cubby hole on left. Adjustable steering column adds to driving comfort

THIS 30-h.p. "V" type engine gives a magnificent performance. In the Jensen, its power can be transmitted through any one of the six gear ratios at the driver's disposal


BENTLEY
The Silent Sports Car
B
BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD. 16 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W.1. TEL: MAYFAIR 4412.
BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

The new Twelve Cylinder
LAGONDA
BY W. O. BENTLEY

The new Twelve Cylinder Lagonda De Ville, Price £1,625

". . . . this car represents a real milestone in the progress of the British Motor industry and we predict that it will gain an even finer reputation for itself, if that be possible, than the previous designs that have emanated from the cool and skilful brain of Mr. W. O. Bentley. . . . ."
"Motor" (21/12/37) after 350 miles trial

"To describe my impressions I must use superlatives. The car is one of the four finest cars in the world, irrespective of price. For silent luxury of travel it has hardly a superior; for speed and road-holding, combined with comfort, silence and smoothness, it has, to my knowledge, no equal."
"Daily Telegraph & Morning Post" (23/12/37)

LAGONDA MOTORS LTD. STAINES, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND. TELEPHONE: STAINES 1122 (5 LINES)

The Pontiac "Six" in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves, 29 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, second and top synchromesh.
Performance: Second gear 50 m.p.h., top gear 80 m.p.h.
Springing: Independent in front, semi-elliptic in rear.
Steering: Low geared, but self-centres well.
Brakes: Of powerful Servo type.
Coachwork: Exceptionally roomy.
Price: Touring saloon, £410.

THE outstanding feature of the Pontiac is its truly generous size. With a "hefty" six-cylinder engine under the bonnet, it provides luxurious motoring for six people. The front view is unusual and impressive. The front springing is independent, which has the effect of enabling the car to ride very comfortably over all surfaces

A Big and Powerful American

The Pontiac "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE is undoubtedly something very satisfying about a car which provides a genuine abundance both of space and power. We can, and do, admire those types which, by ingenious use of comparatively small engines, manage to achieve a really high performance. We are intrigued and pleased by coachwork which, with very modest overall dimensions, is able to provide four people with really comfortable seating.

When all is said and done, however, it is hard to beat the oldest and simplest recipe for luxurious motoring. The essence of this is to take a full-size chassis frame, and at the front end to fit an engine of rather more than ordinary power.

This relieves one of any need to "whittle down" the coachwork, so that the next thing is to see that all passengers are given several extra inches of elbow-room and knee-room. Add a spice of unusual silence and smoothness; sell at a moderate price—and he must be a very crotchety motorist who is not in some degree attracted.

THE radiator proper is underneath the bonnet. The engine is a perfectly straightforward side-valve unit, which is capable of very fine acceleration

THE front seat (not all of which is shown) has sufficient width for three people to sit easily abreast. The instruments are grouped in front of the driver, leaving room for a large cubby-hole

One's first impression of the Pontiac is that it has undoubtedly been built in accordance with this admirable plan. The engine is a perfectly straightforward unit, having six cylinders with side valves, rated at 29 h.p. Developing 85 h.p., it gives the car tremendous acceleration and is able, at quite low "revs," to do its work with fascinating ease. There is never any sign of "flurry" or vibration.

The gearbox is of the normal three-speed type, having synchromesh engagement for the second and top ratios. All gears are moderately high, so as to take advantage of the engine's flexibility. Thus second gear, in which the car will accelerate from the merest crawl, gives a maximum speed of 50 m.p.h. In top gear, one can potter along quite happily at a literal walking pace, or alternatively reel off the miles at an honest and comfortable 80 m.p.h.

Only on a hill of uncommon steepness is there ever any real necessity to make a change "down." On a normal gradient, the driver need do nothing more than give a little extra throttle opening as the slope increases. The Pontiac has enough power almost literally to "take itself along"—and at a good pace, too—without seeming to require any conscious urging.

Some big cars of American origin are open to criticism (from the English point of view), in the matter of road holding. In the case of this car, however, I do not think that any such objection can arise. The steering is certainly rather low geared, so as to secure extreme lightness; but a strong self-centring action is incorporated, which is a great aid to definite cornering. The powerful brakes are agreeably progressive, so that the driver need have no qualms in applying them boldly.

The front springing is independent, while the rear springs are long semi-elliptics. This combination has been very well worked out, for the car rides most comfortably over rough surfaces, and yet there is no "sloppiness" or unsteadiness at the higher speeds. In all these respects, the Pontiac may be said to "handle nicely."

As a car for all roads and all weathers, I myself was only able to detect one defect in it—and that a minor one. The windscreen does not open. Under certain conditions of fog and frost, this might be awkward; but in general, here is a car (*Continued on page* 81)

ALL THE POINTS OF THE PONTIAC..

. . . can be seen to the best advantage at the Motor Combine's interesting Showrooms. You can make your inspection unhindered and uninterrupted, with friendly advice only when you ask for it. We are always pleased to arrange trial runs on both new and used models when and where you like.

★ London Distributors for PONTIAC CARS

THE MOTOR COMBINE

365, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.
Telephone: EUSTON 4141 (5 lines)

Oxborrow AND Fuller
LIMITED

★ MAIN AGENTS FOR
PONTIAC
CARS

★

Demonstrations arranged without obligation
DELIVERIES FROM STOCK

★

11 CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1
GROSVENOR 2238

AND

29 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W.1
VICTORIA 8724

WEATHER THE WINTER
WITH SEAGERS EGG FLIP
5'6 PER FULL-SIZE BOTTLE
The Bracer that Builds you up!

Everything is Just Right now we have "VISIBLE COOKING"

GOOD COOKS AGREE

When trying out a new recipe or baking that very special cake, think of the advantage of being able to see just how cooking is progressing; and this without opening the oven door. The VULCAN Gas Stove has a double glass door to let you into the secret. And the Automatic Heat Regulator takes care that the temperature inside remains at just the right level. Use a VULCAN and be *sure* of perfect results every time.

REMEMBER THESE FIVE STAR FEATURES

- ★ Oven door of Armourplate Glass, non-steaming, unbreakable.
- ★ Automatic Oven Heat Control.
- ★ Large oven space, with single back burner.
- ★ Housewife planned hot-plate; covered griller.
- ★ Porcelain enamelled in mottled grey or plain colours.

VULCAN

THE LAST WORD IN MODERN COOKERS

Ask to see Vulcan Stoves at your local Gas Showrooms or write for free list to The Vulcan Stove Co. Ltd., (Dept. BE 13), Exeter.

If you have no gas supply, write for special list of Vulcan Cookers for use with Calor Gas, which can be installed in isolated homes, yachts, caravans, etc. Calor Gas cylinder service is available anywhere in the British Isles.

V13A

A Big and Powerful American

(*Continued from page* 79)

which can very well hold its own in any company.

The coachwork, as has been mentioned, is built on a most generous scale. The Pontiac saloon can carry six people easily. There is a single bench-type front seat, which is extremely comfortable and of ample width. The hand brake is on the right, and hangs down from behind the instrument panel, while the central gear lever is curved so as not to be obstructive.

There is, of course, an equal amount of width at the back, together with plenty of leg-room and a good amount of head-room. This same generous provision of space applies also to the luggage compartment at the extreme rear. Wherever one looks, there is accommodation on a bountiful scale. The price is extremely modest, the four-door saloon being listed at £400 exactly and the touring saloon at £410.

A Fast Car of Uncommon Interest

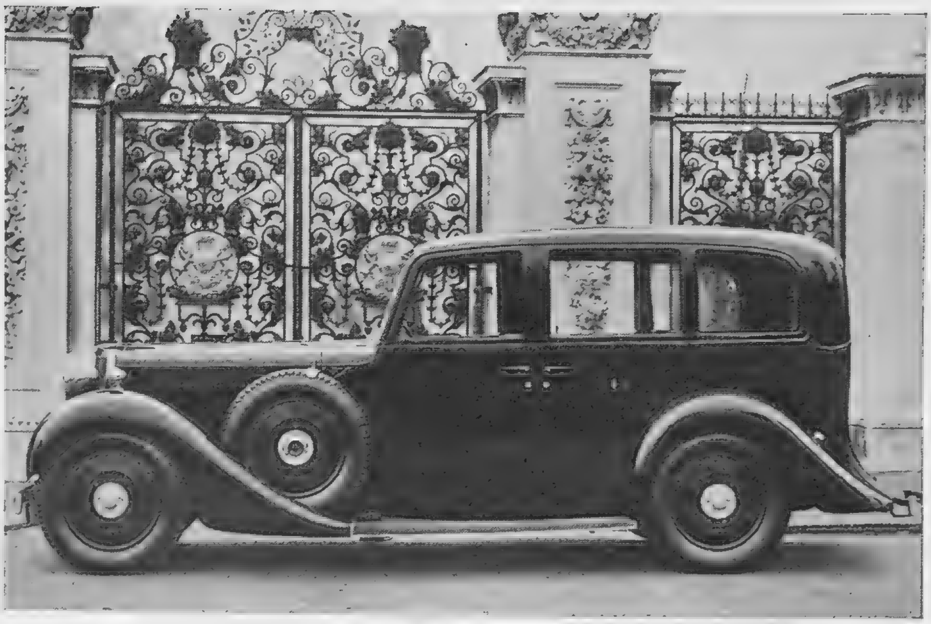
(*Continued from page* 77)

The coachwork is in every way attractive. It has a number of novel features, such as a system of "central heating" which can be switched on or off, or varied in intensity, to suit individual requirements. It has extremely pleasing exterior lines. It provides really comfortable seating, with plenty of room behind, and a capacious locker for luggage.

Thus the Jensen should always gain the appreciation of passengers, even though its most striking features are designed, first and foremost, to give pleasure to the owner driver. That the car succeeds in giving such pleasure, there can be no doubt at all. One would have to be shockingly *blasé* to handle it without interest. On this account, the price cannot be deemed unreasonable at £695.

In last month's issue, I was referring to the very attractive scheme whereby Messrs. Joseph Lucas & Co. guarantee that every purchaser of a Lucas, C.A.V. or Rotax battery shall have a minimum of two years' efficient service from it. Unfortunately, I expressed myself badly in describing this scheme, and spoke of a proportion of the purchase price being refunded in the event of a failure within this two-year period.

What really happens is that a new battery is supplied, and a certain *allowance* is deducted from the price of it. This allowance is, as I said, calculated in strict proportion to the amount of service which the former battery has given. It is not, of course, a cash refund, although to the purchaser it is equally advantageous.



THIS six-cylinder Sunbeam seven seater enclosed-drive limousine was recently supplied to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, by The Car Mart Ltd. The coachwork is by Messrs Thrupp and Maberly Ltd., and the car is finished in the royal colours

THE New 4·3 litre short chassis Alvis sports tourer. This is one of the fastest cars in production and a British example of what a sports car should be. Price £995. The driver at the wheel is Miss Pearl Argyle, star of the Vic-Wells Ballet

MISS PEGGY COCHRANE, the pianist often heard on the air, with her Hillman Wingham coupe, supplied by Messrs. Rootes Ltd.

MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN, the film actress, has recently taken delivery of this Talbot "10" foursome drophead coupe, which Messrs. Jack Barclay Ltd. supplied

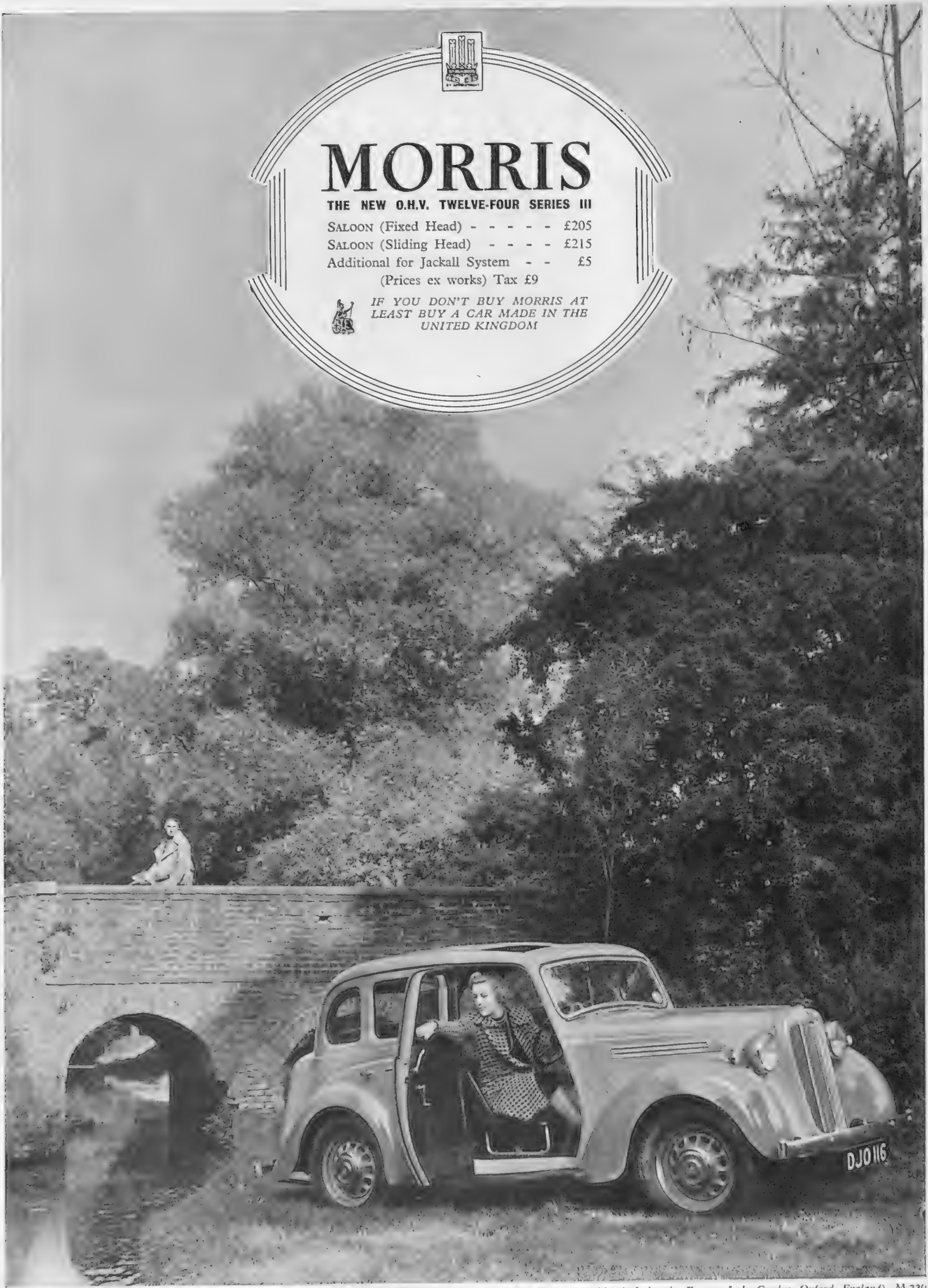
MORRIS

THE NEW O.H.V. TWELVE-FOUR SERIES III

Saloon (Fixed Head) - - - - -	£205
Saloon (Sliding Head) - - - -	£215
Additional for Jackall System - -	£5

(Prices ex works) Tax £9

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

(Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England) M.230

Kitchens Which Feed Some Two Thousand People at Once

(*Continued from page* 17)

1,000 portions of sole (the most popular fish) and 67 gallons of cream. "Is there much food left over from all these orders?" I asked.

"Very little," was the reply, "for the amount is calculated to a fine art, and on special occasions the record book is consulted to see the extra amount ordered on the corresponding occasion the previous year."

Upstairs in an office each day, several men are gathered round a table, planning out to-morrow's menu, which is sent out to be printed in advance. Downstairs in a labyrinth of passages are the stock-rooms, perpetually replenished with fresh food. Some are fitted with stone and marble shelves; the dry grocery room holds tiers of stainless steel drawers and bins full of cocoa and sugar. Every room is specially air-conditioned and has heating or refrigerating pipes, so that a correct temperature can be maintained. Every store-room is in alphabetical order, and the immense framed index sheets which hang behind each door are brought along at a daily conference, to check up on the stock.

The kitchen itself has a high domed ceiling and special ventilation to carry away cooking odours, and non-slipping rubber floor covering, which is also fire-proof. As I moved about the kitchen I began to see how it was possible that one or two thousand people could be fed at once. There were automatic meat choppers, a moving tray on which loaves of bread travel to be sliced by a guillotine knife; a tubular machine with central knife for peeling potatoes, a whirring pudding mixer with metal spokes like a minature octopus, vegetables in wire cages being washed by rotation in deep tanks of salted water, and butchers cutting up meat with electrical saws.

The service rooms are fitted with long tables with massive galvanised metal frames and strong wooden tops. Opposite are rows of hot plates, and copper sheets heated by electric current passing beneath. Resplendent in the midst of all this stands the carver, wielding his huge knives and forks with amazing dexterity, while all the time a ceaseless stream of waiters and waitresses (some of whom walk miles in a day!) form that miraculous link between customers and kitchen. Moving strictly in one-way traffic, the waiter drops his tray on a metal rack, sliding it along past the servers who supply him in exchange for a little scribbled note. A new lot of supplies goes in when the last slice of the old one has disappeared.

DID I say that 2,000,000 bread rolls were supplied a week? Come and watch them at the beginning of their journey. Down a metal chute a ceaseless river of dough flows, to be worked upon at the bottom by a mechanical contrivance, into two plump rolls. The two dough rolls disappear to be instantly succeeded by two others, and the procession two by two, passes on into a moving oil-heated oven, from where they issue forth as loaves with golden heads of appetising crust. After this they pass on to a kind of rack full of shelves, which all move to and fro, from side to side, and up and down in a kind of solemn antique dance. Here the loaves are being cooled and aired before passing on into the mechanism which wraps paper about them, and sends them out to be eaten.

Some of the delicacies can only be dealt with by hand, and I saw a girl sitting in front of one of the racks on which the fruit appeared for a moment. Now and again she saw a raisin that was not as smart in its appearance as it should have been. Grasping the offending fruit she threw it aside. So the pride of Switzerland must be rolled by hand, and the candied cherries and scraps of angelica must be added by hand to the *petits fours*. The girl's hands must be not only clean but manicured, and I saw the special manicure room.

Even more amazing is the special salad room. Here there was such a splash of colour, that for one moment I imagined I was facing a realistic American candy advertisement come to life. Drawer upon drawer was pulled out revealing hundreds of salads and hors d'œuvres freshly arranged into coloured mosaics. Gloating supreme over them all, and here and there inserting deft finishing touches, stood their "creator," the man who finds out what tastes will "marry" well together. At the moment I saw him he was busy "marrying" a new creation of salad fruit, nuts, and cheese, which looked almost too pretty to be eaten. When I asked him what his favourite food was, he replied that for himself he always eats salads!

AND what of those mass kitchens which feed the workers themselves—factories and hospitals? Their organisation is even more vast. In an immense cigarette factory I saw a kitchen which feeds from three to four thousand daily, with lunches which range from 6d. to 9d. and a shilling. This was arranged on the caféteria system, which when all said and done, is almost the best, since you can both see and choose what you wish to eat. The caféteria was split up on to several floors, but one huge kitchen supplied them all, taking each order and customer's number. Here I saw washing-up containers holding forty-two cups at a time, with two people at each doing nothing all day long, but take the cups in and out by hand, and shopping lists of 500 cod filets, and 106 plaice filets, 350 lettuces a day, 7 cwts. of chops, ten legs of pork and 50 lbs. of silverside at once. The meat bill, so the chef told me, comes to about £80 a week, but curiously enough the most popular item on the menu was—rice pudding!

But it was in Paris's latest super-modern hospital—Beaujon—that I saw the most streamlined kitchen of all. In immense rooms, so shining and light and airy that I could have taken snapshots without dreaming of time exposures, I saw huge electric coffee urns each turning out coffee for a thousand persons at once, steam cooking pots each holding a hundred gallons of soup or stew or vegetables, and nourishing 1,500 persons at once, white-tiled milk-rooms with 900 pints of milk lying in churns, rooms stacked up with crisp "long breads," and other rooms where nothing but special invalid diets are prepared, and all with washing machines which both wash-up and disinfect everything on the spot.

THE transport service necessary to feed the world of kitchen, is as romantic as it is vast. In the cool early dawn, lorries are streaming from docks to market, bringing apples from Canada, oranges from South Africa, cabbages and lettuces from France, tomatoes from the Canary Islands, and so on. Meat and poultry arrive in huge zinc-lined containers with plenty of ice, and one company I know contains an extensive road transport fleet of about 1,750 motors and horse vans, in addition to using contractors' vehicles. There are vehicles varying from 15-ton motor lorries to 10-cwt. vans, ice cream refrigerator trucks, light cars for management and inspection purposes, and a special express train for ice cream and pastries! Even aeroplanes are included in the kitchen transport, for special orders are sometimes received by air, such as clotted cream from Devonshire, or fresh Frankfurter sausages from the Continent.

END

Doing the Flowers

(*Continued from page* 64)

for your own home at a moderate cost. Much less, indeed, than your outlay on fresh flowers would be in an average winter.

At this time of year, with early spring heaping flowers at our feet, there is no home that cannot enjoy the beauty and fragrance they bring.

One tapering branch of apple blossom standing in a slender green vase is an exquisite sight. It should slant against a pale coloured wall—alone.

Tall branches of almost any foliage just bursting into bud are beautiful. These should stand in a tall, rather heavy receptacle on the floor or on a low stool.

The dazzling colour of daffodils with the young green of their foliage is enhanced by sunshine. Stand them against a window or where the golden glory of the sun falls in.

Mimosa should be heaped together in great fluffy bushes. Heaps of it. Mimosa is expensive on this account.

Unusual receptacles for flowers make the arranging of them more interesting and their effect more beautiful. Don't be content with a few standardised shapes. Your flowers will never have a chance until your cupboard is full of different vases and bowls.

Careless arrangements of flowers are only effective when the carelessness is thoughtfully studied. You simply cannot heap together a mass of blooms differing in shape and colour unless the colours are chosen for effect and the shapes varied in the interests of form.

A Victorian conch shell filled with primroses makes a delicate and unusual centrepiece. Nasturtiums in a flat copper dish are brilliant and gay.

Lilac and the tall varieties of blooms arrange perfectly in an old silver wine cooler, and pewter jugs are splendid for marigolds and gay posies of garden flowers. An old-fashioned soup tureen, a hollow Greek mask, Victorian wall-brackets, an old painted rum jar make interesting receptacles for flowers.

END

Your Maid's Comfort

(*Continued from page* 57)

wooden shoe-cupboards that can be made by a local carpenter, pictures and calendars on the walls. Sprigged flower wall-papers look attractive with plain percale curtains and brightly-coloured window blinds.

Hostesses in big country houses have had a good example set to them by the Queen and Queen Mary who have installed recreation rooms for large staffs, where all sorts of indoor games, music, newspapers, books, are available.

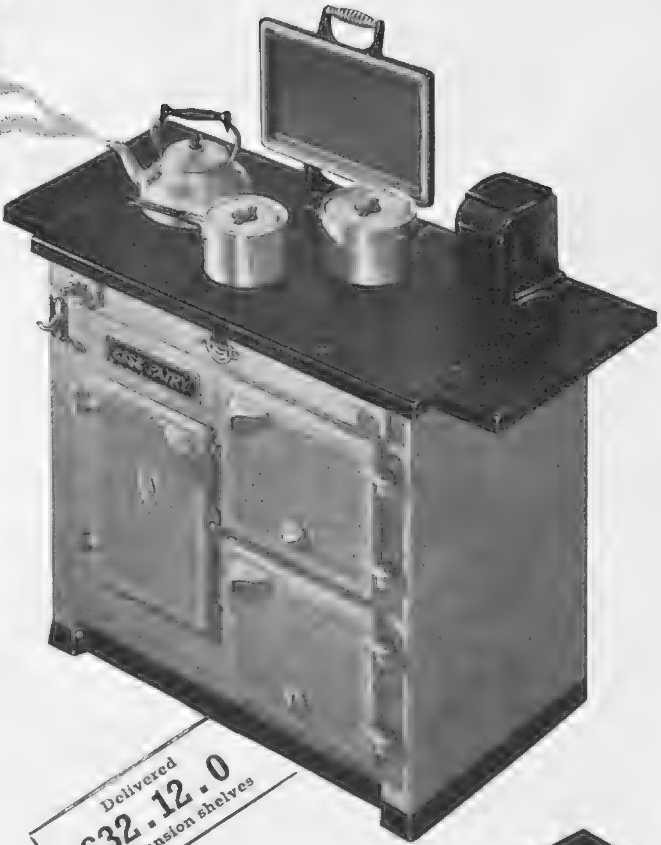
Lady Headfort is a hostess who caters for her staff's enthusiasm for gardening. They have a rambler-rose walk of their own, flower beds that they attend to themselves, and a strip of lawn where summer tea parties take place.

There are other things that we shall probably see abolished before long, in order to make maids more comfortable. One is the bell in favour of the house telephone, saving many a journey up and down stairs. Another is the flight of steps outside the front door, which must be daily whitened. Brass in London will be more generally oxydised, water taps will be made of stainless metal, and silver dishes in towns will be replaced by earthenware or stainless metal.

Audrey Wrangham

ESSE FAIRY

A BIG LITTLE HEAT STORAGE COOKER —AND A SMART ONE, TOO!



Even if you have but one maid, or none, you can now enjoy the luxury of Heat Storage Cooking—with an ESSE FAIRY! It has all the advantages of larger ESSE Cookers; makes possible the finer flavoured cooking known only to the ESSE owner; and ensures at last a smoke-free, fume-free, healthy atmosphere for the user of the smaller kitchen. Continuous burning day and night, this big little cooker is always ready for early or late demands. Running costs are very low—from 4d. to 4½d. per 24 hours, using solid smokeless fuel (preferably anthracite).

SPACIOUS TOP-PLATE — ROOMY OVENS — KITCHEN CLEANLINESS. There is ample accommodation on the top-plate, and the heat accumulating hot-plate provides the fastest boiling known. The ESSE FAIRY has two large ovens and a thermostatic control of temperature which allows simultaneous roasting and baking. It banishes soot, greasy walls, and the need for continual redecoration, while a wipe with a damp cloth keeps spotless its porcelain enamelled and chromium surfaces.

For illustrated catalogue, which gives everything you want to know about this latest advance in simplifying the art of good cooking, write to THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY, 63, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Proprietors, Smith & Wellstood Ltd., Est. 1854, Bonnybridge, Scotland).

YOU CAN PURCHASE THE ESSE FAIRY FOR LESS THAN 7d A DAY

Delivered
£32.12.0
with extension shelves

ESSE

Come to the

PALACE

HOTEL TORQUAY

where you can really enjoy February

You wouldn't recognise it for the same month. There's a warmth about Red Devon that amply justifies the phrase, "The English Riviera".

And at Torquay's Palace, the finest hotel on the English Coast, you can enjoy life in all its Summer fulness. The spacious luxury of its apartments, the quiet efficiency of its personal service, the acknowledged supremacy of its cuisine and cellar—all these go to make the perfect holiday, especially at this time of the year.

Please write for our brochure.

The terms include golf in the hotel grounds and on the Churston course, hard and covered tennis courts, squash, badminton, croquet, bowls, swimming pool, gymnasium, sun lounges, dancing, talking pictures. entertainments, cabarets.

Telephone : Torquay 2271

Knitting Ideas for Spring

What a wealth of new ideas—and how easy these "Ramada" leaflets are to follow! They are beautifully illustrated in black and white (2d) or full colour (3d). Make certain you knit with Ramada: it will always retain its delightfully soft texture, and never lose its shape in the wash. All Ramada plain shades are *guaranteed* fadeless and standard, so you can match them in any shop

SUPER FINGERING WOOL

'Ramada'

A VIYELLA HOUSE PRODUCT

VIYELLA HOUSE FASHION YARNS...

Ask to see these exciting new fashion yarns from Viyella House:—
'Kurly' wool, 'Moorada' (dyed) Pure Shetland wool, 'Armada' 100% Pure Shetland wool, 'V'tesse' Highland quick knitting wool, 'Tyrolean' mountain wool, 'Nubby' wool, and 'Glenada' Highland mixtures.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

Crush Out

(Continued from page 51)

and then some shooting. His heart was pounding. The sweat was pouring off him. He got up into a doorway and rested, listening to the shots. As long as there was shooting he was safe.

When he had got his breath he peered out of the doorway and looked up and down the street. Further down, on the other side, there was an automobile with a chauffeur in it. He took his gun out of his prison tunic and went over.

"Step out of there," he said.

The chauffeur was reading a paper and looked up into the gun. He put down the paper and got out. Tony pushed him up a doorway and made him change clothes. Dressed in the chauffeur's uniform, Tony felt safer.

"Listen buddy," Tony said, "You better be careful with them clothes on. If you start hollerin' around they'll thinks it's me, see. They might start shootin'." Tony smiled.

"What are you laughing at," the chauffeur asked. "I don't see anything funny about it."

"Me?" Tony said. "I just got a sense of humour."

He went over to the car and got in and drove away. Now that the shooting had stopped he was getting nervous again. He headed towards the main street, turned left, and quietly and slowly drove through the city. He kept his head down so that nobody could see his face clearly. He made no attempt at speeding. He went quietly through, exciting no interest.

When he had got beyond the city traffic he headed north. He reckoned that if he could get a clear run he could make it to Fritz's place in Baltimore and lie there quiet until the heat cooled off. He thought that it would be some time before they could straighten out the wrecked truck and discover that he was missing. That gave him the afternoon for driving, and by evening he would probably be well away. He drove on, speeding along the clear open road, headed north.

ABOUT mid afternoon he decided to get off the main road and hide out until darkness. He had begun to get nervous. He figured that all these little hick towns would have got the wire by now to look out for him, so he turned off into a side track and drove on till he was hidden in the woods. He stayed there until darkness.

When he began to drive on again he was beginning to feel hungry. He was nervous too. Although he felt safer in the dark than in the day, he knew now that they would be out after him, watching every car, hiding in side roads to chase him. But he kept on thinking about Fritz's place in Maryland, so he started on the road again.

He had had nothing to eat since morning. There were a few dollars in the chauffeur's pocket but he dared not pull up at a café and stop for food. He drove on into the first town.

Going through he lessened his pace. Nobody noticed him. He went through the main street and stepped on the accelerator. Then he sat up in his seat and peered ahead. About two hundred yards down there was a wooden barricade across the road and a couple of police cars each side.

He stepped on the gas hard. The car shot forward. The police signalled him to stop. The car was touching eighty-five. He crashed on through the barrier. The car swerved and lurched forward. He had no time to look back, but he knew they would soon be on his tail. Then he heard the sirens.

Now he was going at breakneck speed. He could hardly hold the car on the road. His mind was fraught with indecision. He knew that he was safer now than when he had been in the truck, but as likely as not they would phone through to the next town, who would put up a barricade it would be impossible for him to break. Fortunately he was now in rough mountainous country, heavily wooded and easy to hide in, but turning the car up a "cat" road might mean disaster and certain capture. Nevertheless he decided on it.

Coming up on top of a rise he saw a cut out to the left, about fifty yards ahead. He swung down and began bumping over the uneven ground delving deep into the woods. He slowed the car. He could hear the sirens of the police cars. He listened again. Somewhere ahead there was running water. He drove on.

Presently his headlamps showed a swift flowing waterfall dropping into a wide stream. A wooden bridge ahead went over the stream, the banks of which were steep on either side. He ran the car slowly towards the steep bank, and stopped five yards from the edge. He put the car into first gear and let out the clutch. The car jolted slowly forward. He opened the door and got out. Then he let the car go forward and plunge over into the stream.

His gun was ready in his hand and he ran over the bridge. Once on the other side he left the rough road and climbed up into the woods. Tumbling over stumps of trees and roots he ran on, holding his gun in his hand. It was pitch dark. He could hear the police cars below him, and could see their lights. He quickened his pace. He took off the chauffeur's cap and threw it away and ran on. Now everything was dark. Any minute now they would start combing the woods, although the wrecked car would delay them. Tony reckoned they would search that first for his body. That gave him time. That was all he wanted.

After half an hour he stopped running and began to walk. His head was streaming sweat and his hands were so hot he could hardly hold the gun. He stopped for a minute and listened. There was not a sound. It would do them no good, he thought, to get out the aeroplanes. The trees about him were so close it would be useless. Then he began running again.

It seemed to be hours that he alternately walked and ran. Now he felt quite certain that they had given up the chase. Everything was so silent and dark. When he fell down and tore his trousers he ripped off the torn leg and threw the cloth away. He could not stand the flapping of the tear.

WHEN morning came he stopped walking and sat down for a while. When he had rested he began walking again, looking everywhere for a sign of life. He walked on for at least an hour in the morning light, then he sat down again and rested. He felt he could hardly go on. But he remembered Fritz's place in Maryland and he determined he would get there.

He was very hungry. He had had nothing to eat since the previous morning, and he felt he could be sick he was so hungry. He tightened up his belt and began chewing a leaf. When he came to a stream he got down on his stomach and drank the ice-cold water. For a few minutes he did not feel so hungry, but after it was worse than ever and he felt he had nothing else to live for but some food.

When he saw a house in the clearing he stopped and got behind a tree. Nobody was moving about. He guessed the time to be about six. He moved quietly towards the house. When he got nearer he got behind a tree again and waited for a long time. There was no movement, no sign of life. He began going towards the house again.

Working his way around the side of the house he got up into the porch and standing close up against the wall he stood there, waiting. He looked down to the right and saw a main road; he drew his breath in sharply and moved to the other side of the porch. He could now see the main road. He was pleased to see a garage at the back of the house and wondered what make of car they kept. He settled down to wait.

About an hour later he heard movements. He got his gun ready and stood straight up by the side of the house. He heard somebody come downstairs and the front door was opened. He stood quite still. He heard voices, a man, a woman, then two little girls. This went on for some time, the voices, moving about, going up and down stairs. Then he smelt breakfast.

When he smelt the breakfast he shivered all over. He had to stand quite still and wait but he wanted to get out and go in the kitchen and get some food. His stomach kept going over and over. All the little muscles were moving about. Tony kept quite still.

The woman called out that breakfast was ready. He heard the man and the children go into the kitchen at the back of the house. They left the front door open so he walked across the porch and into the front door. When he got inside the living-room he could see the kitchen door ajar and one of the little girls. He walked straight across and into the kitchen.

"Just keep quiet," Tony said. "I ain't gonna hurt anybody."

The woman was pouring out coffee. She dropped the coffee pot and put her hands to her mouth. The man had his back to Tony and he turned his head round and looked at him. The two little girls stared with their mouths wide open. One of them giggled.

"It's that convict," the woman said suddenly.

"I know it," the man said.

Everybody sat quite still.

"Listen you folks," Tony said. "I ain't gonna hurt nobody. I sure could do with some of that ham and eggs ma'am."

Nobody said anything.

"I sure am hungry," Tony said. The sight of the food made him speechless. He was taut, keeping control of himself. He wanted the food.

"We better give it 'im," the woman said. She put some ham and eggs on a plate.

"That's right," Tony said. "That's what I like to see. You got some sense, lady." He looked at one of the children. "Hey, you kid, bring over that ham and eggs and hold it up while I eat."

The child took over the plate and held it up. Tony stood in the corner and ate the food with one hand. He held the gun in the other and was watching the man and woman. When he had finished he told the child to go back to the table and get on with her breakfast.

"Well, that was swell," he said. "Can you drive that automobile lady?"

"Why sure," the woman said.

"That's swell. Now here's what we're gonna do. All of you go outside on the porch. That littlest kid can stay behind with me. I'll be right behind you with this kid. Now you all go out on that porch and the lady can go and bring the automobile around to the front. O.K.?"

"What are you going to do with the automobile?" the man asked.

"Don't you bother about that, brother. You do like I say. Come here kid."

The family went to the porch. The woman stood there for a minute looking at Tony. Then she exchanged a glance with her husband.

"Sure is a cute kid you got here," Tony said.

The woman gave a little smile of pride.

"If there's any tricks," Tony said. "I'll blow her brains out."

The woman went round to the back. The man and the two children and Tony waited on the porch. When the car came round the woman got out and Tony went over to it and got in.

"This the best you got?" he asked.

"It's all I got," the man answered sullenly.

"This is a hell of an automobile all right," Tony said. He drove out.

Although the car was a small one it was new and Tony made

(Continued on page 86)

a fair speed. The tiredness which he had had during the night and in the early morning had passed. He felt contented and peaceful again.

When he came to a garage he pulled up and bought some cigarettes. He had to stay in the car because of his torn trousers, but when the only attendant had gone in to get change, he got out and followed him. When he walked out a few minutes later there was plenty of money in his pocket and no attendant. Tony got in his car and drove on.

When he got to the next town he drove around a bit. He went into the best residential section where people were beginning to go off to business. He drove up and down the streets slowly, looking at every big car closely and listening. He came to one standing by the curb with the engine running while the owner went inside his house for a second; Tony pulled up his small car beside the big one. It took him only a couple of seconds to get into the big car and drive it away.

Now he was well away again. While he had had the little car he had not been altogether happy, but with this big one he reckoned on getting up to Maryland in one through run. If he wanted food he drove in to wayside lunch places and got sandwiches brought to him in the car. He ate while he rode.

It was in the early hours that he drove into Fritz's hideout in Maryland. Fritzy heard the noise of the motor and opened an upstairs window. He came down and let Tony in.

"Hullo Tony," he said.

He led Tony into another room and poured out a couple of drinks. Tony slumped down into an easy chair and lay there with his eyes closed. Fritzy put the drink in his hand and sat on an upright chair across from Tony and stared at him.

"How's the boy?" he said presently.

"Lousy," Tony said.

Fritzy did not say anything. He went over to Tony, took the empty glass, refilled it and gave it back again.

"I guess you're tired," Fritzy said.

"You said it, Fritzy. Boy, I sure am glad to get here."

Fritzy said nothing. He sat there staring at Tony for a long time. Then he got up.

"You better get some sleep," he said.

He took Tony upstairs and showed him a room. Tony went in and flopped down on the bed. Fritzy stood at the door looking at Tony. Then he shut the door and went to bed.

In the early afternoon the following day Tony went down to breakfast. He found Fritzy and Alice sitting in the living-room. Fritzy was reading the paper and Alice was looking out of the window. When Tony went in Fritzy put his paper down and Alice got up and walked over to the other window and stood with her back to it looking at Tony.

"Hey Alice!" Tony said.

"Hullo Tony," she answered.

"How's the boy?" Fritzy asked.

"Swell," Tony said. "I feel just fine and dandy."

A coloured woman brought in some food and put it on the table. She kept looking at Tony right until she went out of the door. Fritzy and Alice were watching him hard as he poured out his coffee and began eating.

"It's real swell to be up here again," Tony said presently.

He went on eating in silence. When he spoke Alice glanced over at Fritzy, who looked at her for a second and then at his paper. Presently Fritzy spoke.

"We read about the crush out," he said.

Tony put down his knife and fork and drank the rest of his coffee. Then he picked up his knife and fork again, but he didn't take any food.

"What's it say?" he asked.

"I can't figure it out," Fritzy said. He looked at Alice, then at Tony. "I guess these guys must be crazy. It says here Eddie and Jimmie got caught up down there when the truck got wrecked."

Tony did not say anything. He went on eating.

"It says here they figure you was driving that truck and ducked out of it. But I guess they're crazy all right. I guess they got it all balled up."

"Sure," Tony said. "Those guys don't know nothin'."

"That's what I figure," Fritzy said. "I figure they must be crazy. It says here that Eddie and Jimmie tried to shoot it out because they was caught up in a trap. It says here the cops shot 'em down like rats in a trap. Where's that bit about that. Here it is. Listen. 'During——' "

"Listen Fritzy," Tony interrupted quietly. "Cut it out, will yer? I don't want to hear about it. Cut it out."

"O.K. Tony."

Fritzy glanced at Alice. Tony went on eating. Not a word was spoken until Tony had finished and they had gone out on the porch.

Then "I guess you better tell Tony how it is, Fritzy," Alice said.

"Oh sure," Fritzy said. "Yeah, I was going to tell you, Tony."

Tony looked at Alice then Fritzy. "What's on your mind?" he said.

"Well, you know how glad we are to see you Tony," Fritzy explained. "Ain't we, Alice?"

"Sure," Alice agreed.

"But it's this way, Tony. I just can't afford to have the heat on around here right now, Tony. You know how it is. You got to be careful with a place like this not to get the Feds around here. You know how they are. Say, a guy ain't safe any more I tell yer."

"So what?" Tony asked.

"Well, any other time, Tony, Alice and I'd sure be glad to have you, but right now . . ."

"You mean for me to blow?" Tony interrupted.

"Well," Fritzy hesitated. "Well, yeah, I guess so."

Tony stubbed his cigarette. He got up from his chair and walked across the porch and looked out over the quiet country.

"O.K.," he said.

HE waited until nightfall before setting off for New York again. Fritzy and Alice bade him good-bye. He was wearing some new clothes Fritzy had got from the store that day. He was bathed and fed and shaved. He drove off happy.

The nearer he got to New York the safer he felt. Once in the city he had the protection of the boys, comfortable places to live in, money. When he first saw the lights of the city he was quite overcome with his joy at being back. He parked his car in New Jersey and took the train over. Then he took the subway up to 59th Street and walked over to Fifth Avenue. As he walked into the old familiar apartment building, he glowed with a feeling of happy security.

When the first greetings were over Tony sat down in a chair near the window. Al handed him a highball and went over to the window and looked out. Bugs and Mike stood at the back of the chair and Romeo sat on the left of Tony. The boys drank their highballs.

"We read about the crush out," Al said presently.

"Give us another highball," Tony said.

Mike went over to the table and poured out another highball and handed it to Tony.

"We saw the pictures of the truck," Mike said.

"Don't look like there was much to that truck after you got through with it," Bugs said.

"What do you mean, after I got through with it?" Tony asked. "What do you guys think, anyway? What the hell, Jimmie was driving the truck."

"That's what we figured," Al said. "The papers said you was driving and ducked out. We figured they was all balled up about it."

"Sure," Tony said. "You know how these newspaper boys are. They'll write anything for a laugh."

"That's a laugh all right," Bugs said. "Sure is. Because if you'd been driving that truck you would have had to put those boys in a spot to make it come out like it did."

"What the hell," Tony said. "Give us another drink, Mike."

"I guess you was lucky at that," Al said. "I mean it didn't work out so good for Jimmie and Eddie. But you was lucky. You got away."

"This is the way it was," Tony said. Al turned round and looked at Tony, the other men went closer to him. Al and Mike exchanged quick glances. "This is the way it was. Jimmie was driving that truck and swung us down a lane. Eddie and me was in the back. These cops were on our tail and when I see Jimmie heading for this wall at the end of the lane, I yells to Eddie to jump. But I guess he didn't hear me or something. So I jumps out and runs up this side alley. It would have been crazy to hang on to that truck the way Jimmie was taking it. So I jumps out. I guess I was lucky to see how things was going to work out. Give us another drink, Mike."

"Oh sure," Al said. "You was just lucky. Well, I guess that's the way all the time. Some guys gets the breaks and some don't. Eddie and Jimmie sure didn't get the breaks down there. The way the newspapers wrote about it they was shot like rats in a trap, kind of caught up in a corner they was."

"Quit talking about it," Tony said. "I heard enough about it. You don't think I like the way things worked out, do you? Quit talking about it."

"Sure, let's leave it," Mike said. "We know how you feel Tony. He's tired, boys. He's got to get ready, anyway."

"What have I got to get ready for?" Tony asked.

"We got everything fixed for you," Al said. "Don't you bother. We got it all fixed for you."

"What do you mean you got it all fixed?"

"We got it all fixed for your trip to Canada," Mike explained. "You don't want to hang around here, Tony. These Feds'll be around any minute now. So we got it all figured out for you."

"That's swell," Tony said.

"What the hell," Al said. "Fritzy phoned us right after you left so we got it all figured out for you. You wouldn't want to hang around here, so we figured Canada would be a swell place to go till the heat cooled off."

"That's O.K. with me," Tony said.

"Now this is the lay," Mike said. "You got to move around until ten o'clock to-night. You know, go to the movies or something. I guess you'd like to see a movie anyway. We reckon it wouldn't be so hot to pick you up from here. You know how these Feds are. So we figured we'd better meet you somewhere. Don't you worry about nothin'. We'll have everything right there. We'll pick you up on the corner of 60th and Madison at ten o'clock, see? You just move around till then, then we'll pick you up."

"You boys have it all figured out," Tony said.

"We're your pals," Al said. "We figured it all out when we had the wire from Fritzy."

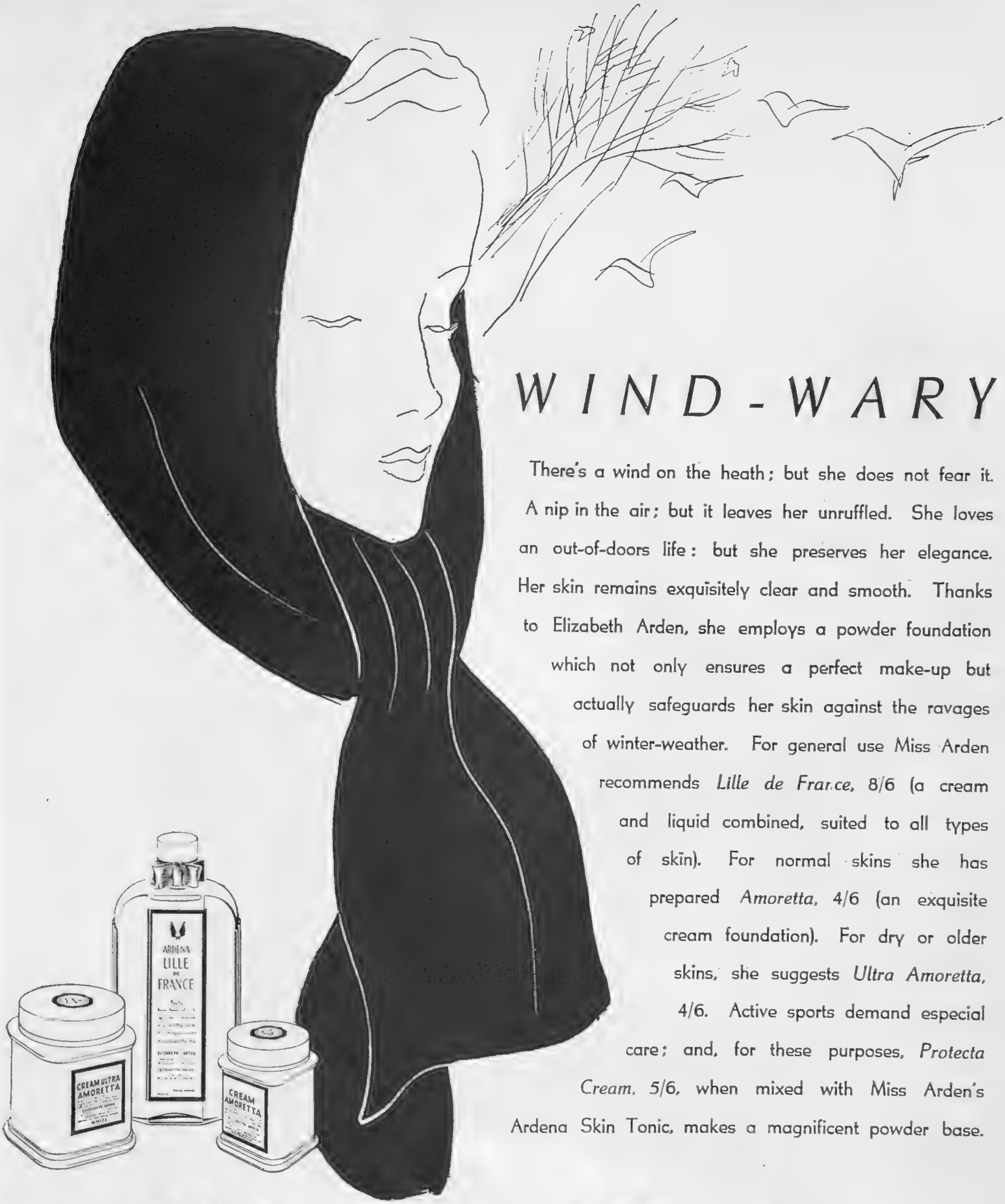
"Whose gonna lend me some dough?" Tony asked.

"Don't you worry about nothin'" Mike said. "We'll bring everything to-night—dough, clothes, everything you want. You just meet us at Madison and 60th at ten o'clock and don't bother about nothin'. We're your pals Tony. O.K. then, we'll fix everything."

"Sure, we got everything figured out," Al said.

AT ten o'clock Tony stood in a doorway at the corner of 60th and Madison. He stood looking up and down the avenue, watching every approaching car. He reckoned the boys were about right about going up to Canada. Everything had worked out fine. Now that he was back in New York, he had the whole organisation working for him, helping him. It was different before. Now everything was all right, because the boys knew the ropes and what to do and how to get him away. He felt happy and secure. He

(*Continued on page* 88)



WIND-WARY

There's a wind on the heath; but she does not fear it. A nip in the air; but it leaves her unruffled. She loves an out-of-doors life: but she preserves her elegance. Her skin remains exquisitely clear and smooth. Thanks to Elizabeth Arden, she employs a powder foundation which not only ensures a perfect make-up but actually safeguards her skin against the ravages of winter-weather. For general use Miss Arden recommends *Lille de France*, 8/6 (a cream and liquid combined, suited to all types of skin). For normal skins she has prepared *Amoretta*, 4/6 (an exquisite cream foundation). For dry or older skins, she suggests *Ultra Amoretta*, 4/6. Active sports demand especial care; and, for these purposes, *Protecta Cream*, 5/6, when mixed with Miss Arden's Ardena Skin Tonic, makes a magnificent powder base.

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

ooked up and down for the motor car.

When he saw the car coming he waited, then stepped out of the doorway and went over to the curb. He wanted to get near the curb because he could slip in the car more easily. He saw the car coming towards him and turned in its direction, raising his hand in greeting. He could see Mike driving and Bugs beside him. He reckoned Al would be in the back seat but he could not see him.

The car slowed as it came near him. He stepped into the road as it drew closer. There was a rattle of fire and Tony slumped down in the gutter in a heap. The car went on.

Al put the machine gun on the floor of the car and sat back on the seat. Mike drove on, cutting to the left off the Avenue and turning finally back down town. Bugs sat by the side of Mike and looked straight ahead.

"He was a rat," Al said at last.

"Rat is right," Bugs said. "That guy always got in my hair, anyway. What did he think we were, giving us that speel about Jimmie and Eddie. I guess he thought we were dumb all right."

"Aw, stop talking about him," Mike said.

"He's dead, ain't he? Who wants to talk about a dead rat, anyway?"

End

Sauce for the Goose

(*Continued from page* 45)

to a fee, coming as it did, before the surgical aspects had really been fully discussed. In all the years he practised, he had never before met such an example of money-grubbing. He ignored the surgeon's last remark.

"How soon do you consider it will be safe to operate?" he asked.

"It's how long since the accident? Just over two weeks? Oh! Any time now," he answered, his casual manner contrasting markedly with the tone he had used when referring to his fee.

Dr. Marks turned to the film star.

"We had better think this over," he advised. Then, addressing the surgeon, "We will have a talk, Mr. Biss, and I will get in touch with you when Miss Forest has decided."

"Just as you like," the surgeon said. "But there is one thing I always insist upon. The fee must be paid before I operate."

TWO days later, Dr. Marks, urged by his patient, now almost hysterical, rang up the surgeon and suggested a reduction in his operation fee.

"Why?" asked Mr. Biss.

"Well, it's rather a lot to pay," Marks explained. "My patient thinks it's excessive for such a trivial operation."

"Operations can't be measured by the yard like calico," the surgeon replied rudely. "She can quite well afford my full fee. And she's got to pay it or get someone else to operate."

The doctor hung up the receiver and reported the conversation to Lily, who flew into a rage and abused the rapacity of the surgeon.

"I should have it done, if I were you," Marks advised. "After all, you can afford it, and it's well worth your while to get rid of that scar. Think of it, you'll earn this chap's fee in a day or two once you're back at work."

This conversation took place on the Wednesday. On the Friday following, Lily Forest was operated upon by Mr. Biss, but not before she had given him a cheque for two-hundred-and-fifty guineas. On the third day he visited her and removed the dressing. The nurse could see that there were tiny red marks around each stitch. She watched the surgeon's face, but it remained entirely expressionless.

He applied a fresh dressing and returned two days later. There could no longer be any doubt that the wound had become septic, and could not heal by first intention. He ordered hot fomentations.

The actress remained in the nursing home three weeks. When she left there was a red, angry mark across her left cheek.

It was indistinguishable from the scar she had had when she had entered the home.

Soon after she had arrived at the flat she sent for her doctor.

"Look at this," she raved. "It's no better—it's worse. I'm disfigured for life. I've paid a fortune for nothing. But I'll not stand it. I'll bring an action. He's taken my money under false pretences."

It took Dr. Marks an hour to persuade her that if she went into the courts she'd only succeed in advertising her disfigurement so thoroughly that she'd ruin her chances of ever getting another part.

In the end she quietened down, and agreed to Dr. Marks's suggestion that she should get Young's opinion.

Marks wasted no time, but rang up Young from Lily's bedroom. She could hear a voice in the receiver, and waited impatiently until Marks rang off.

"I'm afraid he'll only see you if you go to St. Monica's," he told her. "You'll have to be there any Tuesday or Friday at 1.30."

LILY FOREST arrived at the hospital, armed with Dr. Marks's visiting card. On it he had written: "To see Mr. Young." She was shown into a large, white-tiled hall, filled with long wooden benches. There were scores of people waiting, men, women and children, who looked curiously at her as she stood about, not caring to sit next to the poorly dressed patients.

After half an hour's waiting a young man wearing a white coat, who had been making his way down the hall, reached her. She handed the card, and he pointed to a door. "If you'll wait in that room," he told her, "Mr. Young'll see you when he comes."

Lily would have liked to ask him if he thought her time was of no value, but she bit her lip and crossed the hall. Pushing open the door, she found herself in a small room, from which another door opened. There were perhaps a dozen other people in the room.

Two hours later her turn came. A young man whom she took to be a student came out and beckoned to her. She followed him into an inner room, where Mr. Young was seated at a desk. Three other young men were standing in front of him.

Lily was told by her guide to remove her hat: and to stand where the surgeon could see her.

As she faced him there was no sign of recognition in his face. He stood up and first looked at, then felt the red mark on her cheek.

He addressed his remarks to the young men.

"These recent scars," he said, "are very difficult to treat until some months have passed." He looked at her. "How long ago did you meet with this accident?"

"Nearly six weeks ago, but . . ." She was about to add that she had already had one operation for it, but he interrupted her, and spoke to the students.

"Let me warn you when you get into practice," he told them, "on no account to attempt any repair operations until the tissue round has had a chance to recover from the injury." He turned to Lily. "If you care to come back in three months' time, I'll see what can be done."

Lily left the hospital and drove straight to Dr. Marks's house. He was in, the maid said, and would see her almost at once.

When she was seated in his consulting room she burst into tears. Between her sobs she told him what Young had said.

"What can I do?" she wept. "Three months is a lifetime in my job. I'll be forgotten by my public long before he'll operate."

Dr. Marks let her quieten down, then suggested that she had much better face up to the surgeon's opinion.

In the end, she took his advice and, shutting up her flat, went abroad.

She spent three weeks at Le Touquet and left slightly richer; then a week in Paris, followed by a month in the south of France. From time to time she looked at herself in the glass—not merely to see her face, but to study the scar critically. As the time passed it lost its angry look and changed from bright scarlet to duller maroon. By the time she arrived in London it was nearly white with small red blood vessels running through it.

Dr. Marks was pleased and suggested that he should make an appointment for her to see the surgeon. But when Young heard the name of the patient he replied that he would only see her in the out-patients' department of the hospital.

Lily fumed, then had a brain-wave. She wrote him a friendly letter, enclosing a cheque for one hundred guineas. She apologised for the delay in settling the fee for her operation, but hoped he would overlook it. By return came the answer—Mr. Young never accepted fees from hospital patients, and therefore returned her cheque.

Then she realised that there was no help for it. If she wanted Young to operate—and somehow the more difficult it seemed to be to obtain his help, the more determined she was that he should operate—she would have to take her place with the other out-patients at the hospital.

On her arrival, Lily was kept waiting exactly two hours and a quarter, timed by the small wrist-watch, studded with diamonds, which she always wore.

When, eventually, Young saw her, he seemed pleased. Not that he told her so; but she could hear what he said to the students. Then he turned to his house-surgeon.

"Take this patient's name and address, please," he said. "And notify her when there's a vacant bed in one of my wards. Next patient, please."

Before she could ask any questions, she found herself outside the room. She was furious at the way the surgeon had ignored her. She—Lily Forest—whose features were known to millions, was treated as if she were a pauper! When she came to think of it, the patients amongst whom she had waited had stared at her. If they had recognised her, why had the students treated her with such studied inattention? They hadn't been rude or unmannerly—simply uninterested in her dazzling personality.

As she drove home she decided to make one more effort to be seen and treated as a private patient. She would ring up Dr. Marks, tell him that she simply couldn't face the hospital and ask him to find out what Mr. Young's fee would be to operate upon her in a nursing home.

In due course she received a letter from the doctor enclosing the surgeon's reply. In it he stated that he would be pleased to operate at St. Monica's on Miss Forest without a fee: but that if he were asked to do so anywhere else, his fee would be two thousand guineas.

Lily Forest stormed, swore she'd never pay such an exorbitant charge, then the next moment thought of the hospital ward. She told herself that her money was no good unless it gave her pleasure, or saved her pain. But the thought of paying such a sum—why it was

(*Continued on page* 90)

A Startling Starting Price

For such an obviously safe investment Bear Brand 'Supreme' offers overwhelming odds. Your modest stake of something between 3/11 and 6/11 covers a winning investment in *sheer, ringless* beauty and staying power. Definitely the best selection for the fashionable woman, and a certain bet for the fashionable Events of the year.

Bear Brand

SUPREME

SHEER RINGLESS

3'11 · 4'11 · 5'11 · 6'11

nearly half of her salary for a single picture—filled her with misery. The idea that she would have to lie in a public ward among a dozen other patients upset her almost as much.

Finally, after a conflict which nearly reduced her to a nervous wreck, she told Dr. Marks that she would have the operation in private and asked him to find out from the surgeon where he would wish her to go.

THIS time the operation was completely successful. A week later a thin red streak was all that remained to show that Lily Forest—the famous film star—had ever been injured in a motor smash.

She was allowed to leave the nursing home ten days after the operation. On her last day in the home Mr. Young visited her and examined her face. He expressed himself as satisfied.

"Go easy for a few weeks," he advised. "Don't overtire yourself. You've done very well, but operations are a strain."

Lily Forest thanked him, and, mindful of the fact that she had not yet paid her fee, handed him an envelope which contained a cheque.

The surgeon slipped it into his pocket.

Sauce for the Goose

TWO days later Edith Jennings was opening the morning's post. Her employer was sipping a cup of coffee. As she finished it and put it on the table by her bedside, her secretary, making no comment, handed her an envelope.

Lily Forest glanced at the printed form it contained. Then she sat straight up in bed.

She was looking at an official receipt from St. Monica's Hospital, for a donation of two thousand guineas, made by Miss Lily Forest.

END

O'Connor-Burke of the Waffs

(*Continued from page 21*)

crested, blue pigeons, the rose-breasted dippers, the tiny, gem-like sunbirds; it was as if the wilderness had sucked him in, had drawn him to its cruel, untamed bosom.

"Frightfully melodramatic exit," commented the Irishman. "No end Hollywood—what?"

The other coughed; asked slowly:

"What about taking a leaf out of Mihupi's book? Going home?"

"You mean—leave Africa?"

"I'll see to it that you're transferred to a decent regiment."

"I understand"—stiffly—"wishin' me out politely because . . . ?"

"No. Told you before I'm not blaming you for having messed up our little imperialistic poker game with the Balolos. But you made an enemy to-day. A dangerous enemy."

"Mihupi—dangerous? Why—he's nothing but a mission boy—in spite of his monumental gall."

"Yet a Balolo. Nasty breed—when it comes to revenge."

"Oh"—lightly—"I'll be careful. Won't give him a chance to shoot me in the back."

"Who mentioned shooting?"

"You said that . . ."

"I spoke of revenge. Revenge, with a Balolo, is sometimes a hanged sight more—ah—artistic than mere murder."

There was a silence. Then the younger man said:

"Even so, I'd rather stick around."

"Suit yourself." Evans shrugged. "I've warned you—which is more than Mihupi will do. And now—run along. I've work to do. Must write to the brass hats back home and explain why hereafter our name will be mud with the Balolos — without implicating you."

"Thank you, sir."

He left. He felt a little uneasy—the colonel—he knew—had spent years in Africa. Was, moreover, not the sort to talk through his hat. Perhaps there was a certain danger? Still—couldn't leave. Not just now. Would be funking. That was one reason.

The other was Caroline.

He smiled. Jove!—he'd be glad to see her.

He went to his quarters, shaved, bathed, put on whites, hurried to the mission. She was in the garden, where—pathetically—she was trying to coax New England's shy flowers to grow amongst the luxuriant, tropical blossoms.

"Hullo! Hullo!" was his exuberant greeting—he might have been a schoolboy, down from Eton on his first day of vacation.

He ran up to her—stopped short as he heard her chilly words:

"I don't want you to come here. I don't want you to come here—ever again."

"What——" he was completely taken aback—"what's up?"

"Oh"—for, already, the gossip grapevine had carried the news from end to end of the small settlement—"to attack a man brutally—with the *sjambok*—to half kill him . . ."

"Let me explain . . ."

"I know what you're going to tell me. That he was arrogant. . . ."

"And then some. Why——" nor was he trying to be humorous—"toppin' his cheek by offerin' me a cigar. . . ."

"And you think that sufficient reason to . . . ?" She paused. "Do you imagine," she went on, "you're sacrosanct because you're white, because you're British, because you're—oh—a fool in uniform and brass buttons? A coward—that's all you are!"

He swallowed hard. By God!—he thought—she was unfair. He wasn't a coward. He had been justified in taking the *sjambok* to Mihupi. Even the colonel, that hard-bitten martinet, hadn't blamed him. So what did she mean by raking him over the coals. . . ."

"Listen!" he cried, his temper rising. "If it weren't for us uniformed fools you wouldn't be safe here for two seconds!"

"Is that so?"

"It's bally so—and you know it. It's people like me who make it possible for people like you to chivvy in here and preach your sweetness-and-light bilge and, generally make a nuisance of yourself and . . ." The next moment, he was contrite. "Sorry. Shouldn't have blown up. But"—with his old cheerful tactlessness—"your fault quite as much as mine. So let's kiss amd make up. After all—the thing between you and me is too big to have it spoiled by a row over that black bounder of a Mihupi.

"What thing—between you and me?"

"You know. Told you the day before I went up-river." He spoke clumsily, self-consciously, because he felt it so deeply. "Likin'—what? A bit of love. . . ."

She shook her head.

"I—I don't love you. I don't even like you."

"You—oh—you don't mean it?"

"I do."

He looked at her. Cold she seemed. Distant, unflinching. Why—he told himself suddenly—she did mean it. . . .

He did not know how terribly worried she had been during his absence. How she had looked forward to his homecoming. How—illogically—her anger was less directed at his treatment of the Balolo, than at the fact that he had reported to the colonel before seeing her or, at least, sending her word.

"Oh"—she reflected, with that same lack of logic or, perhaps, with perfect logic—"if he'd only come to me first, all this wouldn't have happened."

But he had no way of guessing what was passing through her mind. He said listlessly:

"All right."

He turned on his heel. And, that night at mess, he got roaring drunk upon tiger's milk—The Waffs' regimental drink, a pretty blending of champagne, stout and Irish whiskey.

COLONEL EVANS, though he disliked drunkenness, made no comment. For, again, the gossip grapevine had been busy: a mission houseboy having told his cousin who was a sergeant in the Waffs and the sergeant having told his sister-in-law who was cook in the colonel's employ and, finally, the colonel's wife having told her husband who remarked:

"Oh—the young ass'll get over it."

Mrs. Evans bridled.

"Question is," she retorted, "will Caroline get over it?"

Her husband knew better than to argue the point. But he could not resist saying to his wife, six weeks later:

"The lad's shaping damned well. No longer the silly young jackanapes given to ragging and horseplay. Different altogether. Sober, hard working. I've appointed him adjutant."

Evans was in a happy mood. For rumour had drifted from the interior that, evidently, Mihupi bore the British no ill-will, since he had turned down a recent, flattering and profitable French offer to make his country a protectorate of the republic.

Not long later, the rumour was confirmed by Mihupi in person. Unannounced by bush-runners or whispering signal-drums, he arrived one morning at the coast settlement and went straight to H.Q. There, in the outer room, O'Connor-Burke was at his desk—to look up, startled, when he beheld the negro, magnificent in a leopard skin flung across broad shoulders, his head encircled with a leather frame ornamented by tall, waving ostrich plumes.

"Why—hullo!" the Irishman stammered. "You . . . ?"

"I!"

Mihupi had changed in the last few months. Gone, with his European clothing, was his painfully acquired European bearing. It was as if the wilderness had regenerated him. The immensity of the outspreading forests, the thick stillness of the bush, the enormous, clogging heat—all seemed to envelop him, to ooze out from him like huge, cosmic, primitive energy.

He bowed. Bowed again as the colonel entered from the inner office; said to him, in the dialect of his tribe, choosing his words with slow care as became a chief:

"I have come with a message from my people, O greatness."

"What," asked Evans in the Balolo language, "is the message?"

"This, O greatness. My people are bullocks. But not blind bullocks. They look across the border into British territory. They see there black men of their own race. They see, too, schools, hospitals, roads. Many fine things. And they are envious. They wish for . . ."

"A protectorate?"—eagerly.

"No. We are a free people."

"Well"—the other was disappointed—"what *are* you after?"

"A white man to come to us. To live amongst us. To help us, teach us, guide us along the path of wisdom."

"Sort of resident commissioner?"

"Yes, O greatness."

Evans smiled. A commissioner would be the thin end of the wedge. Bound to lead to a protectorate sooner or later.

"Very well, Mihupi. Tell your people that their wish is granted. I shall write to London for the proper man."

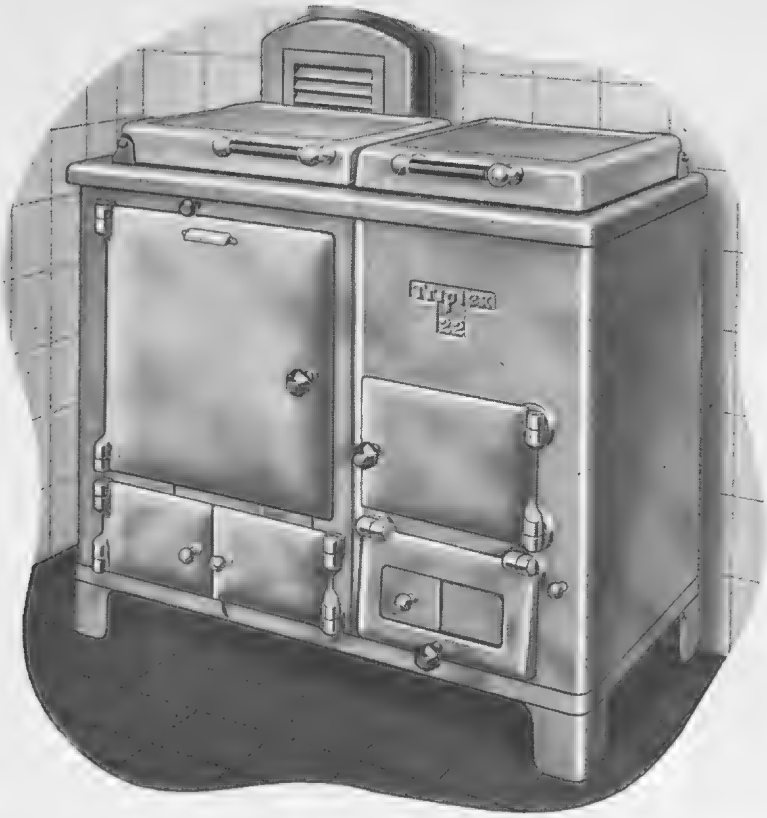
"No, no."

"Eh . . . ?" astonished.

"Time is precious. The French made an offer. Much gold. Much gin. Many lengths of cotton. All"—with a little smile—"for the privilege of teaching us. I refused. But certain of my young men are impatient. Thus the commissioner must be sent at once. He must accompany me when I return—to-day."

"To-day?" The

(*Continued on page 92*)



"YOU REALLY MUST SEE THE NEW TRIPLEX TWENTY-TWO MY DEAR

"I saw it here last week and I gave Frank no peace until he'd agreed to have one fitted.

"It's such a big improvement. Does away with the daily fires—and all that fussing with fuel and ashes which maids hate so much. You see, it's a slow combustion cooker. Burns anthracite or coke. Never goes out, my dear, and all it wants is a couple of stokings a day and one before bedtime.

"See what a roomy oven it has—and a hot plate big enough to keep any cook happy. Look, there's a large plate warming chamber, too.

"Let's go in and see it demonstrated. You'd never believe that one small fire could do so much cooking—or give so much hot water. Plenty for baths, my dear, and for kitchen use."

The New

TRIPLEX "22" COOKER

Showrooms:

London: 12 Newman St., W.1
Birmingham: 508 Moseley Rd.
Manchester: 33 Princess St.
Liverpool: 22 Richmond St., Williamson Square.

Finished in the famous easy-to-clean Triplex Porcelain Enamel Finish, in Mottled Grey, Mottled Green, Shaded Green or Shaded Brown.

CATALOGUE IN COLOUR ON REQUEST

TRIPLEX FOUNDRY LTD., GREAT BRIDGE, STAFFS.

colonel frowned. He spoke his thoughts aloud: "Latrobe's out recruiting. Willis is down with black-water fever. M'Gregor's on furlough. I've nobody I can send but a brace of subalterns—and they're too damned young and too damned . . . ."

"You have also," interrupted Mihupi who had known all the colonel had just said, having learned it through the whisper of the signal-drums, "Captain O'Connor-Burke."

"Rather!" exclaimed the latter enthusiastically.

Evans was perturbed. Here was his chance to ease the Balolos into the British fold; and the Irishman was the only man available. He would fill the bill, had been here quite a while, was getting seasoned, had even learned the language. On the other hand, he knew his Balolo customers—their lust for revenge, their terrible cruelty. . . .

Mihupi must have read what was passing through the other's mind.

"Greatness," he said, "once, when I was a mission boy, I was grievously beaten"—pointing at O'Connor-Burke—"by him. I am no longer a mission boy. I am a powerful chief. Therefore you look upon me with suspicion. Is that not true?"

"Yes."

"Is it not also true that a Balolo never breaks his oath?"

"Yes—again."

"Listen then to my oath. The captain will be safe in the kraals of my people. Safe—and highly honoured. Indeed, he shall be treated—ah—as a god, a holy one. I swear it by the god of the mission school and, also, by the jujus of my tribe! May my right arm wither—may I be struck blind—if I am giving false talk!"

O'Connor-Burke looked at the other. Almost, at that moment, he forgot his former dislike of the man; told himself he had been a hot-tempered fool—beating up the negro for no better reason than the offer of a cigar.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, seizing Mihupi's hand. "You're a sportsman."

THAT evening, Caroline, who had been all day in an outlying village attending a sick child, went to the colonel's bungalow.

"You shouldn't have let him go," she said accusingly.

"Nothing to worry about my dear. Mihupi swore — his exact words — that O'Connor-Burke will be treated as a god, a holy one. No Balolo ever breaks his oath. Besides," with a twinkle in his eye, "I thought you'd given the lad his walking-papers. So I don't see why . . ."

"Which shows, Charles," interrupted his wife, "how little you know about my sex. But," turning to Caroline, "he knows a great deal about West Africa. So don't you fret, child."

"Right!" her husband agreed heartily. "We'll hear from your beloved Tim before the end of the month."

He was wrong. The end of the month came—and no word from the Irishman. Silence day after day—as if, said Caroline morosely, the jungle had swallowed him.

"Poppycock!" replied the colonel. "I suppose he's busy as a bee. Though—I admit—he might have taken time off to make official report. Well—I'll give him what's what when I see him."

Yet he, too, grew worried as the silence continued; until finally—there being no regular communications with the land of the Balolos, neither caravans, nor travelling Kru traders—he despatched a trusted native to find out what he could.

Seventeen days later, the man returned. He brought message from Mihupi.

The latter sent greetings. He, also, was worried. The captain, within twenty-four hours of his arrival at Kavalla, the chief Balolo village, had vanished. Completely vanished. None knew where and why and how.

Such were the stark tidings; and Evans sat at his desk and pondered. He did not believe that Mihupi had broken his oath. But—he considered—something must have happened to O'Connor-Burke; and how was he going to discover the truth?

If the Balolos had been British subjects, it would have been easy. A company of Waffs would have secured the hinterland. And he knew his Waffs. They would have got results. But the Balolos were a free people. He could not send soldiers without permission from London—and it would not be forthcoming. For—London would argue—the moment an armed expedition entered Valololand from the British South, another armed expedition would enter from the French North; and that would mean unpleasant, international complications.

Only one thing to be done.

He sent negro bush-runners beyond the frontier. They were the pick of their craft; were gone long weeks and came back fever-worn, foot-sore, hollow-cheeked—and bitter with the tale of their failure. Mihupi—they related—had welcomed them warmly; had helped them; had lent them the aid of his own expert trackers. But—no trace of the white man. . . .

The colonel sighed. He had always liked the young Irishman. So he felt deeply sorry—and a little guilty. Maybe he shouldn't have let him go. Still, the matter had been all-fired important. It had been up to somebody to accompany Mihupi and O'Connor-Burke had been the only man available. He had gone in the line of duty and—dear Lord!—perished in the line of duty.

Nothing to be done about it.

That's what in the evening, he told his wife—who replied:

"Oh yes—*something* to be done about it. And it's being done right now. You see—Caroline's on her way."

"On—her way?"

"To the Balolos. She left this morning—as soon as she heard."

Evans jumped up.

"She—she's mad. I'll send soldiers after her—I—I'll go myself—fetch her back. . . ."

"My dear Charles, don't come the harrumphing, red-faced British colonel—not on Caroline. She's an American. You can't interfere with her. We figured all that out."

"*We?*"

"She—and I."

"You mean—you didn't try to persuade her not to . . . ?"

"On the contrary, I encouraged her."

The colonel threw up his hands.

"Fine, silly fool you are!" he exclaimed.

"Silly enough fool to have done the same—for you."

He smiled then. So did she.

"Maseda's with her," she added. "You know—that big Yoruba who used to be a sergeant in the Waffs."

"Stout fellow!"

"She saw his wife through childbirth last month. He worships her. So do all the natives. Even Mihupi. . . ."

BY this time Caroline was miles beyond the coast, following Maseda who led the way with his swinging gait, turning occasionally to grin at her with a flash of white, filed teeth.

At first, when the news had come from up-country this morning, she had been in despair. She had wept bitterly as she had recalled that her last words to Tim—she had not spoken to him since their quarrel—had been in anger.

If she could take back those words. Could tell him that. . . .

She *would* tell him. . . .

For, suddenly, out of the nowhere, for no reason at all, knowledge had come to her that he was alive; that she would find him. She must go to the Balolos. Talk to Mihupi.

Tim's enemy? Yes. Yet, strangely, from first to last, rightly as it turned out, she was convinced that the man had not broken his oath. Only—and this knowledge, too, had come to her out of the nowhere—she must hurry. There was danger to Tim. Danger worse than death.

It was this knowledge which drove her on, hour after hour, day after day, on the heart-breaking, back-breaking trek—through a crazy network of jungle paths—through long grass and short grass—through grass burned to the roots and grass green and juicy, waiting for the stamping, long-horned cattle of the river tribes—through thickets where elephant-thorns and wait-a-bits lacerated her skin—through clearings where the sun beat down brutally, mercilessly. . . .

Often, in the past, she had spent days in the hinterland, camping, hunting, enjoying it thoroughly, learning to read the language of leaf and spoor. But to-day she had no time for woodcraft. There was this task confronting her. She must find Tim.

So, hour after hour, she trekked, her eyes fixed on Maseda's bare, powerful back where the muscles bunched and coiled like snakes. Hour after hour—with short rests for sleep and food—plunging into the deeper wilderness where evil, bat-like things flopped lazily overhead and spineless, green and white things rustled out of their path or burst with sickening pops as foot crushed them, the negro walking more slowly, sending spiky creepers to one side with a clatter of dry, falling orchids, slashing with his dagger to clear away low thorn bushes, stopping now and then to sniff the fetid air and stare into the gloomy drapery of the trees, reading the jungle like an open book.

She was tired. She was sick. Her breath came in painful gulps. But she kept on—hour after hour—day after day.

They reached the higher tableland. Everywhere about them stretched a level country which looked curiously like the sea, for the thick, blade-shaped grass, bleached to silvery whiteness, swayed perpetually like choppy, pale waves. The air was thick, oppressive; and Maseda swung along, crooning to himself in a plaintive way which was like the piping of a lizard.

They struck the frontier on the ninth day. The sky was cloudless, blazing with a terrible, vindictive heat. So they rested during daytime and trekked in the late afternoon and at night, when it was a little cooler, when the far hills shimmered with a faint pink haze and the grimness of the bush was blurred as in a veil of delicate, purple chiffon.

FINALLY, one evening, they reached a valley. Maseda stopped.

"Kavalla!" he exclaimed, pointing straight ahead.

Caroline's heart beat violently. Kavalla—the principal Balolo settlement; and she walked on eagerly towards the place that, hedged in by a cactus fence, was a confused mass of huts, tipped by the huge, beehive roof of the medicine-temple . . . she had been in many a West African kraal, knew that the temple housed, too, the chief of the tribe: Mihupi, the man who—doubtless, doubtless—held the key to the mystery. . . .

She broke into a run. Then drew back, surprised, as the crude fence gate swung open, as, surrounded by a dozen warriors, Mihupi stepped forth—and smiled, bade her courteous welcome in the language of his tribe, went on:

"Food is ready for you. A comfortable couch. Whatever else you desire."

"You—you knew I was coming?"

"The signal-drums told me."

"And," she stared at him, "did they tell you, also, the reason for my coming?"

"To find a certain white man—who vanished."

"A white man," in steady accents, "whom you hate."

"Nor am I denying it. And yet—I have kept my oath. Ah"—addressing the tribesmen—"did I not put the white man on a high place of honour, treating him as if he were a god?"

There was mumbled assent. And she said with a sob:

"But—he must be somewhere."

"He is—nowhere. We—he and I—arrived in the evening. He was gone in the morning. He had vanished. And, belike, it was my fault."

"Your fault?" She looked up sharply.

"For treating him like a god. Perhaps the other gods, the ancient jujus of my tribe, became jealous and . . ." He interrupted himself. "*Aywah!* Who am I to know. . . ?"

He led her to a hut, near the medicine-temple, newly built (*Continued on page 94*)

Haig in every Home

JOHN HAIG & Co. LTD
Owning Haig & Haig Ltd
MARKINCH SCOTLAND
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Blended Scotch Whisky
H.M. The King
Dimple Scots
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD

OBTAINABLE ALSO
IN SMALL SIZES

**Don't be Vague
ask for**

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

of palmwood and roofed with *esch*-grass. He ushered her across the threshold. She was alone. There was food, a soft couch—and she was hungry and tired. But she neither ate nor stretched out. She could not. Her mind was too busy with the problem that faced her—and she walked up and down, up and down, wondering what to do.

She was still convinced that Tim was alive. But—how was she going to find him? Search the village, the wilderness? And how could she succeed, with her feeble strength, her puny jungle lore, where the colonel's expert bush-runners had failed?

She sighed. She kept on walking up and down, while night dropped a sable cloak, and, with night, came the noises of night, the rub-rub-rub of far signal-drums; the chatter of the Balolo women squatting about their cook-pots; the staccato laugh of a hyena; the chirp and whistle of innumerable monkeys; the mating-call of a lioness, beginning in a rumbling basso and peaking to a thin, tremulous, frustrated falsetto. . . .

The hours passed on leaden feet. The savage symphony broke off, suddenly, in mid-air. It was followed by silence—complete, swathing, sardonic.

The heat was thick, clogging. She raised the leather tent flap to get a breath of wind.

Africa was out there. That brooding, festering immensity called Africa. A thing monstrous and free; spotted with lust and bestiality. And—her queer imagining—it was not Man, but Africa itself that had taken Tim, swallowed him. . . .

The thought brought fear. But, immediately, she steadied her quivering nerves. For there was Tim—who needed her. . . .

She stared into the night. Beneath its black vaulting loomed the medicine-temple. She saw a light flickering through the tightly-woven rush walls. Mihupi, evidently, was still awake. Who—surely—had not told her the whole truth. And she remembered that he had always liked her; had often, at mission school, professed his devotion, his gratitude. She would speak to him—to-night—now. Would argue, beg, implore. . . .

She ran across the road. From the temple came faint laughter; somebody must be with Mihupi.

But when, not long later, having knocked at the door and having been bid to enter, she looked about the dimly-lit interior, she noticed that the man was by himself; asked wonderingly:

"I thought I heard laughter. . . . ?"

"You did. *I* was laughing"—he paused—"at my own thoughts. I was alone—but for these. . . ."

He pointed at the far end of the room where, on a platform, a dozen smaller juju idols were grouped about a tall, man-size one, all roughly shaped to resemble human figures and plastered with black clay. She looked at them and gave a shudder of revulsion—they seemed to represent all the ignorance, all the unspeakable, sadistic cruelties of Africa. . . .

She turned her back on them.

"You and I," she began, "used to be friends."

"More than mere friend to me." The man was utterly sincere. "My teacher you were—my father and mother—and always so kindly."

"Then would you . . . ?"

"I know what you wish. But—how can I do the impossible?"

"Oh. . . ."

"I told you before"—he grew a little impatient—"that I kept my oath. Ah—I treated him as if he were a god. Do you doubt my word?"

"No, no. . . ."

She did not know how to proceed; was silent.

A signal-drum spanned the distance with muffled shocks and lingering, droning vibrations. She confounded the sounds with the dry pulsing of her own heart. She sighed. She felt terribly young, terribly weak, terribly afraid. Africa—she thought—Africa all around her like a wall, black, enormous, threatening to topple over and crush her—as it had crushed Tim. Why—she told herself—he was no more. Her quest had been in vain. Nothing for her to do but trek back to the coast. . . .

"All right," she said dully.

She took a step towards the door—and, the next second, quickly, stopped short.

For she felt—something. Something, from somewhere, like a definite human intelligence that was focusing upon her; a human soul in agony of entreaty and despair that was endeavouring to communicate with her, to tell her—*what*?

She shook her head.

Hysteria — she reflected — nothing but hysteria.

Yet the sensation remained. It gained in positiveness. She tried to understand. Tried hard. So hard. And, suddenly, she knew.

Yes—jubilantly—she knew!

But she must use this knowledge shrewdly; must have all her wits about her—and she said to Mihupi.

"Yes. He has vanished. And yet . . ."

"Well?"

"Suppose he reappears some day, will you—on your oath as a Balolo—bear him no ill-will for what happened in the past? Will you forgive him—freely, fully?"

"A useless oath. Like a line written on water. He will not return."

"Still—will you swear, for my sake, because we are friends?"

He smiled at her as if humouring a child.

"Very well. I give oath by the God of the mission school and by the jujus of my tribe that I shall forgive the white man—if ever . . ."

"Then forgive him now!" she exclaimed. "Forgive the man whom—oh yes—you treated as a god!"

And she ran up to the platform. She threw her arms about the tallest of the idols. . . .

It was an hour later that Captain O'Connor-Burke, rather weak and shaky, asked Mihupi for a third gourdful of palm-beer.

"Don't nag me about drinkin' too much," he said to Caroline. "Nasty taste in my mouth. Some of that sticky clay they plastered me with seeped through the gag, down my throat."

"Poor dear!"

"Poor dear is right. They popped me out of hidin' and on to that platform as soon as the drums announced you were comin'. Been standin' there for hours, gagged and hog-tied. Same thing happened before—when the colonel sent his bally experts to investigate. Can't imagine how uncomfortable I felt and how utterly silly—dressed up as one of those damned jujus. . . ." He turned to Mihupi. "Sorry. Didn't mean to insult your pet gods."

He laughed. So did the negro. There was between these two sudden liking. Then Mihupi became serious—and worried.

"There will be trouble for me," he said, because of . . ."

"What you did to me? Oh—I had it comin' to me. I behaved rather like an ass—over that cigar you offered me. So I won't let on to the colonel. I mean—not officially. Unofficially I'll have to. To explain my absence—y'see. But he's a sportsman. He'll understand." He raised the gourd; drank copiously. "By the way—when I get back from the coast . . ."

"Get back—here?"

"Right. As resident commissioner. Well—when I get back, I'll need a bigger hut. Big enough for two—me and the wife." He waved a tactless, cavalierly hand at Caroline; went on: "Haven't a cigar about you—have you, old fellow . . . ?"

End

Books

(*Continued from page 52*)

ten years of the twentieth—a period which the author contrives to make appear in many ways impossibly remote. She has a keen eye for the absurdities of her own generation in terms of to-day, is often really funny at her own expense and other people's, and proves conclusively that even little girls, encumbered as they were with endless clothes and conventions, could be very naughty in the nineties.

Exploring With Byrd, Compiled and Revised by Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), is just the sort of modest, accurate, competent book one might expect from a man who, after witnessing the hectic development of aviation as a war-time pilot, flew first to the North Pole and then to the South, with a transatlantic flight between, and then calmly returned to the antarctic on another expedition of discovery. His comment on reaching the South Pole is typical: "One gets there and that is about all there is for the telling. It is the effort to get there that counts." Admiral Byrd's story is the story of continual effort, always made in the interests of science and never of personal ambition. His style is readable and extremely lucid, but as unassuming as himself. With so much to say, he very wisely leaves excitement and drama to take care of themselves. He can afford to.

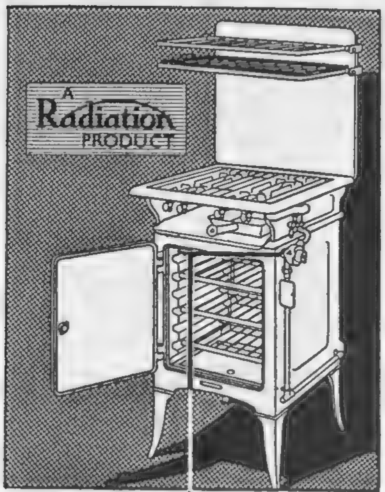
For drama and excitement Mr. Willson Disher is the man to apply to. In his *Greatest Show on Earth* (Bell, 15s.) he recaptures a thrill we have all of us felt at one time or another—the lure of the sawdust ring, the glitter and magic of the circus. Using as his background the history of Astleys' (later Sanger's) Royal Circus, he parades a whole century of London life before us. He is lively and well-informed, his quotations and anecdotes are always to the point, and his characters live because he knows them and loves them all, from Philip Astley to the redoubtable "Lord" George Sanger, as though they were his own children. Amateurs of the circus will need no introduction to the author of *Clowns and Pantomimes*, but this book has a more general appeal, and the illustrations, reproduced from contemporary prints, are worthy of the rest of the book.

Mr. Cyril Beaumont is another scholar of the world of entertainment whose love of his subject is apparent in the care and devotion he has lavished on his writing. His *Complete Book of Ballets* (Putnam, 25s.) is an encyclopædic survey of the ballet from 1800 to the present day. Two hundred ballets are dealt with, with details of theme, choreography, music scenery and costumes. Dancers who appeared in principal rôles are given, together with notes on the origin and history of each ballet. Among the mass of recent ballet books, rushed out to cater for the ballet boom, this stands out as a serious work of reference. It is readable, well illustrated and well indexed.

In its seventeen prefatory pages and a hundred plates, *The Way of Birds* (Collins, 25s.), by R. B. Talbot Kelly, R.I., brings to the layman and the townee the whole fascination of what the study of birds could mean. Both in writing and drawing, Captain Kelly possesses that economy of expression which is one of the surest signs of perfect familiarity with one's subject. The chapters on feathers and the mechanics of flight are as good as the drawings themselves, which are beautifully reproduced in line and colour.

Charles Graves succeeds again with *The Price of Pleasure* (Nicholson & Watson 7s. 6d.) which makes the same double appeal to our curiosity. Whether he is discussing the £s.d. of flats or flowers, of bookies or ballerinas, of taxi-driving or trout fishing, of manicuring or Mussolini's war-mongering, he is ready with his figures in order and his balance sheet ready for the auditors' inspection, worked into a story that is generally seen from a new angle. Here is journalism at its brightest. Having assembled his facts with thoroughness, he presents them briefly and amusingly, and crowds a surprising amount of information into a page. Incidentally, this book contains a crushing reply to the ambition of children who want to become either engine drivers or film stars. Parents, please note.

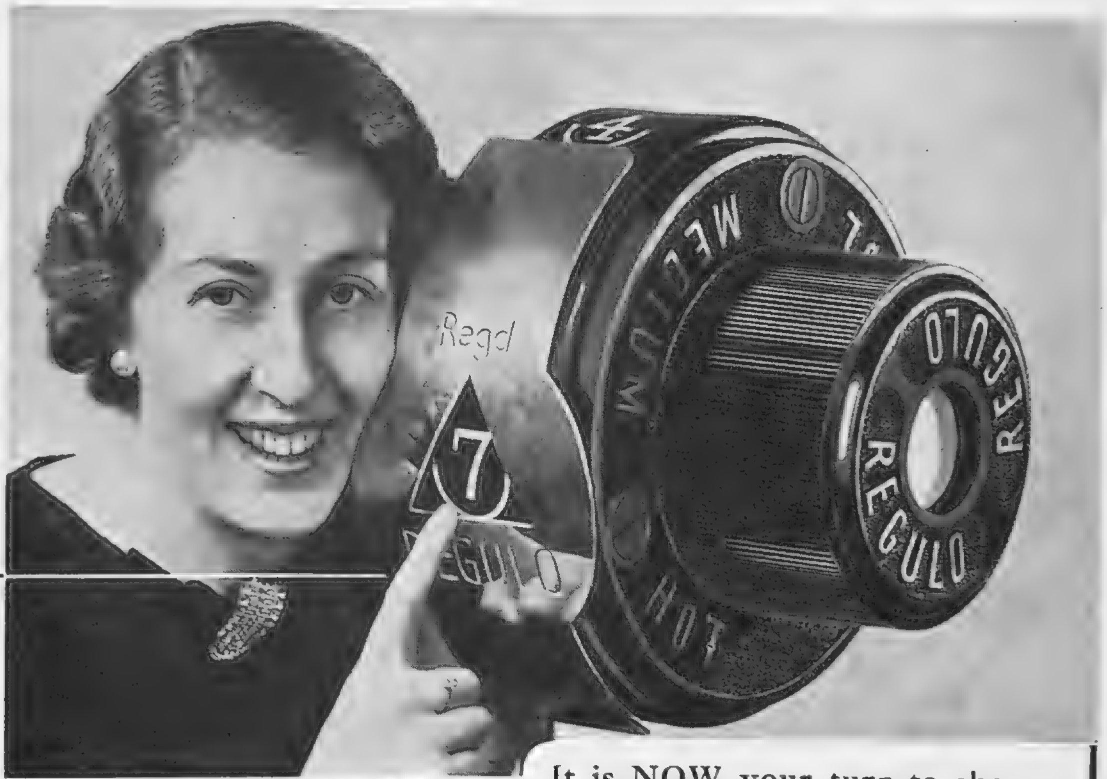
End



7 in the 'Regulo' triangle—and a whole dinner, perfectly cooked, for the table!

"Although I am not a very precise sort of person I find precision cooking so delightfully easy that I don't even have to bother about being precise. Now, I ask you, what could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables, and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again: then collect compliments for my marvellous cookery? In a way it doesn't seem fair; but I must confess I like it."

Precision cooking is the only logical way to conserve all the natural juices of meats, vegetables and fruits, so necessary for the building-up of a healthy nation. And the key to Precision Cooking is the number in the little triangle on the 'Regulo'



NEW WORLD

Regulo-Controlled Porcelain Enamelled

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

It is NOW your turn to change over to PRECISION COOKING

May we send you full particulars of Precision Cooking and a Recipe Book—free and post free. If so, fill in and post this Coupon

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

To Radiation Ltd. (Dept. S53/8)
164 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Table Talk

(*Continued from page* 39)

best and simplest. The breakfast cloth is best, one that is brightly coloured, check if possible and the fruit can be arranged in the centre.

It is generally simpler to tell your new maid that luncheon and family supper are roughly the same, and a real party-luncheon and a little-dinner are similar in layout, too. Many a ducal butler would shudder as he heard this; but the fact remains that, for all practical purposes, this is a good way to tackle the problem in the modern small home.

First, the luncheon or supper set-up. Be simple. Decorative fruit, or flowers in the centre; for supper all you need can be supplied by modern Nell Gwynn candles in the admirable holders that come with the candles, in exact matching colours. Do not be afraid of letting your silver fruit bowl and simple candles speak for themselves; and do not overload, ever, with decoration for the simple meal.

Put the small plate on the left, and have the silver arranged from outside in as usual. Individual butter pots are a nice idea.

It is difficult to train a young maid to clear the table silently for dessert after a grand dinner. For this reason, if she waits on you at family supper, try not to be lazy or hurried, and get her to clear each night, and then place the dessert plates, and finger bowls.

For the family luncheon she will be taught to leave the coffee things ready on the side—or finally to bring the trolley in with them and leave it beside you, for you to make the coffee.

For the formal luncheon and the little dinner at home, the table should put on its best manner. In this case, the layout of knives and forks must be both correct and formal.

The decoration is immensely helped by candles, and some rather decorative vase of flowers or ornament in plastics. Fruit in its silver or glass bowl comes on at dessert.

There are small points your maid will want to know: that the oyster fork goes to the *right*, on the outside; soup spoon next.

If you have already filled the centre of each cover with a prepared grapefruit or bouillon cup already placed, then the napkin goes more suitably to the left on the bread plate, best of all quite flat, with the pattern or monogram in centre. The less fuss there is, the better.

The treasured maid and the wise hostess will never be at a loss for the layout of that nerve-wracking thing, an informal party or the still more difficult situation "bringing some people back. . . ."

The wisdom of keeping a tinned or glass supply and a reserve supply of drinks, is obvious. For the rest, well-known stores have admirable arrangements for last moment cooked foods.

But, always for the sudden meal, follow the fork-lunch or buffer lay-out. Forks, spoons, knives and plates piled; hot and cold dishes standing ready; drinks and glasses . . . and help yourself. The sweets and fruit (if you can invent them in time) can stand along the centre of the main table, and the guests help themselves for the rest, from the sideboard.

Meanwhile, one is brought back sharply against the first, basic needs. Selection of the right type of cutlery, careful simplicity in laying the table, personal care of the glass.

END

Good-Bye to Bohemia

(*Continued from page* 41)

"*En avant, les petits gars*," a patriotic song which made people think of what was coming from across the Rhine. And how right they were.

There were just two cafés in the Champs Elysées in those days: one famous one on the left-hand side; it is there still. On the right-hand side, there was another, not at all well known, and that one vanished long before the horde of others arrived in the Champs Elysées. What a stately and noble avenue that was. Not a dressmaker, not a cinema (of course not) not a restaurant. One or two very smart hotels, and the homes of the *noblesse*. Now, well now, I don't have to tell you. You can see for yourself. It is very nice, in its way.

And the Rue de la Paix, do you remember it? Do you remember it as it was when twelve o'clock struck and the little *midinettes* came trooping out in hundreds, laughing and joking, hatless, but with their hair neatly dressed. Off they went to the Tuileries Gardens where they sat and nibbled chocolate and munched bread, and so lunched happily. The more stately creatures, the mannequins, went off to lunch to some of the nearby restaurants, unless nobody invited them that day and then they ate their lunch on the premises. To-day the Rue de la Paix is struggling along, but they tell me it is just coming back to its once high standard of fashion.

If you wanted to see the French literary lions you went to the Café Napolitain, where you could sit and listen to high conversation and sip a glass of beer which cost thirty centimes, or a glass of coffee and milk, a *mazagrin*, as they used to call it, which cost just about the same. If you wanted to see the French journalists off duty, you went to a café near the Bourse, the Café Croissant.

What amusing newspapers Paris had in those days. The *Matin* and the *Journal* used to out-do each other with pranks and jokes. The *Matin* ran a campaign protesting against the bad condition of the wooden roadways. The roads were full of holes, and when it rained the puddles stayed for days and days. The *Matin* one night sent out a number of young reporters with ducks under their arms, and when Paris went to work in the early hours of the morning, they found the boulevards' roadways full of quacking ducks. On another occasion, the *Matin* organised the cross-country race to which I have already alluded. The newspaper thought that the Municipal Council was taking too long to repair the roads, so they got hundreds of their readers to take part in a race using the obstacles as I have said. What fun that was.

I suppose Paris did have more to laugh at, and this is what I think occurred. There was not as much fear as there is to-day. Just previous to 1914, that is to say from about 1912, there was often talk of war, but previous to 1912 I can remember no cloud ever crossing the happy horizon of Paris. People lived easily, they did not seem to worry about anything. That is why one was so glad to go and live in Paris, if one possibly could. One was ready to make sacrifices, and one certainly did have to sacrifice one's comfort, because for the same sum of money one could live at that time much more comfortably in London than in Paris, but one found there were other things to be had out of life apart from solid comfort, and those things Paris offered with a free and open hand.

I COULD talk and write at great length about the joy of Sundays in Paris, the Sundays of Bohemia. It was so easy to amuse oneself. One just walked in the Bois, or one went to the races, so easily and so cheaply, or one took a steamboat for a few pennies along the Seine, out to St. Cloud, where one could sit and eat in the sunshine, and have a jolly time without harming a soul, even though it was Sunday.

Of course, there is no doubt that the coming of the motor car and the motor cycle helped to kill the Bohemia of Paris. People went further afield for their amusements. I have no doubt that Parisians live to-day a much healthier life than they did in those days, but I am convinced that they used to live much jollier lives than they do nowadays.

Paris was full of queer and interesting characters. Have you ever heard of Alexandre Duval, by any chance? He is the man who inherited an enormous fortune from his father, who was a wholesale meat merchant, and then he ruined himself, as they say, for the sake of that lovely English *courtesan* of Paris, Cora Pearl. Duval tried to commit suicide but he recovered and he lived to found a chain of restaurants at which many readers have probably eaten in days gone by. Alexandre Duval was the founder of the Duval Restaurants which to-day have passed from Paris

Duval was a great character, and he knew it. He dressed himself in a particular way, and if I may say so without offence, he was a sort of French Lord Lonsdale. He liked people to turn round and say: "You see that man? That is Alexandre Duval." He was at every first night; he loved to see himself portrayed on the stage.

The restaurants of those days were the places where people used to go and spend a long time over their meals. Lunch would last anywhere from two to three hours. Those days have gone. There is much less eating and drinking in Paris to-day. Many of the great old restaurants have passed away, practically forgotten. Now Paris is going in more for the quick lunch style of thing. How many of the old Bohemians must shudder in the Elysian Fields, as they look down and see the Grands Boulevards as they are to-day. Practically all the great cafés have vanished, or those that still remain do so in name only. The *clientèle* has gone, but some of the old waiters linger on.

Englishmen have played their part in Bohemian Paris. There was an old coachman named Booth who started a café-restaurant just off the Champs Elysées where he did a very thriving trade providing English fare for the many English coachmen there used to be in Paris in those days. When the day of the horse-drawn carriage passed, Booth went on providing roast-beef and baked potatoes and cabbage for the successor of the English coachman: the English chauffeur.

An old English clown who was famous for generations at the Nouveau Cirque, in the Rue St. Honoré, was known as Footit, but his real name was Hall. When he retired, he took a bar and restaurant and provided English food, and for some time he did very well indeed. On the other side of the Champs Elysées an Englishman kept a sort of Frenchified public house. His name was Billy Baker.

The true Bohemian of the old days, and I am not talking of such a very long time ago, remember, just about thirty years and perhaps hardly that, used to like to talk and smoke, but he was a very abstemious person. He would drink perhaps one *apéritif* and then he would drink after dinner two or three *bocks* or a few glasses of coffee. But he did like to talk, and how good the talk was. Nowadays, one finds more talk, perhaps, but not such good quality.

Restaurants had their own particular *clientèle*. There was, for instance, Foyot which has just recently closed its doors for the last time. If one went to Foyot one knew one would find the restaurant half full of Senators from the nearby Senate House. On the other hand, Larue at the corner of the Rue Royale, just facing the Madeleine, was the favourite restaurant of Cabinet Ministers. Often have I seen Aristide Briand discussing a fried sole and half a bottle of white wine, and the international situation, with two or three of his colleagues.

Across the way was another famous restaurant, which is now the headquarters of a world famous travel agency. We could go on indefinitely. We could stroll along the Boulevard St. Michel and point out the restaurants that were, and the restaurants that are. Many of the names remain over the doorway, but gone are the days when it was amusing to eat

(*Continued on page* 98)

THIS
NEW SANITARY PROTECTION
brings women
new freedom • new comfort • new security

★ WORN INTERNALLY ★

NO BELTS
NO PADS
NO PINS

Invisible
TAMPAX
NO PINS . NO PADS . NO BE

"OF course! It's so much more sensible!" every woman instinctively says, when she is told of Tampax.

This new method of protection is an adaptation of the medical tampon, used for internal absorption. It has been perfected by a gynæcologist for regular monthly use. *Tampax is worn internally*, and consists of a small, highly compressed tampon of sterilised surgical cotton. It is extremely absorbent, perfectly hygienic, and extremely simple to use. Tampax ends all discomfort and embarrassment. No more belts, pins, and bulky pads. No chafing irritation. You live the same active life as on every other day of the month. In the evening you can wear your most sheath-like gown with serene assurance. Tampax is completely, invisibly protective—and even you are quite unconscious of its presence.

Tampax will never become dislodged even during very strenuous exercise, yet it can be removed in an instant. Moreover, it banishes odour, because it prevents its formation.

Doctors strongly recommend Tampax in preference to the clumsy and unhygienic external pad. A package containing a month's supply costs one shilling and sixpence and fits easily into your handbag. Small packages one shilling. Full instructions for use are enclosed in each package.

TAMPAX

REGD. TRADE MARK

TAMPAX is sold by Boots the Chemist, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteleys, Lewis's Ltd., and other good class chemists, drapers and stores. If your local chemist or department store has not yet stocked Tampax, address this coupon to: Tampax Limited, 10, Bolton Street, London, W.1.

Please send me the regular size package of Tampax for which I enclose 1/6d. (stamps or P.O.)

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

B.E.1

resh-boiled crayfish in the early hours of the morning. Now, there may be crayfish, but there is an awful lot of mechanical music as well.

There were few French boxers in the old days, but every Saturday night there was a good fight to be seen when the participants were nearly always English or American. One of the very first French boxers to make a name was George Carpentier. Now, as good-looking as ever, he runs a bar of his own, just in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe.

Of the old time Parisian music halls, practically the only one that is able to stand on its own feet to-day is the Folies Bergères, but even they have changed their routine. In the Bohemian days, there was one revue a year, which began in the autumn. The rest of the season was taken up with the music hall performance. Nowadays, the Folies Bergères is a revue house, and there is no music hall, but, for the matter of that, the music hall in Paris is as dead as it is in London.

On a Friday afternoon, the thing to do for those who could afford it was to go and take tea in a certain restaurant, or rather tea room of a hotel in the Champs Elysées and watch the beautiful ladies drinking tea. That hotel is now a bank. When I come to think of it, most of the famous hotels are to-day either banks or cinemas. Olympia, that famous home of mirth and music, on the Boulevard des Capucines, is now a cinema. Of course, there are several of the very famous hotels still left, particularly along the Rue de Rivoli which has, as a street, changed less perhaps than any of the famous streets of the Paris that was.

Paris has never taken to the double-decked omnibus. The omnibus of the Paris streets has always been practically as it is now in shape and form, but when it was a pair horse affair, there was an upper deck; there were long benches where people sat solemnly back to back, but those omnibuses had one very great use; they were the best method of seeing Paris. They went along, jog-trotting, no hurry, taking life easily, just as the Parisians themselves did. Locomotion was very happy-go-lucky. I referred in my opening paragraph to the *sapins*, the horse-drawn cab; the *cochers* with their ruddy faces and their glazed tin hats. For me, those horse cabs, those little light things that could be pushed over so easily, will for ever bring back memories of the Paris that is no more. When the *sapins* vanished, the Paris of those days vanished too. Paris said good-bye to Bohemia, regretfully, with more than one sigh. But what is to be done?

As I write, Montmartre is coming to life again. The Bal Tabarin is gay and bright and amusing; perhaps the great-grand-children of the once upon a time *can-can* dancers are to-day dancing merrily among the ghosts of Paris yesteryear?

END

I Travel to see People

(*Continued from page* 29)

hunted up the officer of the watch. "Why," he exclaimed, "entertaining gentlemen is that girl's business! She's part of the ship's company!" One learns that every man's morals are *his* business, and that other people's codes, and religions, and manners and customs, may just possibly be as good as our own. Intolerance wears thin with open-eyed and open-minded travel. One discovers, perhaps reluctantly, that there is no such thing as a "superior race;" that there is ever so much less difference between an American gentleman and a Chinese gentleman than between an American gentleman and an American bounder. It is curative, also, to find the shoe of prejudice on the other foot. With a date caravan on the Libyan Desert, an Englishman and I found that the Mohammedan merchants, though kindness itself, would not permit us to eat with them, and, in Haiti, we were politely turned away from an inn because we were *white*.

YEARS ago, on the express from Vienna to Paris, I shared a compartment with the first complete man-of-the-world I had ever encountered. When he spoke to the porter, I thought him a German; when he conversed with his secretary, I rated him French, and, when he addressed me, I asked, "Are you an American?" From this chap, I acquired an invaluable list of cafés and restaurants that are not run for "foreigners." (I quote that word because I dislike it as much as any, except "alien." How can any member of the human race be "foreign" or "alien" to another?) I never knew how tempting the French cuisine could be until I began invading tiny Parisian restaurants, with four or five tables, where the proprietor or his wife did the cooking, and grew almost devout over the fowl or vegetables they showed you before carrying them to the kitchen. After you've paid American prices *plus* at restaurants run for Americans, you'll be amazed at what seventy-five cents will buy in the Rue St. Denis, or on the quay at Algiers.

You'll be surprised, too, at "what a little world" this really is. On this quay at Algiers, one night a restaurant keeper I'd never seen before addressed me by name. "You don't remember me," he explained, "but I was headwaiter at the Friars' Club in New York." And it was a Greek money-changer at Brindisi who asked me whether I knew "Jimmy Walker." *They* had met—I don't know how socially—in London. In Athens, I spent several evenings with Samuel Insull, and discussed Ward Morehouse, of *The New York Evening Sun*, with a chap at the *American Express* who had played handball with me at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's on top the old Madison Square Garden, and wasn't quite sure whether he'd encountered Morehouse at Rio or in a plane flying to Constantinople.

Every people, of course, has its little peculiarities, but, somehow, you don't mind 'em when you begin to comprehend. I can't warm to the modern Greeks, but one of the most delightful fellows I ever met was the old chap who ran the rest-house at Sunium, where I was far less interested in the Temple of Poseidon than in his gossip of the neighbourhood. Your preconceptions of races get such awful jolts. Reared in the West, where a Mexican was a "greaser," I grew up believing that all our Southern brothers were thieves and murderers. The cleanest, kindest people I've ever struck anywhere are the Mayan Indians, and Mexico is the only country I've ever visited where no one tried to short-change me.

The small French tradesman is best at that game. In Bordeaux once, when I caught a cigar merchant at it, he brought his wife, and then all his servants, and finally a policeman to swear that the price had gone up since noon, when I'd made my last purchase. The keeper of a Paris hotel where I'd lived off and on for thirty years, gave me a match at the railway station, and charged me for the box—twenty centimes—on his bill at the end of the week. Another in Biskra was so busy measuring how much candle I'd burned that he actually forgot to add in the room-rent. BUT it was a third French hotel-keeper who, when I arrived penniless and without baggage at Brussels, bade me welcome, and said, "If you can pay in the end, I shall be glad of the money. If you can't, I shall be glad of the kindness." So you never can tell!

If you travel widely and broadly enough, you learn to take things as they come—which isn't bad training for staying at home, either. You learn to take people as they come. The man who turns away from another because he's a "stranger," or of a different race or class, hasn't been about much. Most of us begin with a certain hostility to the fellow who gets into our railway compartment, or sits next us in a public room, unless he's a member of our lodge, or comes from our town. On a French boat to Palermo, just after the World War, I had reserved a table for myself, and wasn't too pleased at sharing it with an Austrian monk. This Benedictine proved to be one of the gentlest, simplest and most learned men of my acquaintance, the author of several books on anthropology. I spent some time in his monastery, St. Peter's at Salzburg, where I taught forty other gentle and simple friars to play mah-jongg. All Austria was telling and believing the same stories about outrages perpetrated by American soldiers that we had told and believed of the Germans, and life about us teemed with the pitiful and dramatic.

Vienna was full of outsiders made rich by the war or by the subsequent currency inflation. Two or three bright, new cafés were always crowded with noisy vulgarians. A dollar or a lira would buy millions of kronen, and millions of kronen would buy almost anything. My dentist stopped filling a tooth to sell his rug to the patient, who had discovered that its cost, in his own money, was almost nothing. The people who had not dollars or lira, but only kronen, were starving. A friend who had been a professor in the university attached himself to me, and I pretended not to see the butter and meat slip from his plate to the napkin in which it was taken home to his family. Men in officers' uniforms or frock coats walked through the streets carrying their belongings to the pawnbrokers. Early one morning I encountered my professor with a grandfather's clock. "You must have coffee at my house," he said. What we drank wasn't coffee, and what we ate wasn't bread—only wretched substitutes—but my hosts were as gracious and smiling as though their table had been loaded with the choicest viands.

Human nature is too, too exciting, and too, too unbelievable. There was that Swedish first mate of a tramp ship I boarded at Barcelona; I saw him knock down two murderous lightermen in the same minute, but he was scared to death of an hundred and sixteen pounds of girl who was waiting for him at Stockholm. There was the fat pig of an American who mounted the only donkey we had, when our boat stuck in the Nile, and we were set ashore, with dozens of women among us, to walk across desert sand to the railway. All of us cheered when the beast threw its rider into a mud-hole—but, a week later, our fat pig grasped by the neck an hooded cobra that had escaped from a fakir, and was about to strike at a child. There was the gambler out of luck in San Salvador, who loaded five chambers of his revolver, closed his eyes, spun the cylinder, pressed the weapon to his temple, and pulled the trigger—thereby giving himself one chance in six—and the San Francisco tug-boat captain whose vessel became the Salvadorian navy, and who fled when he was caught renting the navy to fishing parties.

Some years ago, I spent months wandering through country where for centuries Moslems had fought Christians. And then, in Italy, I met a scholar who had been making a comparative study of the Koran and the Bible. "The differences between Mohammedanism and Christianity are slight," he said. I thought of the thousands upon thousands of men who had killed one another because they didn't know that. A great Frenchman declared, "To understand everything is to forgive everything." Real understanding finds little to forgive. It is hard to know people without liking them. And even those we can't like we can't hate, either, if contact has given us sympathy and respect for the other fellow's viewpoint. It is insularity that explains the Londoner who told me he kept off the Continent because "Continentals drive on the wrong side of the street." Only a stay-at-home could be so sure that his side was the right side.

All this seems to me more important than museums or cathedrals. I don't mean, of course, that I shall pass through Agra without visiting the Taj Mahal, or that most of my fortnight in Granada wasn't devoted to the Alhambra. Nor yet

(*Continued on page* 100)

BY APPOINTMENT

Where Fashion decrees. **YARDLEY LAVENDER**

Lavender in Sprinkler Bottles, Stoppered Bottles and Decanters 2/6 to 2 guineas; Lavender Soap —2/6 box of 3 tablets; Lavender Face Powder 2/-; Bath Dusting Powder 3/6; Lavendomeal—the new bath luxury—3/- and 9/6, etc.
[Prices do not apply in I.F.S.]

From the moment she enters the room, the head waiter is her slave and the flagging violin takes new heart. Exquisite in every detail, she chooses for her perfume the Yardley Lavender, to which fashionable women instinctively turn for daytime and informal wear. The winsome beauty of this lovable fragrance gives that air of refinement and charm which adds so much to the enjoyment of every occasion.

Perfumed with the same refreshing fragrance, the Yardley Lavender Soap, with its soft mellow lather, has refined and beautified her complexion. It is a beauty treatment in itself.

Yardley 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

She's somebody's
drene *girl!*

It's easy to see that she's a **drene** girl! Look at her hair—there's a sheen on every wave, a twinkle in every curl! **drene** has freed her hair for ever from the dulling "lime-film" left by old fashioned washing methods. **drene** is soapless, so it cannot, as ordinary soap and soap shampoos do, mix with the lime which is in all water and form this disfiguring, unrinsable film. More than that, **drene** washes away "old lime-film" and leaves your hair lustrous, lovely and ready for easy setting. ★ *Try* **drene** *to-night.* A few drops on your hair with plenty of water, a brisk rub, a thorough rinse in clear water—and you'll be a **drene** beauty too!

drene *is in three sizes—6d., 1/6 and 2/6 at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Woolworths, etc.* ★ *Send name and address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to Thomas Hedley and Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.E.I.), 18, Queen's Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and you will receive a trial bottle of* **drene** *— enough for at least two very thorough shampoos.*

drene
THE MARVELLOUS NEW SHAMPOO ★ IT'S LIQUID ★ IT'S SOAPLESS

that I went to the Alhambra without having read Washington Irving, and the history of the Moors in Spain. Travellers who know nothing see nothing—neither mosques nor people. I have in mind a compatriot at Pompeii who asked his wife when the city was destroyed, and whose wife asked their guide. The reply, of course, was "A.D. 79."

"1879," the wife told her husband, and they went away satisfied. To know mosques *or* people, you must know what went into their making. Otherwise, "faces are but a gallery of pictures," and a gallery of pictures are only faces.

But the man who goes about with his nose in a Baedeker, or above a camera, trying to be awe-struck before every chapel and fresco, is in no better case. A year later, he isn't sure whether that cathedral was Gothic or early Colonial, or whether he saw it in Cologne, or Seville, or Antwerp. There aren't many things in the world, or in life, big enough to stand out in one's memory. At random, after covering a couple of hundred thousand miles or so, I recall the Grand Cañon, Niagara, the Alhambra, the Acropolis, Karnak Temple, ancient structures at Ghizeh and Chichen, a few paintings, a few marbles and bronzes, and myriad interesting people, charming people, unusual people and incidents in Peoria, and points East, West, North and South. I recall the evening I played the same number for hours at Monte Carlo without winning once, and the strange feverish bystanders who tried to convert me to their systems. I recall the Dutch farmer who gave me an Edam cheese that I kept endeavouring to leave in hotels and railway trains, and that always was brought back to me by panting porters who had to be tipped for their honesty and trouble. I recall Sicilian chambermaids who came into your room when you were quite naked, but never said "Good morning" until they encountered you clothed—persuaded, evidently, that you remained invisible until trousered. *And* the girls who rode with us in a carnival in Havana, *and*, above all, the optimists we met up the Nile.

Every time the boat grounded, six of them—sailors—carried the anchor into the middle of the river, chanting as they waded. The theory was that, when the donkey engine pulled at its rope, the anchor would stick, and drag the boat off. What always happened was that the boat stuck, and dragged back the anchor. Marcus said that Egyptian sailors had been trying this for three thousand years. "Is there any record," I asked, "that it ever succeeded?"

Marcus said, "No"; neither he, nor his father, nor *his* father or grandfather had ever heard of a case where the boat hadn't stuck, and dragged back the anchor.

"What's that song they sing as they work?" I inquired.

It was a native chant, Marcus said, that the sailors had always sung. "The words are Arabic, and, translated, they mean, 'We can do it—We can do it.'"

They hadn't—not once—in three thousand years, but they still tried, and they still sang.

END

Good Cooking by Gas

(Continued from page 66)

oven is one of the newest contribution to good cookery. An oven with a fireproof glass face that enables one to watch the food while it is cooking has it obvious advantages.

The "Vulcan" cooker has this splendid feature. It has also many of the best and latest features of the modern cooker such as automatic control, covered grill and porcelain enamel finish.

Reversible grid shelves are a innovation in the new Main "Sussex" cooker. The grid shelves are specially constructed so as to give a variety of shelf spacings never before available. This means that more dishes can be got into the oven.

There is a "Sussex" cooker for kitchens of every size, and the smallest is as handsomely equipped as the largest.

END

INDIGESTION
Relieved Instantly!

'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell.

For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Be sure it is 'MILK of Magnesia'—there is nothing "just as good."

Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity)
Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Can you look your best with a growth of hair? Or feel your best?
Consult Helen Lawrence
and get expert advice for your superfluous hair.
Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
Call or write for Home Treatment 13/-
Personal Treatment at Kensington 10/6
Postage abroad 2/6
81, EARL'S COURT ROAD,
Kensington, LONDON, W.8

'Phone:
Western 4518
Hours 10 to 5
Sat.: 10 to 1

dancing on Saturday!

Stop perspiration odour with this new cream

1. Can't rot dresses — can't irritate skin. 2. No waiting to dry. 3. Can be used straight after shaving. 4. Stops perspiration instantly — removes odour from perspiration. 5. Stainless, greaseless, soothing to the skin. At Boots and all leading chemists and department stores.

ARRID 1/11 a jar

Floor Facts

(*Continued from page* 67)

perfect order is regular polishing with Ronuk.

Floors should be absolutely bare, clean and dry before you attempt to stain them. If the floor needs scrubbing first, do not use soda and see that the soap is well rinsed out with one or two applications of clean, cold water. Lay the stain onto the dried floor "with the grain" as far as possible and paint quickly, covering as much surface as the stain will properly penetrate and yet be readily absorbed.

If there are open nail holes in the floorboards, stop these with coloured putty *after* the staining and before polishing.

With lustrous floorboards it is essential that the furniture itself should have a satin finish—cloudy, sticky furniture is out of place with a highly polished floor.

A cream that not only takes away the "bloomy" tinge from furniture but which also revives its colour and grain is essential if the full beauty of the wood is to be seen. Stephenson's Furniture Cream has, as another advantage beside these, that it does not fingermark.

Polished boards and polished furniture are sometimes thought to invite much labour, but this is only the case where inferior polishes are used.

Winter Salads

(*Continued from page* 71)

Cheshire Salad

For each person, one head of Belgian endive.
One quarter of orange.
Half a tomato.
Salt, pepper, Cheshire cheese.
Oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Remove outside leaves and wash and dry the endives and cut them into small pieces. Peel the orange carefully, removing all white pith and divide it into its quarters, removing the pips.

Cut each piece of orange into two or three. Also peel the tomato, cut it in pieces, removing seeds.

Put all this into the salad bowl and dress with the plain dressing described above. Mix well and cover the top with a good sprinkling of slightly stale Cheshire cheese. A little finely chopped onion is an improvement if you are not afraid of the flavour.

Curry Flavour

(*Continued from page* 70)

If you are making soup for four, use six portions of boiling water, that is one-third more to allow for evaporation. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for about thirty-five to forty minutes. Pass the soup through a very fine strainer and let it get cold when you remove the grease.

Pour into a clean saucepan, bring almost to the boil and at the last minute, bind with the yolk of an egg, diluted in a little cream or milk.

Devilled Canapés

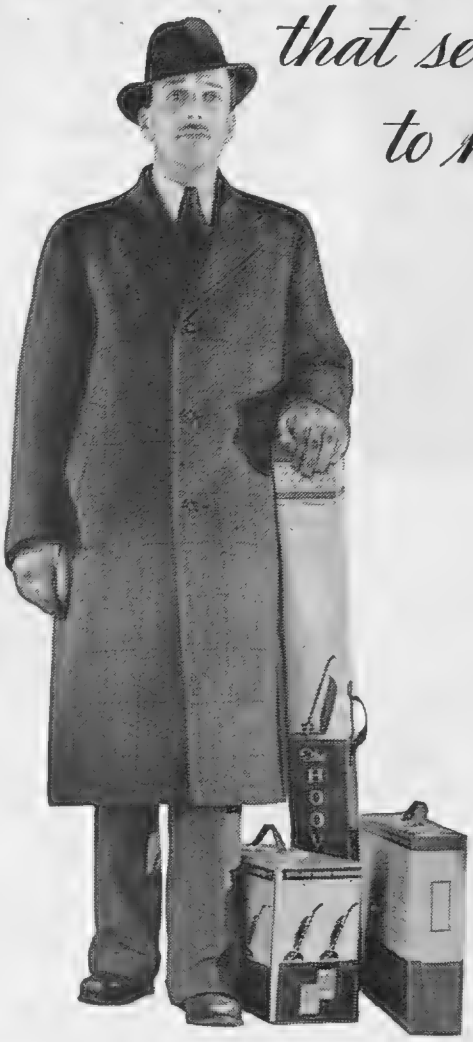
Curry basis.
Hard-boiled eggs or cheese or cooked ham.
Butter, salt.

Different little spicy savoury bits can be made with the curry basis. First of all you should make this as described above, letting it simmer until it has well reduced and thickened. Let it get cold. Meanwhile have some chopped hard-boiled eggs, or cooked ham, or grated cheese.

Take half curry basis, half of any of the other ingredients and mix them thoroughly together. Add now a little butter, salt and pound this mixture till you have a smooth paste which is ready to spread on dry biscuits or toast or could be put into tiny puff-paste cases.

These little *canapés* can be used for cocktails, as *hors d'œuvre*, or could be served hot as a savoury.

PARTNER *in a business that sells leisure to housewives*

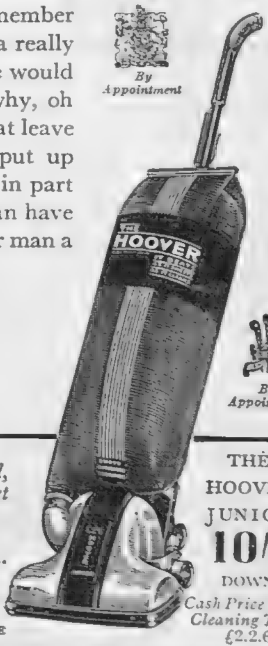


HE is one of a team of salaried Hoover men—a partner in the greatest electric cleaner organization in the country. He and his fellows are helping to build a world in which freedom from drudgery plays a bigger part. That is why hundreds of thousands of housewives remember these men as friends, as men who have done them a really good turn. Ask a Hoover owner yourself—not one would go back to the old work-ridden days . . . Then why, oh why, do *you* still slave away at back-breaking jobs that leave you tired out before lunch-time? Why do you put up with that old and inefficient cleaner? Trade it in, in part exchange. For only 10/- down and 4d. a day you can have your Hoover. Take a firm stand. Give the Hoover man a hearing. NOW—before Spring Cleaning!

By Appointment

The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS . . . *as it Sweeps . . . as it Cleans*

By Appointment



COUPON *to Hoover Ltd., Dept. BE.1, Perivale, Greenford, Middx. Please send me without obligation your booklet describing all Hoover Electric Cleaners.*

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

YOUR OLD CLEANER TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE

THE HOOVER JUNIOR
10/-
DOWN
Cash Price £10.15
Cleaning Tools £2.2.6

AFTER ILLNESS

"A cup of Allenburys Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. has helped me enormously in my recovery."

Allenburys DIET

is as easy to prepare as hot milk

OF ALL CHEMISTS, IN TINS 2/1, 4/-, 7/6.

Allenburys Diet is a great boon to those whose vital energy is depleted by illness. During the attack it will be found very nourishing and digestible and when convalescence is in progress, its composition of milk, wheat and Vitamin D assist greatly to restore energy and vitality.

FOR FREE SAMPLE TIN

SEND COUPON and 2d. Stamp to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Name ....

Address ....

....

D10A/HC/B

This Wipes Out Middle Age

(*Continued from page* 55)

the quantity and combinations in which it is used. In this soap it deals death to hair, so don't get it near your temples, or you will be losing locks just where you want them.

Apply the soap very gently over the tufts you wish to eradicate. It is good for keeping moles smooth, sometimes rendering them quite inconspicuous.

Always consult a specialist before trying to remove moles, because although there are some which come away easily, others should never be touched. If worried, they will lead to all kinds of complications.

The best treatment for the kind which will come away easily is a Diathermy, which is also good for obstinate superfluous hair. This consists of an electric needle which is so adjusted that the current only comes into action when the needle point contacts the root of the mole, or hair follicle. The current ceases directly this is burnt away. Results could not be more satisfactory.

Cheek surface veins can also be drawn away by this needle, and the complexion cleared of purple thread-like disfigurements, however numerous.

You have only to understand how these are formed to realise how they can be dispersed. Blood has suddenly been forced to the surface by temperature changes, distended the capillary and become lodged there. The needle just punctures that distention and releases the clot.

These aids, capped by a rich nourishing cream, cleansing cream and toning lotion—the three basic steps to beauty—should put up such a barrier against time or excess fatigue for you, as to simply blow any threat of middle-age away.

END

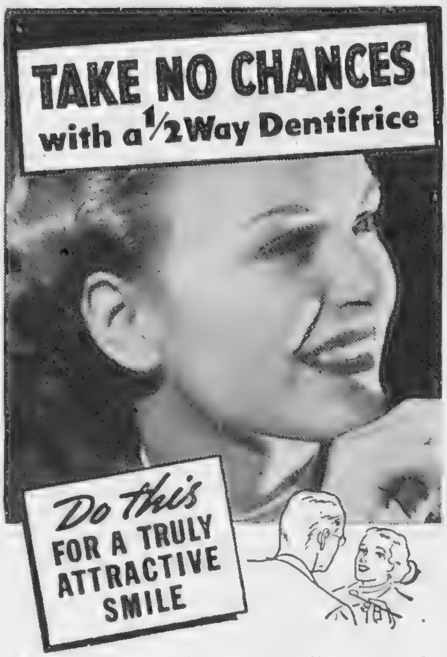
In the Zoo's Laboratories

(*Continued from page* 53)

the many experiments which Dr. Barnett, in conjunction with Dr. R. G. Macfarlane of "Barts," is making with the venom of vipers as a cure for hæmophilia, epilepsy, and for the relieving of the pain of cancer. Several of these experiments, which are of first-rate scientific importance, have proved completely successful, as can be seen by reference to medical journals. It is, rather, of the more "popular" experiments—those, so to speak, with a "Zoo bias"—that I want to tell you here.

Look, for instance, at those large box-like structures of different sizes, each with its four legs resting in tins filled with water to keep insect invaders at bay, that stand over against the south wall. These are incubators, all thermostatically controlled, and they have, I suppose, been instrumental in furthering more experiments than any other single piece of apparatus in the room. As I write, one of them, with an inner temperature of 35 degrees Centigrade, is being used to breed wax-moth caterpillars as food for certain liazards and frogs.

For some time past the curator had been of the opinion that, although mealworms are always readily taken by frogs and lizards, they did not provide as much nourishment for the reptiles as might be desired. He therefore experimented with these wax-moth caterpillars, which are somewhat larger and softer than the ordinary mealworm. The experiment has been highly successful. The caterpillars, fed entirely on honeycomb, which is extremely rich in vitamins, offer a far higher "food content" to the reptiles than the more conventional mealworm, and to-day this incubator, filled with jars in which the caterpillars are breeding by the thousand, is virtually a "kitchen" in which the rations of many scores of Zoo frogs and lizards are "prepared."



YOUR dentist will tell you: for gleaming teeth, *keep gums healthy too*. So *don't* trust to half-way measures. Begin to-night with the two-way care dentists advise.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhans in the usual manner.
2. **Massage Gums** briskly with half inch of Forhans on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated—soon there's a new youthful lustre to your teeth.

Forhans dentifrice, created by an eminent dental surgeon, was especially designed to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*. It contains a special ingredient found in no other dentifrice. End *half-way* care. Use Forhans to-night! On sale throughout the world.

NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhans

BRAND *Original* DENTIFRICE

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

CARROT JUICE

Spinach, Dandelion, Celery and other juices have firmly established a successful technique of sane healing and regeneration. Every reader of "Britannia and Eve" is urged to write for a copy of the authoritative and absorbing booklet by a famous Continental Physician, describing how these life juices, cold-pressed from living plants, supersede the use of inert chemical drugs in the treatment of ill-health, and the promotion of full-blooded vitality. Send your name and address, together with 3d. in stamps for postage, etc., to J. A. Hofels' Curative Foods, 2, Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove, London, W.2, mentioning **Biogold Juices.** B.E.2.

Some of the other incubators have been employed for the hatching—or perhaps I should say attempted hatching—of many different kinds of reptilian eggs, including those of cobras, which are very seldom laid by captive snakes.

Perhaps the most interesting from the popular viewpoint was a clutch of some twenty eggs laid by one of the chameleons in the exhibition dens. Some chameleons, such as the little family I have already referred to, are born alive. Others, however, are hatched from eggs, and these eggs, which have soft leathery "shells," are notoriously difficult to hatch artificially, because if they become too dry they shrivel; if too moist, they acquire a deposit of mould which quickly proves fatal to the baby chameleon inside.

To ensure, therefore, that these eggs should be given the best conditions, the curator kept them in some bulb fibre in the incubator, spraying the fibre with a little moisture daily.

For a few days this experiment looked like succeeding, for the eggs of chameleons actually grow in size, and these twenty eggs all increased most satisfactorily by about one-third of their original dimensions. But, alas, for this experiment! A day or two before they were due to hatch the eggs began to shrivel, and no living baby chameleons resulted. The curator, however, is confident that he will in time succeed in producing young chameleons from one of the incubators, and further tests are to be made as opportunity offers.

More fruitful was an experiment connected with the breeding of those curious Mexican forms known as axolotls. Although these semi-aquatic, tadpole-shaped creatures had been kept for many years at the Zoo, they had steadfastly refused to breed, and the curator thereupon devoted much of his time to finding out why this should be so. The diet of the axolotls was varied, as was the temperature of their quarters, but to no avail.

Then, one day, after many disappointments, a new idea was tried out, with the result that the previously childless axolotls began to deposit spawn with an enthusiasm worthy of all praise. The secret had at last been discovered. Briefly, it lay in keeping a breeding pair first in a small, plain tank devoid of vegetation, and transferring them, in the spring, to larger quarters liberally furnished with plants and waterweed. Since then, this simple ruse has been tried repeatedly and on practically every occasion Zoo axolotls so treated have embarked forthwith on family responsibilities!

Another interesting experiment, albeit of a totally different character, was recently successfully concluded in the reptile house laboratory. This was a scientific test arranged by Dr. Barnett with the sole object of examining the intelligence of frogs and toads. For this test, half a dozen frogs and a similar number of toads were placed in a glass case and fed regularly every afternoon so that they should never be seriously hungry. Every morning, they were presented with glass jars containing mealworms and wax-moth caterpillars which they could see but which they could not actually reach.

It was found that it took the frogs six lessons to learn that they could not seize their intended victims through the glass, whereas it took the toads nine lessons to arrive at the same conclusion—an interesting instance showing the superiority of the frogs' intelligence over that of their more weighty cousins. "However," as Dr. Barnett put it to me afterwards, "we obtained another interesting result in the course of this experiment, for we found that, whereas the frogs had forgotten the lesson after three days, the more contemplative toads retained the memory of *their* experience for as long as eight days."

In one of the glass cases in the laboratory recently you might have seen a small, queer-looking insect which sat upon a leaf in an oddly devotional attitude. This was a praying mantis—a creature which preys normally on living flies and other insects by suddenly shooting out its forelimbs and catching and crushing the victim.

Hitherto, it had been taken for granted that the mantis, which hails from Southern Europe and certain

(*Continued on page* 104)

What a lovely clear skin he has!

★ Yet a short while ago baby was tormented and disfigured by itching, scaly, ECZEMA

Cuticura Ointment soothes the angriest rash—stops the itching of ECZEMA

Mother, you long to see baby free from that terrible irritation; to see that disfiguring eruption heal and disappear. Start using Cuticura Brand Ointment and you will soon have visible proof of its amazing healing power. The moment Cuticura touches baby's tormented skin, irritation and itching stop.

Healing starts with the very first application of Cuticura Ointment, and soon the skin is clear and healthy. For clean, safe healing of all baby's skin troubles—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment.

Bath baby with *Cuticura Soap*. Its mildly antiseptic action keeps his tender skin thoroughly clean and healthy. After the bath, dust him all over with Cuticura Talcum. It prevents chafing and irritation, keeps him delightfully sweet and cool.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

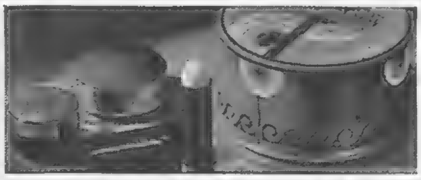
Cuticura BRAND
OINTMENT
FOR BABY

NATURE DECREED THAT
LIPS SHOULD BE *Luscious!*

Lips are *the* potent weapon in love's delicious armoury. Nature intended that a woman's lips should be luscious, provocative, soft, inviting. Lips should spell beauty. *Spell* beauty, remember, not *spoil* beauty. Every woman can improve her lips not by painting them with clogging cosmetics, but by emphasising their blush-rose beauty. The secret of natural, inviting lip-loveliness lies in TANGEE, the perfect lipstick that changes on your lips to the colour that's best for you. Just smooth Tangee gently on your lips, and you see it changing to the very tint that harmonises with your colour. The rich cream base of Tangee nourishes the cells of the skin, keeps the lips smooth and lovely.

When lights are bright and you need more colour on your lips for evening wear you can use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take full advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and a UNIQUE CHARM TEST
Luft-Tangee Ltd. (Dept. BE8), 88 Regent Street, W.1

Please send Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, together with your Tangee Charm Test for measuring attractiveness. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).
Mark shade ☐ Flesh (*naturelle*) ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

NAME..
ADDRESS..
....
BLOCK LETTERS

tropical countries, will not eat victims which are already defunct—indeed, several text-books state this as a definite fact.

The curator, however, was not so sure, and he decided to put a mantis to the actual test. A dead fly was placed on the end of a leaf, and the leaf moved slowly but steadily towards the mantis. The behaviour of that creature was very interesting. So long as the leaf holding the fly was motionless, the mantis took no notice. But directly it moved, even the fraction of an inch, the mantis prepared to attack. In the end the mantis, plainly deceived into thinking the fly alive, pounced upon it and devoured it, thus proving that its prey does not necessarily have to be actually living. It is sufficient if the predaceous insect can be deceived into thinking its victim alive.

As is only to be expected where we are dealing with the unknown, many Zoo experiments prove disappointing; but that is no valid reason for their total abandonment. The several striking successes obtained amply prove that the tests are worth while.

Before we pass on to look at some of the work in progress at the aquarium, I want to tell you of one amusing test which must definitely be written down a complete failure. This was nothing less than an attempt at snake-charming—but snake-charming by ultra-modern methods.

The "charming" of serpents is, of course, one of the oldest professions in the Orient—it is even referred to in the Old Testament. Doubtless, you know how the professional charmer sets to work in the streets of India to-day. Seating himself cross-legged before his round, flat basket of serpents—usually all cobras which have been "fixed" (that is, had their fangs extracted)—he pipes to them on his shrill-toned reed. On hearing the melancholy strains, the snakes rear their hooded heads and sway in time to the music. Well, an opportunity arose for the Zoo snakes to be "charmed," but not by a native charmer in person. Instead, a large radio-gramophone was installed in the central chamber at the reptile house, and records of native music were put on. Then several cobras, pythons and other snakes were hooked out of their dens at the end of long iron rods, and set down before the instrument.

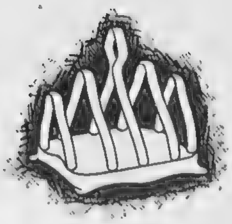
Surrounded by a little group of herpetologists and privileged visitors, the snakes and their "reactions" were closely noted; but unfortunately not one serpent consented to be "charmed." The cobras took not the slightest notice of the music, and most of the pythons remained indifferent.

The Zoo aquarium, to-day housing some 3,000 fish, is also the scene of much experimental and research work. Behind the exhibition tanks, as most visitors are aware, is a long service corridor. The primary purpose of this wide, elevated passage is to enable keepers to clean out the show tanks and feed the exhibits; but it has another function, and by no means an unimportant one, for it is used also as a laboratory.

Along the outer walls are a number of small reserve tanks in which, from time to time, research work is carried out not upon fish only, but on sponges, marine plants, the chemical changes in the constitution of the water used in the aquarium, and so on. These, instituted by the aquarium director, Mr. E. G. Boulenger, are usually supervised by him and by Overseer Vinall of the aquarium staff; and most of them are made with the object of improving the health of captive fish.

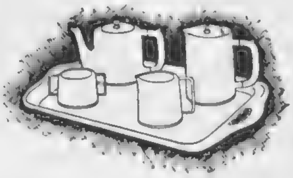
To maintain aquatic exhibits in good condition is, as any amateur fish-keeper knows, not so easy a task as it appears on the surface. In fact, it is usually much more difficult to keep fish alive and well than to maintain animals or birds, because fish—with the exception of a few hardy species—are far more delicate than mammals, and if the conditions of their existence—the density of the water and its aeration—are not approximately correct, their chances of survival are poor. And they are far more liable to fall victims to disease than are mammals or birds. It is in the prevention of these diseases that

IT LASTS–



AND LASTS–

AND LASTS
FOR EVER



That's the beauty of "Staybrite" stainless steel, it literally does last for ever—besides it just is the most hygienic and labour saving of metals. Ask to see "Staybrite" at your local stores.

"STAYBRITE"
STAINLESS STEEL
FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD.
STAYBRITE WORKS • SHEFFIELD

safe
slimming

REDEX is definitely the safest and most effective method of flesh-reduction. *Applied externally.* Absolutely harmless. Approved by physicians. Reduces flesh only where applied. Independent analytical report (available for inspection) says: "Contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin". Simply rub Redex gently into the skin for a few minutes a day. Begins to act in 7 to 10 days. In 3 weeks you are slim!

Rēdex
for **SAFE** *slimming*

21/- a bottle

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentalls, leading Boots branches, Army & Navy Stores, Marshall & Snelgrove's and all good stores and chemists. If unable to obtain, send 21/- for a bottle (post free) from Redex Proprietaries Ltd., 85/86, New Bond Street, London, W.I.

many experiments have been made by the aquarium research workers, and some have been a conspicuous success.

Take, for instance, that malady known as fungus, which so readily affects captive freshwater fish, and which shows itself as a whitish film upon the scales, the film gradually spreading to the gills and causing death through the fish's inability to obtain the necessary oxygen. Until recently this bacterial disease—the cause of more mortality among fish than any other—had been one of the most serious which the Zoo had had to combat, and it was with the definite aim of finding a cure for it that a succession of experiments was undertaken.

Negative results, however, were obtained until one day it was found that, by simply transferring a sufferer to sea-water for a period not longer than sixty seconds, the disease was positively checked. In this experiment, salt appeared to play an important part, and further and even more successful tests were therefore made with this substance as a basis. It was found, for instance, that if the disease had not obtained too strong a hold on a victim it could be cleared up by adding one tablespoonful of salt to one gallon of fresh water, and allowing the afflicted fish to swim therein for a few days. This "salt cure," incidentally, has now become very widely known and is generally used by pisciculturists in many countries.

Sometimes experiments in the aquarium are connected with breeding, and the rearing of delicate young fish which, if left in their exhibition tanks would, for one reason or another, die an early death. Young sea-horses are a case in point. The Zoo's sea-horses breed occasionally, but the offspring never, by any chance, survive; so that the stock of these curiously-shaped marine creatures has to be regularly replensihed by obtaining fresh adult specimens from their native waters off Archachon, on the Bay of Biscay.

On a recent occasion, therefore, when a family of baby sea-horses made their appearance, they were at once taken by net from the exhibition tank and transferred to a small reserve one in the service passage. Here, the little, wriggling brown forms—none over half an inch long—were offered new kinds of food, ground down to a fine powder so that the minute particles would not be too big for their very tiny mouths; but although this interesting family survived longer than any previous ones had done, they all succumbed in the end. Still, the Zoo does not abandon hope of one day discovering the secret why baby sea-horses cannot be reared. When it does so, it is probable that these fascinating creatures will be seen in many more public aquaria than they are at present.

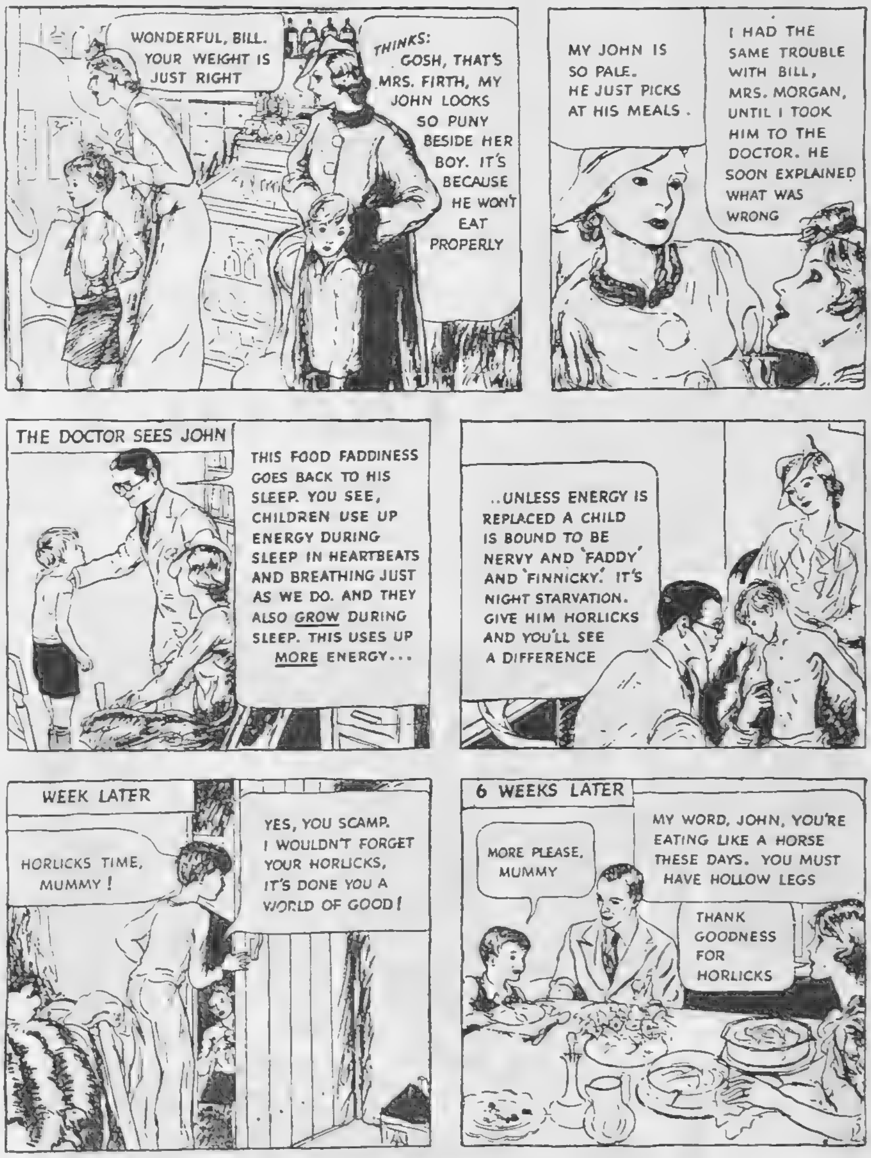
Experiments of another kind are those which are made to determine the effect of artificial sunlight on fish. The value of the ultra-violet ray in other departments of Zoo life is well known, and its therapeutic powers, both as a tonic and stimulant, have been amply demonstrated. As a result of irradiation during the winter months, the death-rate at the monkey and reptile houses has undergone a very sensational decrease. Of its effects upon fish, however, little was known until selected specimens were irradiated in the aquarium.

The first result of these tests was rather interesting, for its immediate effect upon certain kinds of fish was to alter their colour! This, naturally, set the officials testing along new lines of enquiry. Was it possible, by merely irradiating a fish, permanently to change its hue? Tests were made, with varying results, but in one case a particularly startling one was obtained. A bronze-coloured goldfish, constantly irradiated, acquired, within a few weeks, a bright golden tint—a colour it subsequently kept for the rest of its life. Although this discovery was possibly of little practical value, it was not without interest to scientists, showing, as it did, that man can change a fish's natural colouring permanently, without in any way affecting its general health.

END

John would not eat

John was thin and pale — poor appetite — until the doctor traced the trouble back to his sleep


WONDERFUL, BILL. YOUR WEIGHT IS JUST RIGHT
THINKS: GOSH, THAT'S MRS. FIRTH, MY JOHN LOOKS SO PUNY BESIDE HER BOY. IT'S BECAUSE HE WON'T EAT PROPERLY
MY JOHN IS SO PALE. HE JUST PICKS AT HIS MEALS.
I HAD THE SAME TROUBLE WITH BILL, MRS. MORGAN, UNTIL I TOOK HIM TO THE DOCTOR. HE SOON EXPLAINED WHAT WAS WRONG
THE DOCTOR SEES JOHN
THIS FOOD FADDINESS GOES BACK TO HIS SLEEP. YOU SEE, CHILDREN USE UP ENERGY DURING SLEEP IN HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING JUST AS WE DO. AND THEY ALSO GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP MORE ENERGY...
..UNLESS ENERGY IS REPLACED A CHILD IS BOUND TO BE NERVY AND 'FADDY' AND 'FINNICKY.' IT'S NIGHT STARVATION. GIVE HIM HORLICKS AND YOU'LL SEE A DIFFERENCE
WEEK LATER
HORLICKS TIME, MUMMY!
YES, YOU SCAMP. I WOULDN'T FORGET YOUR HORLICKS, IT'S DONE YOU A WORLD OF GOOD!
6 WEEKS LATER
MORE PLEASE, MUMMY
MY WORD, JOHN, YOU'RE EATING LIKE A HORSE THESE DAYS. YOU MUST HAVE HOLLOW LEGS
THANK GOODNESS FOR HORLICKS

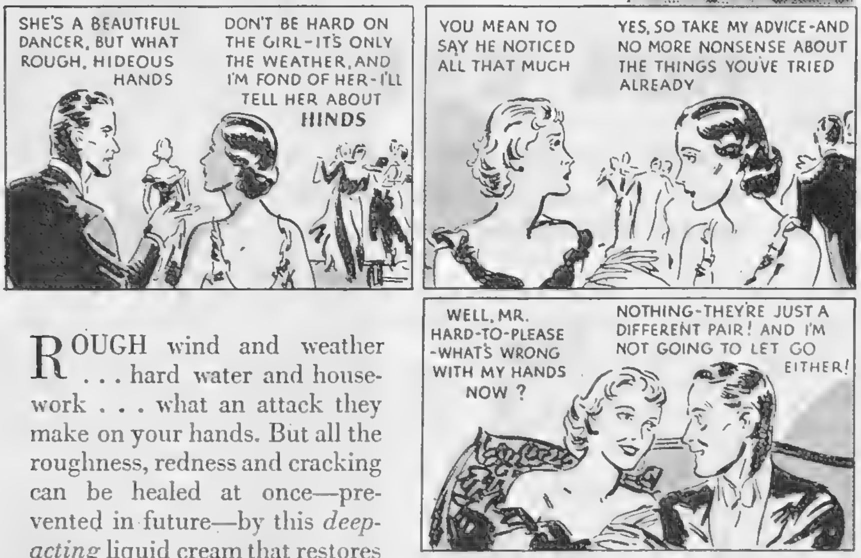
When making Horlicks, be sure you use the patent mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

"Chapped Hands? just carelessness..."

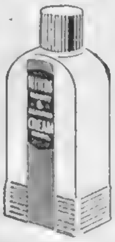
She *could* have kept them lovely


SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL DANCER, BUT WHAT ROUGH, HIDEOUS HANDS
DON'T BE HARD ON THE GIRL—IT'S ONLY THE WEATHER, AND I'M FOND OF HER—I'LL TELL HER ABOUT HINDS
YOU MEAN TO SAY HE NOTICED ALL THAT MUCH
YES, SO TAKE MY ADVICE—AND NO MORE NONSENSE ABOUT THE THINGS YOU'VE TRIED ALREADY
WELL, MR. HARD-TO-PLEASE—WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY HANDS NOW ?
NOTHING—THEY'RE JUST A DIFFERENT PAIR! AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET GO EITHER!

ROUGH wind and weather . . . hard water and housework . . . what an attack they make on your hands. But all the roughness, redness and cracking can be healed at once—prevented in future—by this *deep-acting* liquid cream that restores damaged skin tissues. For comfort, for good appearance you can rely on the *skin-nourishment* in Hinds—use it every time you wash your hands.

TRIAL SIZE 6d.
MORE ECONOMICAL SIZES 1/- AND 2/-

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM



Chosen for the Dionne Quins

The most famous beauty preparation made specially for the hands

10 DROPS ARE A TREATMENT!

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU—DO COME IN!

'Mansion' gives her confidence to extend a ready welcome to friends at any time

When she sees that lovely polish which 'Mansion' has imparted to her floors and furniture she knows that she has every reason to be quite at ease concerning the appearance of her home. The bright, clean, well-cared-for look of the whole house reassures her and she opens her door at all times confident that her visitor will be favourably impressed.

Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin, containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-.

MANSION WAX POLISH

MP/EI/3

The Holiday

(*Continued from page 15*)

twenty years' plan, she had isolated herself rather too well. All wires were cut, while signals were worse than useless.

"I could keep flashing the light, when it is dark," she told herself. "But whoever noticed it would only tell Tory and send him up. Sherlock Holmes is the only person who could help me now."

Presently, when Tory whistled up the tube—as a preliminary to winding up the lift with her supplies—the bandit ordered her into the kitchen.

"Thank you, Tory," she said faintly.

"Have you got a cold, miss?" he called up. "Your voice sounds rather queer."

As the bandit flourished his revolver, she forced herself to speak brightly.

"No, thanks, Tory, I feel splendid."

Then the lift was wound down, empty, and her brief interlude of intercourse with the world was ended.

"Is this all?" snarled the man, as he looked at the small supply of wholemeal bread, butter, an egg, and salad.

"I warned you," she told him.

"Then take this."

As he handed her the lettuce and fruit as her portion, she managed to pluck up her spirit.

"I'd better smash the window and let you shoot me," she told him. "It's quicker than starvation."

She could not know that the man's calculations were seriously upset by the food shortage. While her own rations were sparrow's food to him, and he did not scruple about reducing her to a state of semi-starvation, he did not want to lose his official voice, whose function was to quell any outside suspicion. Therefore he was relieved by her suggestion to order a tin of biscuits.

"I always have one in stock," she told him. "The last one is practically finished."

When he had tested the truth of her words by finding the empty container in the cupboard, he allowed her to whistle down the tube to Tory, who was not too pleased with the request.

"Won't to-morrow do, miss?" he asked.

"No, to-day, please," she told him. "I'm terribly hungry."

"Very good, miss."

As he expected, his wife was annoyed at the prospect of having to go out again, when she had finished her day's shopping.

"Give me a man to do for every time," she declared. "If she can't remember, she shouldn't order in penny numbers. She can wait till to-morrow."

Tory, as usual, saved the situation with a suggestion.

"There's Mr. Bevan's new tin, not opened. He never eats now with his tea. You can get in another tin for him by the time he asks for them again. If he ever does."

In spite of the calendar, that day was the longest in the year for Janet, but at last, it came to an end. As she dozed—fully dressed—in an armchair, she kept reminding herself of her identity, and also that there was a time-limit to her ordeal.

"I'm Janet Lewis," she told herself. "Something has happened to me—but it will pass. In three weeks' time, he will be gone and I shall be here. I'll still be Janet Lewis."

DURING the hideous days that followed, the fifth-floor flat was not a dwelling, but a temporary shelter where two alien personalities shared an intolerable situation. Except for unavoidable contacts, they kept apart. Sometimes the man gave her an order in a penetrating whisper, but otherwise they remained silent.

Janet grew pale and thin from semi-starvation, but she suffered most from the enclosed atmosphere. In spite of the relief of an almost continuous wind which whistled down her chimney, the air grew daily thicker and fouller, so that she had to deny herself the consolation of smoking. She made cups

Phosferine

for a fuller life!

IF, like most folks these days, you are conscious at times of the strain of life, take PHOSFERINE. Even if you feel off-colour only now and then, the fact that you experience nerve strain at all proves you to be below par, and therefore missing the real joy of living.

PHOSFERINE—of which every ingredient is freely published—consists of recognised tonics, which in combination form the best possible nerve-restorative.

Keep yourself at 'concert-pitch' with PHOSFERINE. You will feel better in every way, more responsive to any call made upon you, be it of duty or pleasure.

Get a bottle of Phosferine to-day

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC
The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

A 6d. trial size of Phosferine Tablets is now obtainable
(Not available in I.F.S.)

★

Warning: The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

C.F.H.

of tea over the gas-ring in her room, when she forced herself to nibble biscuits, but all appetite for food had deserted her.

As she tapped away at her machine, she lost all sense of place and felt suspended in a curious dimension outside space, even while she was enclosed within the walls of her flat. She could hear people pass by her door and see them cross the courtyard, yet she was cut off from all intercourse with humanity.

Sometimes she wondered whether Tory would remark her closed window, but he never appeared to look up. In any case, it was almost screened from observation by the high coping of the small balcony in front.

Besides—she did not want him to notice any unusual feature—lest it should prove his death-warrant.

Although she welcomed the end of every day, as one stage nearer release, the nights were even worse, when she sat, in her clothes and dozed, starting awake at every creak of the divan in the kitchen. The man, too, scarcely slept, for he was strung up to a state of nervous expectancy which exceeded her own, and which kept him continually on guard.

Through the day, he lay on the divan, smoking and counting his piles of new notes; but while he was obsessed by his fortune, his main object was to get away in safety. He always turned on the wireless to get the news, in case of a police S O S; and he strained his ears for the movements of the porter and other tenants, in order to get a clue to their time table.

Although he ate Janet's daily rations, after his first outburst, he seemed indifferent to food. At night, he removed only his boots and slept with one eye open—his revolver beside him—ready for instant flight.

As he grew daily more red eyed and unkempt, Janet shrank from him. She guessed that he was maddened to a pitch when, at her first false move, he might shoot her from panic. Being shut up with him was about as safe as sharing a confined space with an infernal machine, but she endured because of her confidence of the end.

One hot muggy night, however, when she was panting for fresh air, this certainty of release was replaced by a new and ghastly dread. Suddenly she remembered a picture she had seen at a cinema, when a gangster shot the doctor and nurse who had rendered him a service, in order to secure their silence.

For the first time, she asked herself the question—"What will my own fate be?"

Meanwhile the occupants of the fifth-floor flat were not the only sufferers. Bevan, too, was feeling the heat acutely and was more than usually depressed. In his morbid condition, he seemed to assume responsibility for the fact that the criminal who had shot the bank cashier, was still at liberty. He feverishly searched numerous newspapers for news of his capture, and practically ceased to eat.

One afternoon, however, he staggered Tory by a request for biscuits with his tea.

"I'm afraid you've finished your tin," he said. "The missus will slip out and get you some in two minutes."

"It doesn't matter, thanks." Bevan's voice was listless. "It's very quiet," he added. "I suppose everyone this side of the building is away?"

"All but the young lady up there."

Glad to change the subject, Tory pointed to a window set high in the side of the wall.

"She sits typing all day," he told Bevan. "She's so set in her ways, you could put a clock by her, for all she's young and pretty. My missus shops for her too, as she doesn't get out much."

"Sounds unhealthy," yawned Bevan, who had lost all interest in young and pretty girls.

"But she looks blooming," Bevan told him. "She eats well, too. I'll confess now we let her have your tin of biscuits because she told me she was extra hungry."

"Oh, confound (*Continued on page* 108)

...and M'lady of to-day says...

"Yes my great grandmama used them too!"

My grand-daughter is getting married. She asked my advice about Sheets, Pillow Cases and such like, and I advised her to do as *my* great-grandmama did . . . . buy Horrockses. I swear by Horrockses, just as every woman in our family has for seven generations.

Sheets from 10/- to 60/- the pair

Horrockses
Sheets
PILLOWCASES & TOWELS

Horrockses, Crewdson & Co. Ltd., Manchester, 1.

Leichner
HORMONE CREAM

FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

From all leading Stores and Chemists.

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6.

LEICHNER
MAKE-UP & BEAUTY SERVICE
89, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Expert advice on any question of make-up or the care of the skin, free of charge.

LEICHNER
Laboratories and Offices
LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by Electrolysis at home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs by the genuine Electrolysis process in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way. Electrolysis removes each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman, and so simple a child could use it. Guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4.4.0, or 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated particulars free in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ LTD. (Dept. E.), 189, Pitt St., Glasgow

the blasted biscuits," said Bevan with unfamiliar vigour.

WHILE the two men chatted, life went on somehow in the fifth-floor flat. Every morning, Janet told herself, "This can't last another day," but the hours crawled on until she was faced with the torment of another night, with its question of haunting suspense.

"What will my fate be?"

A week passed, every day of which left its mark upon her. She lost all personal pride and stopped looking in the mirror. Because of her shrinking dread of passing through the kitchen, in order to reach the hall, she did the minimum of washing—although she powdered her face with some vague notion of covering up deficiencies.

Nothing seemed to matter in this nightmare, except the fact that the end must come. Whenever she typed, her thoughts winged on strange journeys. Gradually she became a kind of split personality, when she carried on conversations with herself. Semi-delirious from strain and hunger, she listened to a girl of twenty—her own age—who reproached a woman of forty.

"You're a selfish introvert. You've never considered *me*. I've never been to dances. I've had no time to make friends. I've had to slave for *you*. . . . Why couldn't you wait till you were fifty-five to get your cottage in the country?"

The voice droned on in unison with an imprisoned fly which buzzed maddeningly over the window-pane. But in the lucid interlude which followed, Janet admitted the truth of her ravings. She had wasted her youth and was losing the present for the future.

In this connection, she remembered with a pang, that Tory had told her of a bed-ridden young man on the ground floor, to whom she could have lent books, in token of sympathy. Now, as though in punishment, it was her turn to feel completely cut off from the world.

On the eighth morning, the bandit returned from the hall, completely altered in appearance. He was cleanly shaved, his hair shone, and his coat was well brushed. He looked like any smart young business man, except for the revolver with which he drove her into the kitchen.

"Whistle down to the porter," he commanded. "Tell him to stop sending up food, as you are going away on your holiday."

Too excited to think clearly, Janet rushed to the tube and delivered the message to Tory.

"Will you want a taxi?" he called up.

"No, thank you," she replied, obedient to the shake of the bandit's head.

"Then, a pleasant time, miss," said Tory. "If you should want me for anything, I'll be over in the back block, after eleven, as I'm showing some people a flat."

Janet noticed the sudden glint of the bandit's eye, and realised that, unconsciously, Tory had revealed the exact time when the entrance hall would be unwatched.

The next half-hour was an agony of suspense, when hope struggled with fear of her fate. Suddenly the man glanced at his watch, and, laying his revolver on the table, came towards her.

"If this was a picture, I should seize it and hold him up," she thought wildly.

Even while she was trying to nerve herself for the attempt, the man threw a double of laundry cord around her and the back of the chair on which she was sitting, pinioning her to her seat. Too terrified to cry out, she struggled silently and vainly, while he bound her wrists together and fastened her legs to the rungs.

"What will happen to me?" she whispered.

"Shut up," he growled. "You'll be all right."

These words were all she had to guide her to make a terrible choice, as the man took a kitchen cloth from the table drawer. She told herself that if he meant to leave her gagged and bound in a locked flat, her end would be so terrible that she had better

Smartness down to the ground

Shoes that are regularly polished with 'Nugget' always look smart and well-cared for. 'Nugget' gives such a brilliant and lasting shine, and makes shoes more comfortable because it keeps the leather so soft and pliable. And 'Nugget' positively means longer life to shoes because it is such a fine leather-preservative.

In Black, various shades of Brown and White.
Nugget White does not mark silk stockings.
Tins 3d. & 6d. Large Household Tins 9d.

'NUGGET'
THE POLISH OF SUPREME QUALITY

N/AJ/38

WOMAN'S HEALTH
needs a
PLAN

The pace in the national drive for fitness is set by the average — men as well as women — and how many women can really keep up? How many say wearily 'Women are too handicapped for this sort of thing.' But women need *not* be handicapped if only they will pursue health by a Plan specially devised for them. Such a Plan is at last in existence. It has been drawn up by a woman doctor. It is FREE. The Plan is explained in a booklet 'Women of To-day,' and further clarified by a CHART OF DIET AND EXERCISE. The makers of Lilia are convinced that pursuit of this special Plan *plus* the use of modern sanitary protection (of which Lilia is the perfect example) will give women a new freedom—that beauty of face and grace of form which perfect fitness brings.

Please write to Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S23/C, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5, and ask her for the Plan. Enclose 1½d. for postage. The Plan will be sent by return under plain cover

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size 1/- per carton of 12 with loops (or without them).

Awarded certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

scream, and so ensure the swift mercy of a bullet. But, on the other hand, there was a glimmer of hope that he might send information to the porter, which would lead to her release, once he was safely away.

It was taking a desperate chance, for she had noticed no scruple or sign of ordinary humanity in the bandit; yet the passion for life was so overpowering, that she resolved to remain silent.

As the man folded a strip of linen into a pad, there was an unexpected interruption. A loud scrape and rattle against the outside wall of the building was followed by the appearance of the top of a ladder against the kitchen window.

"The cleaner," gasped Janet.

With an oath, the man pushed her chair towards the window.

"Tell him to go away," he ordered.

His back was turned to the door, so that he was unable to gauge the significance of that psychological moment of distraction. But even as Janet remembered that the window cleaner was not yet due, she realised that the noise of the ladder had covered the silent entrance of Tory with two policemen.

With the fury of a tidal-bore, they rushed at the bandit. Unarmed and taken completely by surprise, he fought like a maniac; but after a period of noise and confusion, he was overcome and handcuffed.

After the police had tramped away in triumph with their prisoner, Tory stayed behind to release Janet. Now that her ordeal was ended, she had become hysterical, and she overwhelmed him with blessings and thanks.

"How did you know about me?" she asked, when she had grown calmer.

"I didn't," he told her. "It was Mr. Bevan, the gentleman in the ground-floor flat. He fixed everything up. If you are all right now, I must go down and tell him everything went off according to plan."

"I'm coming, too," said Janet. "I must thank him."

She drew out her pocket mirror and then gave a scream.

"Is that *me*?" she gasped. "You'd better go down without me. I won't be long."

WHEN Tory opened the door of the ground-floor flat to her, ten minutes later, it was evident that Bevan also had prepared for a reception. He looked as gorgeous as a Sultan in a new dark purple dressing-gown, while his thin face wore an unaccustomed grin.

"Don't tell me who you are," he called out, before Janet could speak. "You're the six o'clock bath. I've known you for eight months. You're punctual to the dot. And you're *cold*."

"How could you tell that?" gasped Janet.

"Because no steam ever issued from the overflow. I knew the exact point in this antiquated plumbing where to expect to see you. And since a cold morning bath is a Spartan habit which, once acquired, is not lightly or wantonly abandoned, I noticed the fact when you stopped running down the pipe."

"I *had* to give it up," explained Janet. "You see, the bath is in——"

"In the kitchen," finished Bevan. "I knew that, from the arrangement of my own flat. At first, of course, I paid no attention to your lapse, as it was obvious that you were either ill, or away. But when Tory told me that you were still in residence, and eating rather above form, I grew reflective."

Suddenly Janet began to feel hungry.

"He ate all my food," she said piteously.

"That's why you are going to have lunch with me at once. Mrs. Tory has kindly promised to arrange it."

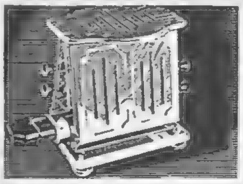
Tory caught his wink and beamed at the new development. While he hurried away to tell his wife, Bevan went on with his explanation.

"As, providentially, I had nothing to do but lie still and puzzle it out, I came to the conclusion that you might be entertaining an uninvited visitor of a certain type, in your kitchen. I remembered the scare over the bank bandit, and as he was still at large, I thought I might (*Continued on page* 110)

YES THATS THE NAME SWAN BRAND

HEAT the WATER . . . . not the Kettle

The most successful Electric Kettle in the world. . . . The specially designed Immersion Heater is actually immersed in the water, providing an extremely high efficient boiling speed. If you have not had a Kettle from your Supply Authority, let us help you to make arrangements. The patented "SWAN BRAND" Element is incorporated in the many other "SWAN BRAND" appliances which are guaranteed for two years . . . see them at your stockists or write for a descriptive folder.


This highly efficient toaster, of handsome design and finish, is another "SWAN BRAND" speciality.

Aluminium Domestic Ware made "SWAN BRAND" famous. We have a utensil for every kitchen use.

Bulpitt & Sons Ltd. (Dept. 6), Camden Street, Birmingham, 1.

SWAN TRADE MARK BRAND
BRITISH MADE

such an easy name to remember . . . and so reliable too! . . .

MURRAY-WATSON

71 DISPENSARIES, 9 ANIMAL HOSPITALS AND 15 CARAVAN DISPENSARIES

are devoted to the FREE treatment of poor people's sick and injured animals. More than ONE MILLION cases are being treated every year by

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY for SICK ANIMALS of the POOR, Inc.

The P.D.S.A. is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and must depend upon public generosity for its maintenance and expansion. Contributions or donations should be sent to The Secretary, 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.

connect the two. After that, the significant feature of your continued silence pointed to the threat of a bullet."

Janet forgot to shudder as she gazed at Bevan with shining eyes.

"I can never thank you," she told him. "It was marvellous of you."

"Oh, that part of it was elementary," he told her lightly. "The difficult bits were, first, to prevent the gallant Tory from using his master-key on his lonesome, and then to sell the idea of a surprise visit to the police. By the way, you appear to have the remains of an old-fashioned black eye."

"Yes. He knocked me down."

"Good luck for you. He might have been amorous. When I'm up again—and that will be very soon—we must go to the pictures together and see a gangster film, to criticise its technique."

"No," shuddered Janet. "It will bring it all back."

"Now, don't be sorry for yourself. I know it's Satan rebuking sin, but we're both alive—and that should be enough for us. You've been jolted out of your rut, and I——"

He lowered his voice as he added, "You'll never know what this has meant to me. I had lost my faith. Everything seemed a futile mess and waste. But now I know *why* I had to lie like a log for eight months, and listen to water rushing down the pipes. It was because I had to miss the six o'clock bath. You."

END

The Drunkard's Wife

(Continued from page 27)

again, leaving her dizzy as if she were about to faint. She said weakly—"oh, what's the use? There's nothing more to be said."

"Good. Then what about that trip to Cartiers? Drunkards fade out you tell me, but a diamond knows the secret of eternal youth."

Martha fastened the fur collar of her coat. "Buy it for some woman who likes kisses that smell of spirits. She deserves diamonds if she can take it. I don't, because I can't."

She saw the dull red tinge his lean cheeks. His most vulnerable spot it seemed, was his personal vanity. She took her pocket-book from the dressing-table, pushed past him and escaped. Nick's chauffeur was waiting in the street with the car. He opened the door of the car when he saw Martha. She shook her head and hailed a taxi—told the man to drive to Broadway.

"You're in luck, Mrs. Linley," Oberstein greeted her, "it's a second lead in *The Faithful Sisters* with Leonora Follette. You've got the bend on the others because you're so like her. Thing is, you must come with me now and clinch it quick."

Martha went cold to the tips of her fingers in spite of the heat in the stuffy office. "But it's fantastic! It can't be true. When they see me they won't take me——"

"Sure they'll take you. Greene is producing. He remembers you and how the critics began to go haywire. When I told him you were hankering to come back he said, 'the very girl I want—get after her quick and get her.'"

"What's the theatre?" breathed Martha, warmth returning as her veins tingled with sweet remembered fire.

"There's a tour first—a try-out, and then the 'Century.'"

"Oh dear, that settles it. But I wish I dared——"

"What do you mean—you wish you dared? Don't you know your husband's on the skids? Nothing you can do can save him. The moment you leave town with the company he'll go full speed to the devil!"

Martha rose from the rickety chair, her eyes dark with tragedy and her cheeks very white. "That's why I daren't go out of town. I'm sorry Mr. Oberstein—perhaps I am a fool, but I'm made this way. Don't be mad with me for letting you down. It's worse for me. I want that part like I never wanted anything before in my life—but—well you see, I'd feel as if I were in a way condemning Nick to death."

Oberstein rose too and put a fat comforting hand on her shoulder. "All right Martha. I'm not mad at you. Go and get on with the job you've been and took on yourself."

In the days that followed, there was no change, except for the worse in the situation at home. Nick went on his heedless way to his tragically inevitable fate. The backers, the manager and the author were at him on the telephone, or backstage arguing with him almost all the hours of night and day. He could go to hell for all they cared about him personally, but not while his sobriety was important to their play. For the sake of those who had money in it and for the rest of the company, they begged, entreated, bullied him and swore at him. They might have been so much summer spray washing over the iron flanks of Gibraltar.

Martha tried again desperately when they arrived home one night after a specially poor performance. He was unsteady on his feet, but sober enough to understand her. "I know you're sore at them for pestering you Nick, but if you can't understand their point of view, do think of your own future."

He turned on her savagely. "Why *should* I care? I've heard rumours you're going round town angling after a part. When you get one you're going to leave me."

"That doesn't follow Nick. I might have something else on my mind."

"What for instance?"

"We spend all you earn. We may need another source of income pretty soon."

"So *you* don't believe in me?"

She looked at him steadily, as hurt as he was by what she had to say. "I believe in you as an actor. I've lost my faith in you as a man."

STOP THAT COLD
before it becomes dangerous

VAPEX
BRAND
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Neglected colds open the door to Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and other troublesome and dangerous ailments. Used when the first symptoms of a cold appear, Vapex will stop it quickly and safely. If you have let your cold develop Vapex will shorten the duration of the attack.

Vapex is pleasant, safe, economical and dependable. It contains no harmful drugs. Vapex has been stopping colds for over twenty years. Just sprinkle a drop on your handkerchief and a drop on your pillow and breathe the healing vapour freely.

Where colds are caught

—in cinemas, theatres and public halls—in train, tram, 'bus and tube, infection is spread by those who will not stay at home with their colds. Vapex will protect you all day and every day. Germs are everywhere, so take Vapex everywhere. Simply breathe the vapour from your handkerchief.

In the office, too—

one thoughtless member of the staff brings a cold along to everybody's danger. Vapex will ward off "other peoples' colds." Use it regularly.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM A HOTEL MANAGER
"My doctor advised Vapex and now the whole staff use it at the first tickle in the throat. Last winter we did not have one serious cold."
—Hotel, London, W.2.

V156

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

In the warm recesses of the nose and throat, the germs of the common cold lurk and multiply with unbelievable swiftness. Science knows many ways of destroying them, but there is none so pleasant or so safe as Vapex, sprinkled on the handkerchief or the pillow and breathed freely.

VAPEX
BRAND
TRADE MARK
INHALANT
DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY DANGEROUS DRUGS

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

Vapex is so potent that it actually gains in strength after exposure to the air and a single sprinkling gives all day or all night relief.

Of all Chemists - 2/- & 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

Nick's face went stony before her eyes, like something cut from granite—devoid of human expression. He went out of the bedroom and closed the door. She heard the clink of glass in the living-room. Weak tears trickled down her face. What was the use of trying? What did another month, another week, another day matter? He was on the edge of the abyss. Martha threw up her chin and cast out the thoughts as if they were devils—raced along the passage and banged on the door of the sleeping Keishiro. "Go and take care of him," she ordered, "get up—quick—don't let him drink any more to-night——"

The Jap shuffled to the other side of the door. "All right Mam, I'm coming. No use at all, but I'll do my best."

NICK looked ten years more than his age when he looked in on Martha in the morning. He was on the defensive and very bitter. "If you want to clear out I won't stop you Martha. I'm not fit to live with. Take what little money there is in the bank."

She said, "you'll need it yourself Nick. If I can't live with you, I won't live on you. I won't go home either. I'll go back to the stage."

"Parts aren't picked up so easily," he said casually. "You've been three years away."

Martha laughed ruefully, chiefly at herself. She was his staunchest partisan, his most clear-sighted admirer, but he had never seen in her what others saw, or if he had, he kept his recognition to himself. "My body is pretty good," she said with deliberate malice, "I can always earn my bread and ermine in burlesque."

"For God's sake Martha, keep your sanity. That would kill me. Remember you're Nicholas Linley's wife——"

"Then you don't really want me to leave you?"

"Of course not. I'd be sunk. What on earth would I do without you?"

Her pulses hammered with brief happiness—new hope. "Then couldn't you promise—"

He drew into himself at once. "Just like a woman! What's a promise anyhow? One drink and the thing's broken. Cheer up now and see what I've got for you——"

He took a flat blue case from his pocket and flicked it open. A diamond bracelet blazed from a velvet bed. It was heavy and cold, but as flexible as silk. A deep thrill went through Martha as he fastened it on her slim wrist. She felt for a moment the sinister charm these things had for women. It was utterly beautiful. She couldn't help wanting it. Nick lifted her hand and kissed it. He said sadly, "thank *you* for taking it——"

He was sober when it was time to leave for the theatre. Before he left he told Martha to put on her nicest gown and remember to wear her bracelet. She was sitting in her favourite place when he walked on the boards with an air of splendid authority and settled down to a superlative performance. In five minutes he had the audience in the hollow of his hand, sighing at his will, hanging on his words. The house tingled with the electric tension of an opening night. Martha thrilled to his superb virtuosity as to the work of some unreachable stranger. She rushed round to the back before the curtain fell. She was in Nick's dressing-room when he came off after a dozen curtain calls. She threw her warm young arms round him. "You're a genius Nick. Nothing can hide it. To-night, you were *incredible*!"

He said—"I know. There was a big noise out front I wanted to impress. Do you suppose it came off?"

He was smiling at her in the glass as he took off his make-up, that dark faunish mocking smile that played tricks with her heart. Sometimes she felt a thousand years old, mothering him and fighting him to keep sober for his inexorable mistress, the theatre. But now she felt pitifully young—too young to know what was the tactful thing to say. It would certainly be wrong to say what was in her mind—"Then after all you didn't act like this for me?" His smile widened as she remained silent.

"I'm glad you wore that silver dress. You look as ethereal as a Fragonard. You see we're going to a very important party."

The disillusionment was too keen to bear. "Oh Nick—so that's why."

"Sure." He laughed at her. Then he looked cynical. "You'd be a grand wife if you developed a sense of humour. Believe me Martha, you'd have a saner view of the whole matter if you took a drink now and then yourself."

A discreet tap on the door was followed by the equally discreet Keishiro. His usually blank countenance was lit by a smile to-night. No anxiety—no trouble—everything to put a quiet little Jap in a bland good temper.

"Where's the party Nick," asked Martha, voice unemotional and face as shut as a box locked on a mystery.

"Just the Sullivans. But Maurice Hoffman is their house guest. They were all here to-night, but they had to leave early. Do you get it?"

Martha nodded. Hoffman was a Hollywood producer with a name as famous as any star's. Nick went on—"There's thousands in the movie game, contracts go on and runs don't matter. You can clean up a fortune before you're middle-aged. And instead of being known to a limited public—your work goes everywhere—your audience is the world."

For a moment he was the Nicholas Linley she had fallen in love with, ambitious, ardent, full of enthusiasm, excited by the magical possibilities of life.

Martha combated her black disappointment and said generously—"Well Nick, I'm sure he'll jump at you after that *tour de force* to-night."

Keishiro held up a fur-lined overcoat and Nick slid into it. As they emerged from the stage door, Nick's chauffeur arrived with his long luxurious car. The snow had stopped, but the streets were icy with a bitter wind blowing. It was warm in the big car with the electric heater and the soft fur robe. Nick's cigarette end glowed in the darkness.

"You're very silent Martha," he teased. "A penny for them."

"You wouldn't like them Nick. I don't myself." *(Continued on page 112)*

Here is an entirely new Minty—the

MERTON MAJOR

This delightfully soft, luxuriously comfortable lounge has superb upholstery, all hair stuffed, with the new rubberised hair at the most important places. Patent suspended interlaced springing is fitted in both back and seat, which are instantly removable for cleaning and loose covers. Three lengths of seat to suit varying heights, prime seasoned birch frames to withstand rough usage, and large socket-type castors for easy moving.

CHAIR *from* £4 . 15 . 0 according to length of seat   SETTEE *from* £8 . 19 . 6 according to width of seat

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY Club Chairs and patterns of Coverings.

MINTY Ltd. (Dept. 86) 44/45 High St., Oxford

London Showrooms - 123, Victoria Street, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
Manchester Showrooms 5, Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER

MINTY
CLUB CHAIR

Patent No. 340743

"Out with them. If you've got some grouch against me I can take it. I'm used to complaints."

"Don't be unfair, darling. Only I can't help thinking if you can keep sober and knock the audience cold to impress a visiting nabob you can do it any time and as often as you like. So why can't you do it because you love me?"

"I see. The woman's angle. You can never be impersonal. Never forget yourself in the hopes and ambitions of somebody else. No—you have to be selfish."

"*Nick!*"

"Well, you are! Think I don't know what's at the bottom of all your anxiety and solicitude? Security, for one thing. And you like owning a husband that other women want."

"How monstrous—how preposterous."

"All right! Look at to-night. I tell you Maurice Hoffman came specially to see me, and what happens? Are you delighted? No! You're mad because you find I didn't tear myself to pieces for your approval, but for a big noise who can put us on top of the world out there in the audience."

He picked up the speaking tube as they approached the Waldorf-Astoria. "Stop here a minute," he told the chauffeur.

"Oh, Nick," began Martha.

"Don't waste your breath Martha, you've got my nerves all ragged. I can't face a stranger till I've had a little drink."

Martha waited in the car, not knowing quite why she waited. Nick returned in ten minutes odorous of spirits, but calm and in a better temper. The car moved along the Avenue and stopped at a tall apartment building two blocks further on. Nick did not speak again. There was a queer shaking in Martha's vitals as they entered the luxurious duplex in which the Sullivans made their city home.

Laura Sullivan was understanding and reassuring as she accompanied Martha into her bedroom. "Don't worry dear," she whispered. "Ken will take care of him."

"Thank you Laura," said Martha tonelessly, slipping out of her ermine coat. Laura noticed the flash of diamonds as she threw her wrap among the furs already on the bed. "What a divine bracelet," she exclaimed. "Lucky girl! May I see?"

Martha held out her arm. She was sorry now she had taken the bracelet. There was no pleasure in it—merely a reminder of grief and shame. She went out among the lively crowd, greeting familiar faces here and there, made her way up to the bar round which the people pushed. She waited till she could lean over and speak to Ken. There was no reason why she should ever care what Nick did any more, but she whispered—"Ken, where is he?"

"Don't worry Martha. Everything's in the bag but the money! He's in conference with Maurice Hoffman in the den."

The time dragged horribly. Martha wished people would not pounce on her and talk to her. It was too painful an effort to keep answering questions, listening and smiling, pretending to be gay and happy and successful, while her heart was as cold and heavy as the diamonds on her wrist. If only she could at last discard the idea of Nick as a responsibility, she could plead a headache to Laura and go home.

Laura came to her and drew her aside from the crowd. She said—"Listen Martha, don't think I'm mad about it. I'm not. But really you'll have to try and do something. Ken wangled this opportunity for Nick with great difficulty, and there sits the fool offending the great man and spoiling his chances by drinking like a fish."

"Oh Laura, I'm sorry. Nick said he'd take care of it."

"He did his best. But you can't tell a man like Hoffman he can't have any drinks in there because the man he's thinking of signing can't resist alcohol in any form if he sees it. Nick *promised*. So now Martha, it's up to you."

Martha followed Laura to the den and went in with her. She saw a distinguished middle-aged man with piercing dark eyes sitting with her husband at the round mahogany table. The stranger rose and bowed politely. "Martha," said Laura, "allow me to present Mr. Maurice Hoffman. Maurice, this is Mrs. Linley, Nick's wife."

Martha bowed, smiling serenely. She said, "I've heard so much about you—this is a very wonderful occasion." She glanced at Nick. He was definitely drunk—it did not take much to do it. The whisky decanter on the table was almost empty, and she knew that ominous narrowed look in his eyes. He was in the sullen suspicious mood in which the world was his enemy, and he became argumentative and insulting. It was no use trying to hide it, to gloss it over, to carry it off with a high hand. This man with the searching dark eyes would see through any pretence.

But Martha specialised in forlorn hopes. She sat down on the arm of a deep leather chair and said, "Mr. Hoffman, I hear you came to the show to-night to see my husband."

Laura sighed with relief and left them. Maurice Hoffman resumed his seat. "I did, Mrs. Linley," he said courteously, "and I must admit it was a very interesting performance."

Nick had his head lowered, and his eyes shifting from one to the other like an angry bull. "Interesting!" he growled truculently. "It was *magnificent*! Not another actor on Broadway could play that part the way I play it. Nor any of your ladies in trousers on the Coast. You haven't got an actor in your outfit, Maurice Hoffman, with the talents of a louse."

Martha jumped up with a little cry, her hand at her mouth, her face flaming. She said: "I'm desperately sorry Mr. Hoffman—I—I must apologise for my husband——"

Hoffman rose and opened the door for her, and Martha passed through. He closed it. He said, "why should *you* apologise Martha Murray, if he has not the wit to apologise for himself?"

She stared at him in surprise. "*You* remember *me*?" *You* know who I am?"

YES PLEASE, FIVE — I SAID FIVE TABLETS OF PALMOLIVE SOAP

Yvonne's phoning an important order for the Misses DIONNE!

ONE of the most important orders from the Dionne households is—Palmolive soap and *no other!* They're the orders of the Quins' own devoted Dr. Dafoe. So no wonder his wonderful charges, the most famous little girls in all the world, are also some of the *loveliest* too! Nothing else but gentle Palmolive could be trusted to cleanse and soothe those tender baby skins, first bathed in pure olive oil alone. And nothing but this wonderful *olive oil* soap is more certain to keep for always that lovely youthful bloom in those famous complexions. So with every wash and with every bath, five wonderful little ladies grow steadily lovelier as Palmolive cleanses, soothes and *beautifies!*

PALMOLIVE
3d per tablet

Illustrations from photographs. World Copyright reserved. Reproduction forbidden.

He took her by the elbow and led her away as the dull sounds of Nick stumbling over the furniture came from the little room. "I do. Take me to some quiet place where we can talk."

Martha took him to Laura's blue and silver boudoir, which invaded by sound only, was comparatively quiet. "Certainly I remember you," Hoffman continued. "I saw you three years ago in *Fires of Youth.* I intended to keep my eye on you. When I heard you had retired I thought it was a disaster. It was your great moment and you turned your back on it——"

Martha said eagerly: "I know. I knew it then. I've often been sorry. But that's all over now. I'm going to find my way back——"

Maurice Hoffman had a reputation for being shrewd and ruthless in his dealings with artists. Martha did not find him so. He smiled at her warmly, approving her loveliness in her silver dress. "If that's the case Miss Murray, I can forgive the uncouth behaviour of your husband, for my evening will not be a loss."

Martha, still ashamed and unhappy, was incredulous. "You mean you would really risk taking a chance on *me* ?"

"I don't take risks," said the famous Hoffman bluntly. "You have excellent facial angles for the camera, and I have never forgotten the spell-binding quality of your work. You have what it takes to make an audience catch fire." He added before she had time to answer—"of course I wouldn't consider a deal with you if you were coming to the Coast saddled with that problem of a husband."

Outside Martha heard a commotion, and above it Nick's strident drunken tones calling her name. She made up her mind instantly. "No—no—I wouldn't. If you want me I'll come to Hollywood gladly—and alone."

Nick saw Martha off at the airport. He was casual and non-commital and bought her books and candy, but his eyes were angry. At the last moment he revealed his bitterness. "I said you were selfish Martha, and you are. You think more of your self-glorification than you do of your husband. I know this is the end. Hoffman will make you a great star and you'll never come back."

"But of course I will Nick," she said, "if you'll change your ways and stay sober."

"It's a bargain," he said and kissed her.

He watched the big ship lift off the ground and disappear into the smoky haze of the west. Then he drove to town and got drunk.

END

New Gypsies for Old

(*Continued from page* 11)

dealt Europe's gypsies by the Spanish War, the damage becoming more severe as the conflict has dragged out. Outside of the Balkans, where nearly two-thirds of the Continent's round million zingaros, gitanos, romanichels, tartars, tsiganes, zigeuner, ungars, tziganskis, are located, Spain was for long gypsydom's stamping or roaming ground *par excellence*—fiery, individualistic, live and let live land of colour and of sun, haven or passing choice of many more than just the native breed.

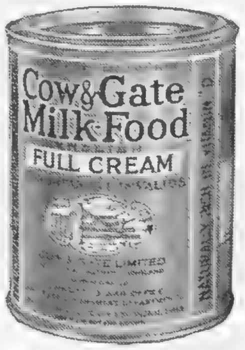
The majority of Spanish gypsies were noted for their sedentary habits. They were not for ever trekking from place to place but preferred to stay put in fixed "gitanerias" of which four leading examples existed—outside Seville, Cordoba, Granada and Madrid, in the last of which the "rasto" or "thief market" used to be a famous port of call. Here, Madrid's gitanos sold stolen goods which they insisted—and eventually successfully—became their property after one week's possession. At all events, Spain is so untenanted, and troglodyte abodes are to be fashioned so easily, as in the case of Granada's celebrated rock-cave quarter, the Albaicin, that the Peninsula's gitanos grew to be widely what is called "footless" in the vocabulary of the true wandering one showing contempt for such of his kind as elect to dig in.

Seville's gypsy suburb of Triana, hymned in lore of the bull ring and the centre of a regular cult by aficionados or fans, escaped the ravages of civil war, thanks to the swiftness of Queipo de Llano's occupation in the opening phase, and so did the Albaicin in lesser degree, yet each has since suffered by Franco's mobilisation of the younger males, by restrictions, and by the dwindling of so much upon which the gitanos depended for a livelihood. There's no money in Nationalist Spain for such extras as fortune-telling and charm-working, bear-leading, flea-taming, strumming and dancing, while cobbling, basket and kettle making, carpentering and the smithy produce precious few pesetas in the hard times. Begging and swindling are alike handicapped. Alone, palm-reading and dancing have not been too grievously hit owing to foreign troops making up, in some measure, for the absent tourists. Another line, prostitution, has increased.

Yet Andalusia's gypsies have been lucky compared with their opposite numbers in Madrid and Cordoba, each of which has been swept and re-swept by the tide of fiercest fratricidal conflict, to the dissolution in large part of the local gitanarios, many of whose thousands of all ages and both sexes are to-day merged in the mass of refugees "somewhere in Spain." In fact, there has been but one bright side to the war, for gitanos. The closing of the frontiers and of the Pyrenees has led to a constant demand for their services as contrabanditsta—smugglers of arms, chiefly—the gypsies knowing the Sierra trails as do none others. Both sides have had recourse to Spain's gypsies who have also been engaged in guiding volunteers into the country, and men who were about to be conscripted, out of it.

Perhaps weighing more heavily on the gitanos than their present plight, is the prospect for to-morrow. Should a totalitarian regime of either complexion supervene, it would go ill indeed with them. That totalitarian states have small use for gypsies has been shown more than once, and Franco has given a foretaste

(*Continued on page* 114)



ROYAL MOTHERS CAN'T BE WRONG

All babies are precious whether they are Royal or not, but it must be admitted that more than ordinary care is taken when selecting a food for the babies of Royalty. So the *fact* that no fewer than seven Royal babies have been fed on Cow & Gate is just more proof to you—if you need it—that the best, when natural feeding fails, is Cow & Gate Milk Food.

Give your baby the food that Royal mothers choose for theirs.

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Yugoslavia

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Iraq

Ⓒ2209

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES"

IRIUM—Brilliant on Teeth

You get it in Pepsodent ONLY!

Look in the mirror when you've cleaned your teeth with Pepsodent — and you'll say "*who* is this girl with the dazzling smile?" That's what IRIUM in Pepsodent is doing for millions — bringing the thrill of seeing how dazzling-white your teeth can really be! And, most important, this new way of cleaning teeth is utterly *safe*. You'll never risk the precious enamel which, once gone, *never grows again!*

WHAT IS IRIUM? Irium — exclusive to Pepsodent — is a mineral compound which research has shown can dissolve that unpleasant greasy coating on teeth better than the soap that's usually to be found in toothpastes—and without soap's alkaline drawbacks. That means it is far more efficient in removing unsightly film from teeth. In combination with Pepsodent's safe, non-scratching polishing agent, it makes teeth *brighter than ever before!*

PEPSODENT containing IRIUM

GRITLESS, SOAPLESS, CHALKLESS—
SAFE. THOROUGH and so REFRESHING!
6d., 1/- and 1/9 a tube
From your Chemist or Stores

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS IRIUM

104-F-B

PREVENT your next COLD!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO WHEN A COLD THREATENS

It is so easy to prevent many colds—if you heed Nature's first warning sneeze. Doctors and nurses recommend this new way. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril.

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden nasal passages. Their tingling medication stimulates Nature's own defences to throw off the cold before it really starts.

Clears "Stuffy" Heads, Too

Even when the head is all stuffed-up by a head-cold or nasal catarrh, Vick-Vatronol clears it instantly, makes every breath cool and delightful. Keep a bottle handy. 1/6d.

VICK-VATRONOL
Brand Nasal Medicament

YEARS OF STOMACH AGONY
Until she found the right remedy

The story of this woman at sixty-seven will give new hope to thousands of stomach sufferers. "For years," writes Mrs. T. J. W., of Worthing, "I suffered untold agonies. I was afraid to eat and was constantly under the doctor. I was treated for Gastritis, Ulcers, Colic and Indigestion. One day I thought I would give Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial and when I told my doctor I was taking it he said 'keep on with it!' I did, and I am thankful to say I am now completely cured and able to eat anything."

This sufferer's experience is by no means unusual. However acute your trouble, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder can't help doing you good. For this famous remedy eases and aids the tortured stomach in a perfectly natural way. It counteracts the excess acid that pitilessly burns and bites; it soothes the inflamed stomach lining; it expels noxious gases. The whole digestive tract is made clean and healthy again. No wonder Mrs. T. J. W.'s doctor advised her to keep on with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder! MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is genuine only if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. In Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/– and 5/–, or in handy 9d. tins of Tablets.

of what Spain's gypsies may expect, if he wins, in the promulgation of severe restrictive decrees ostensibly aimed at reducing gypsy participation in spying for which they are well-equipped in the semi-open, vast-fronted warfare obtaining, and in the course of which men contrive to pass from one side of the line to the other.

The truth is, of course, that gypsies fall instantly foul of regimes that will not tolerate unproductive people, who are also for ever eluding the central maw of control and getting up to all kinds of tricks. In totalitarian countries you have got to submit to being docketed and filed away, as in the fact Germany has done, with a card index and finger-print record of her (relatively few) zigeuner. Dictators do not want slippery customers, nor ones who dodge the common (rubber) stamp. The only thing about gypsies that could find favour with a Hitler or a Mussolini is their fertility. So that it is gradually becoming a case of *out!* with the gypsies in many dictatorial latitudes. Dissolve them! Such was the petition of the Federation of German Farmers recently. They wanted the Romany life extinguished on German soil, of course on account of the usual depredations. But their request was put forward on the racial ground—the zigeuner were not of Aryan stock.

Actually, if we are to credit the scholars, it would be impossible to find a more complete Aryan type than the gypsy who is now positively considered to have originated in the foothills of the Himalayas, cradle of the Aryan race. I remember having all this out with a great lad in Geneva, one Professor Pittard. The professor, a broth of a boy, all whiskers and personality, had passed many summer holidays in the Balkans measuring the skulls of hundreds of gypsy men and women; and, anthropologically, there could be no doubt about it. The last of Europe's pure gypsydom showed definite Hindu origin: long, narrow head, height a little above the average, with long legs, hair straight and black, dark eyes, harmonious features, straight, non-negroid nose.

One reason Germany's gypsies get in bad with the powers-that be has to do with so many of them having interbred with Jews, and it was on this score that Berlin decided to expel gypsy musicians. Previously, a general moving-on order had been given in regard to all who could not show one hundred per cent German birth certificates, measure which left but a few thousand native zigeuner unharassed, chiefly in the Rhineland. A number of these have been trickling surreptitiously over into friendly Alsace-Lorraine, but neighbouring Switzerland will let hardly a single caravan through, even in transit to another country.

Europe's nationalism run wild is steadily turning frontiers into barriers labelled "no passage" in so far as gypsies are concerned. Even in their own countries the latter are being more and more restricted in their movements and generally supervised. No longer is it merely a question of the wandering ones being directed to specific caravan sites on the edge of towns and villages. Take Hungary, where ever since their coming to Europe, from Egypt, in the fifteenth century, the "ungars" had been treated as poor relations. Because the local brand change their names too freely or adopt in mass a similar and, of course, infinitely perplexing surnames, it has been decreed in places that male gypsies shall have their names tattooed upon their persons, so as to facilitate identification. And—horror of horrors—in the town of Cegled gypsies have to take compulsory baths!

In the adjacent Burgenland, once Hungarian, Austria has introduced severe control measures consequent upon her having abandoned the idea of trying to persuade the League of Nations to undertake the transportation of this immensely swollen colony to Melanesia or parts of South America. The Burgenland is now virtually a vast concentration camp where in pre-war days it was populated by relatively pliable people called "Heiden," no doubt as high a type of gypsy as could be found anywhere. But, of late, slump and stern treatment far and wide made of the Burgenland a rallying ground of everything pernicious.

It is hardly an over-statement to say that most of Europe's gypsies are currently on the run, or being card-indexed or as good as interned (if the "camps" be entire countrysides), or are otherwise witnessing the suppression of their time-honoured mode of living. The only exceptions would appear to be the western democracies, Romania and Macedonia. In the two last are 400,000 gypsies divided into nearly five hundred tribes, a great number of whose elements are sedentary in earthen huts, and follow trades. Romania obviously could not break up such a vast number, by decrees of force, and so we see a novel effort being made to organise the "tartars" into a law-abiding unit. As a first move, a romany newspaper, *The Gypsy Nation*, has made its bow, having as leitmotiv a call to gypsies in positions of prominence to acknowledge their origin, show pride in being sons and daughters of the "most liberty-loving nation on earth."

The romany organ further makes a point of drawing attention to the fatal inroads that have latterly been made upon heretofore gypsy specialities. Broadcast and gramophone music is cutting out gypsy orchestras. Star-readers and mediums are reducing the womenfolk's livelihood. Japanese imitations are displacing natural flowers. The multiplying of the motor car is rendering horse-dealing (and stealing) less and less worth while. Gypsies must rally to their common defence wherever *calo* is spoken! They must follow the Romanian example and organise!

Easier said than done. Four-fifths of the Continent would seem to be in no mind to allow any such organising. True, there was this year a fleeting flare-up of gypsy enthusiasm in Warsaw, when 20,000 Polish fans filled a stadium to witness the coronation of a local boilermaker, Janus Kwiek, as King of the Gypsy tribe (one of several who maintain tradition and the code of honour, a main tenet of which is never to go near the police), but the Smigley-Ridz-Col. Koc near-dictatorship has since supervened, meaning not much hope in these latitudes for a recognition of gypsydom. In neighbouring Soviet Russia a policy has been laid down directed at "improving the gypsy mode of life," but which in practice will eventually delete the true tziganski by washing out his roaming proclivities. The plan is to settle all the U.S.S.R. tziganksis on collective farms, and to this end tracts of land have been earmarked in the Volga Basin, in far-off Turkestan, and nearer home on the southern slopes of the Caucases.

No doubt at all but that France is to-day the last gypsy "paradise" or nearest thing to one. But, precisely in view of the great nomadic influx under foreign pressure, the French are beginning to tighten control, notably in relation to so-called "tsiganisés" or camp followers, not infrequently outnumbering the true breed on to whom they have cottoned.

Verily, if France went it would soon be all up with the gypsies as we have always known them. Ourselves have but a meagre ten or twelve thousand genuine Romanies who, moreover, are now largely "in some way connected with motor cars" or established on the land. Soon, as things are going, these will be quite swamped by the new gypsies, process indubitably destined to be repeated on the Continent, where it has not come to pass already. In this country the new condition of affairs has been recognised by the passage of a special Public Health Act. Obviously, if half a million are hitching, hiking and camping to-day, the odds are that a million will be doing so to-morrow, this imitative mass age being what it is. And, no less clearly, such a multitude will have to be supervised in so small a land as this. For anyone who has tramped, say, the Pyrenees, it isn't a hiking and camping land at all, but

(*Continued on page 116*)

beauty

OF FACE
AND FORM

When her figure is deprived by nature of its graceful lines, or her skin begins to change its youthful freshness for the wrinkles and discoloration of age, woman turns desperately to the aid of external treatments in the hope of restoring and retaining her charms. However good the external treatments may be for obtaining immediate results, they must fail in the end for they can do no more than temporarily supplement the shortcomings and conceal the undesirable changes due to the march of time. To make the results effective and lasting, the remedy must be introduced from within.

Scientific Research led to Discovery of Methods which can help Nature

The object of these methods is to supplement the shortage of vital substances in the human system, and by introducing them into the body to supply the nutrition required by the organism for the discharge of its normal functions—for the continuous repair of tissues from natural wear. The system is stimulated to renewed activity and formation of new cells is promoted. The newly-formed cells replace those which have become inactive or lost. This process of reconstruction of tissues preserves beauty and removes signs of its fading.

To introduce the vital substances into the body special preparations in the form of tablets, incorporating the principles of rejuvenation, have been evolved. How these tablets, taken during a course of treatment, produce the desired results is explained in most interesting and richly illustrated books.

You should read these instructive books describing the methods for the treatment of beauty from within. It will then be understood how an imperfect bust can regain its original firmness and roundness of form, or brought to normal development; and also how an ageing skin can be restored to the condition of youth.

The "S-8" book deals with a preparation to beautify the breast, the "W-5" book deals with the world-renowned tablets for rejuvenation of the skin.

Write for either of the books, or for both, which will be sent you in plain, sealed envelope and free of cost.

Gelty Distributing Co., Mappin House, 162 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

The Polish for
RED TILE
Paths & Floors

Floors, Tiled Porches and Concrete Paths can be given a beautiful rich red waterproof gloss with 'Cardinal.' Also excellent for Red Composition Floors, Stone Steps and Brick Paths.

OF ALL DEALERS

Also in Green, Cream, White, Buff and Transparent. CP/W/3

Cardinal Polish 6d

Cardinal
POLISH
RED TILES

HELEN GRANT LTD.

Université de Beauté, 7 Park Lane, W.1.

(Branch of the Académie Scientifique de Beauté, Paris.) Gives training in the theory and practice of all branches of BEAUTY CULTURE and SLIMMING MASSAGE. The training, which includes practical Salon experience, is the most thorough obtainable. The latest methods only are taught. Classes are graded so that students may begin their courses at any time. London and Paris diplomas granted.

PARENTS ARE INVITED TO CONSULT THE PRINCIPAL

GROSVENOR 2111

that is by the way, and probably a vexing, unwelcome remark as well.

Henceforth, local authorities are empowered to pass by-laws requiring exploiters of recognised camping sites to be licensed; that they provide clients—campers—with adequate sanitation and water, and convene to remove all leavings and litter. At this stage the new Act is causing concern alike to exploiters and campers, and the suggestion is made that the Ministry draft a set of model by-laws for application all over the country. Otherwise, site-owners in one county may be more favourably treated than in another, while the roving camper could be perplexed by different sets of regulations obtaining on his path.

Shall our new gypsies develop in course of time some or any of the characteristics associated through the centuries with those they are displacing? It is a stimulating notion. Here are some of the characteristics: "Dirt, overbreeding, immorality, degeneracy, thieving, kidnapping, cruelty to children and animals, rural depredations, poaching, obscenities, hoaxing, swindling, assaults, internecine violence, conscientious objection to work."

Rather is it more likely (at least may we hope so) that the newfangled nomads will draw up on the plus side of gypsydom: "their music, colour, happiness, sense of freedom, pact with nature, the reservoir they are for art, their looks, grace, changlessness under persecution, tribal loyalty."

On second thoughts, the above pious hope will probably remain mostly a hope. For glaring reasons, chief of which is Blood, the new devotees of the broad highway, of forest and moor, brookside and village perimeter, can never really resemble the old. The new gypsies will not be "working at it," and that is capital. They will be out primarily and for a limited time to enjoy themselves far-removed from the oppressiveness of convention. Whether in posh trailer-caravan with GB sign, such as I studied closely, in action, on the "Little Riviera" last June, or stepping out with one's kit and bedding on the shoulders, the central idea remains constant: to get a kick from roughing it, while obliterating from the mind every atom of atmosphere suggestive of the daily grind.

To compass this, to what ends will the new gypsy go, what discomfort and discouragement will he and she put up with! Why, these queerly behaving mortals, quite normal people, nothing nudist or anything in that line, will for the sheer fun of the thing endure conditions which, befalling in their home ambiance, would produce domestic upheaval.

Admitted, that camping is being rendered much easier and less exacting as the towns (for their own protection) set aside sites with water and drainage laid on; as outfitters supply every conceivable need parallel to the organisation of routes and hostels by associations and clubs. Not that Europe has as yet come near where they are in North America, whose States are already enticing the nomads of the Trailer Age with offers of free forest and park reserves, equipped with fireplaces (wood free, too) and running water. Nor have we yet got to the conversion of the family car into a portable country home in quarter of an hour.

Yet, however ritzy their accoutrements, their "overnight cabins" and gadgets galore, the new gypsies have got to face up just the same to the perennial, immutable inconveniences of living close to nature. Quite so—that is largely what they are seeking—a drastic break with slick ranges and electric refrigerators, built-in showers and indirect lighting, telephones, beds and plumbing worthy of the name—yet the surprises apt to spring from a return to primordial existence are not to be pooh-poohed. They require to be reckoned with.

To take just one case of difference, your genuine gypsies are immune to insect bites, or as good as. Their skins have become unpuncturable by all save quite lusty insects. But what about their successors? The lady of the GB caravan moaned: "Oh, but it has been too awful! Not a wink of proper sleep all night, nor the children. Are the mosquitoes *everywhere* down on this coast?"

Again, it is only a pretty tale that campers can lie as long and late as they please, every morn a Sunday. If their ears are functioning properly they've been well and truly roused at streak of dawn, according to time of year, by the morning chorus from tree tops, barnyard, or kindred source. The truth being that hours are rather grim because you rarely hear, either of the disconcerting rapidity with which night falls, the darkness as likely as not accentuated by the sheltered site one has chosen. Very dark darkness, it can be, and you mayn't switch on the headlights or any other lights for fear of attracting trillions of insects. A hand torch to read by is a sound idea, though of course there now exists the valuable camping asset of the radio, perhaps the best bet for the cimmerian spell before "bedtime," unless it be talk and a drink round the smouldering camp fire.

The real test of the new gypsies comes with the wet day. The sun hidden by low, grey clouds; trees dripping; a fire that refuses to burn; clothes and bedding sodden; books, papers and belongings jeopardised; a streamlet creeping through the tent whose canvas also lets in water from above. And little or nought to do hour after hour save sit and lump it, make for the nearest habitation (surrender), or pack up and move on when you may have wished to stay just in this spot.

It is then that many of the new gypsies, bred in dance-hall and cinema, may be expected to weaken; when a spot of moisture wouldn't mean a thing to the genuine Romany.

END

EFFECTIVE AND ATTRACTIVE!

This gas fire has its radiants inclined and is given a V-shaped front; because only by these means can "Lateral Radiation" be achieved. For the first time a gas fire throws its heat outwards, upwards and sideways, the advantages of which must be experienced to be believed.

But this is not all: in addition these developments in design have immensely improved the external appearance of the gas fire; and when you realise that it is now only necessary to turn the tap for the fire to ignite automatically, you can understand why the Cannon V-Inclined is so popular.

CANNON V INCLINED
GAS FIRES
» *in your local gas showrooms* «

New SKI-ING DISTRICTS *in* TYROL

A beautiful ski-ing run R. Muller

Among ski-ers of some skill there are conservative souls who are happy to do the same downhill run every day of every winter holiday. On the other hand, there are many enterprising skiers who make a practice of visiting fresh ground and never doing the same tour twice. For the benefit of these, a survey of ski-ing territory recently opened in Tyrol is set out below.

In the northerly direction from the north end of Lake Achen there is an undulating ski-terrain affording a number of easy tours suitable for beginners. A good centre for this district is Achenkirch, which lies at an altitude of 3,027 ft., and can be reached by mail-bus from the railway station of Jenbach.

Another ski-ing district, less widely known than the above, lies to the south of Oberau and Auffach, where there are racy downhills and rather difficult tours. Both of the villages can be got to by mail-bus from Woergl railway station. Auffach is 2,870 feet high and Oberau 3,070 feet.

A good centre of ski-ing in the East and West Kitzbuehel Alps is Aurach (Nieder Aurach, Ober Aurach), 2,781 feet above sea level, not far from Kitzbuehel, from which station there is a mail-bus service.

In the neighbourhood of St. Johann in Tyrol is Fieberbrunn, 2,585 feet high, on the Innsbruck-Vienna railway line. Numerous ski-tours in the surrounding district make a stay here very enjoyable.

In East Tyrol there are ski-ing districts which can still be regarded as virginal. The Venediger mountain group, the Schober group and parts of the Lienz Dolomites have downhill runs which will surely become famous at some future time for their length and their reliable snow conditions. Unfortunately, there is still a shortage of places suitable as headquarters, so that these magnificent territories are accessible only to hardy and skilled skiers. Two good centres in East Tyrol are Lienz, 2,116 feet high, and Iselsberg, 3,640 feet. Lienz is the chief town of South-east Tyrol, and Iselsberg is also a resort of repute, so that both offer good accommodation at all prices. Lienz is, of course, on the railway line. The station for Iselsberg is Doelsach, where you can get the omnibus for Iselsberg.

For nice little ski-tours in the northern—spurs of the Kaiser Mountains suitable headquarters can be found at Koessen, 1,929 feet high. To this village you can get an omnibus from the railway station at Kufstein or St. Johann in Tyrol.

Among the lesser-known ski-ing districts in the Ausserfern, special mention may be made of the terrain around Lermoos, which has been gaining popularity in recent years. Lermoos is on the railway line and has an altitude of 3,293 feet.

The western spurs of the Stubai Alps afford excellent high-mountain tours, and the village of Praxmar can be confidently recommended as a starting point. To get to it, you can board the omnibus at the railway station in Innsbruck or Kematen, and travel as far as Gries. From there you must continue your journey by sledge.

In Obernberg Valley there are various interesting ski terrains which are both easy and enjoyable. Get off the train at Gries on the Brenner Pass, and then take a conveyance to Obernberg am Brenner. It has a beautiful climate with plenty of sunshine, and lies at an altitude of 4,568 feet.

Some of the little villages mentioned above are rather far removed from the beaten tracks, and the catering there is generally modest, but the inns are clean and comfortable, as well as thoroughly warmed. Prices of accommodation at such places are really low. In all the ski-ing resorts there are teachers of ski-ing to give ski-ing instruction, to organise tours and to attend to the individual sporting requirements of visitors.

END

This coupon is big news to every woman

FREE trial offer! Choose from six lovely shades of Palmolive Face Powder

Put an X against the shade you prefer, then write your name and address on the coupon, and post to Palmolive, Dept. B.E.2/38, 44 Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1.

NAME

ADDRESS

PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY

- ☐ Rachel 1
- ☐ Rachel 2
- ☐ Ochre Rose
- ☐ Sun Tan
- ☐ Naturelle
- ☐ Peach

More than 44,000 of these samples have been sent out already to a representative list of women. As the result of letters received since, we know that 1 out of every 3 of these women find Palmolive their ideal powder! That's because Palmolive is a powder which combines *at last* all the essentials women have always wanted. It is gossamer-fine yet it *clings:* it stays on in all weathers yet is utterly *non-greasy.* Don't miss this chance of finding what may well be *your* ideal powder, too. It costs you nothing to try!

6d & 1/-
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE face powder

You don't see the powder—you see the effect!

"What with fog and fires the Winter months are pretty busy ones."
"You're right. But what a good thing it is that we have such a help as Min Cream for cleaning the white enamel paint and preventing French polished furniture becoming dulled by the damp. I really don't know how I should get along without a tin of Min in the house."

MIN CREAM
FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES
Tins 6d. & 1/- OF ALL DEALERS
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4
MJAZ/6

The HALO P.3
is LAID ON-*NOT* PULLED ON....

Lies evenly
over curls
and waves

'The 'HALO' P.3 opens out flat and is laid on the head, when by means of lightly extended elastic bands the cap is drawn round, encasing the head without disturbing curls or waves. It has no chin strap, no ties or ribbons, only two small buttons on the forehead band, over which the elastic bands loop. The patent wig-fitting designs prevents the cap from coming off."

And who can speak from greater experience than our Joint Managing Director, Miss Phillips.

In strong art silk, 1/6; or fancy designs 1/11. Six pastel shades. From Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, or if any difficulty write to BYARD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

Stella Phillips

Boots

HALO Regd
P·3 SLEEPING CAP

Afraid to go to bed—

FOR FEAR OF
ASTHMA

The case of the chronic asthmatic is pitiful... how he dreads evening . . . what an ordeal night brings . . . strangling paroxysms . . . unable to lie down . . . spasmodic sleep . . . nightly misery.
POTTER'S ENDS ALL THIS . . . gives sweet relief . . . clears breathing . . . gives peaceful healing sleep o'nights and marvellous comfort by day whatever age and occupation—ASTHMA YIELDS INSTANTLY TO POTTER'S.
INSTANT RELIEF IN Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, Influenza, etc. Thousands have taken it successfully on their doctor's advice.
Obtainable all chemists—1/6 a tin or 1/9 post free. Send for Booklet "Are You Asthmatic."
POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
60, Artillery Lane, LONDON, E.1.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE
A6

Show Business is Breaking all Records

(*Continued from page* 9)

her voice to save his picture. So a film called *Three Smart Girls* is manufactured, and is the hit of the year; and the company finds it has a valuable new star in Deanna Durbin, an unknown schoolgirl who achieves enormous fame overnight.

On the business side, romances and fantasies equal anything on the acting side, or in the film tales themselves. A former glove salesman becomes a wealthy film magnate and a leader of the American manufacturing industry. Here, a provincial solicitor named John Maxwell takes over a small cinema, acquires others, becomes a renter in order to secure films for his houses, forms a film company, goes into production, and is now chairman and managing director of half a dozen of the biggest companies—one of his enterprises made over a million pounds profit last year.

Some of the provinces of the show kingdom would be smaller, less developed, less luxuriant than they are, were it not for some prince of outstanding character and talents, who has descended upon them and worked wonders. In the van of these dynamic show potentates one must put Mr. Bertram Mills, who has given the imperial city of London a circus whose Christmas opening members of the Royal Family, cabinet ministers and the leading citizens regularly attend as guests of the proprietor.

I should like to say that the family of Mills mounted its coaches and drove in to invade the province of the circus. But there was an interregnum—if motor cars. The Mills family, however, from the earliest times was associated with horses through stage coaches and post-horse services. If the original Mills came over with the Roman legions—we owe the circus to the ancient Romans, and the Mills circus is more varied than Nero's—he was probably in charge of the courier corps.

The Mills of the age of Dickens was no longer running coaches: he was making them. But as horse vehicles of the grander sort began to be supplanted by powered vehicles, Mr. Mills moved with the times; and by the time the Great War started he was in the transportation business, but on the motor car side. At the end of the war he had two motor car businesses, more money than he could use in them, and an abundance of surplus energy. One day a friend said to him: "Why have we no circus in town to compare with those in Berlin and Paris?" Mr. Mills replied: "I don't know; but I imagine it must be because nobody has ever thought of doing the job." He thereupon started to reconnoitre the unknown territory of the circus business, and decided to venture therein. His first idea was to import a big circus, lock, stock and lion. But Ringling, the American circus king, whose show he wanted, told him after examination of the project that the transportation costs would make it uneconomic. So Bertram Mills decided he would have to organise his own circus and go into the circus business. Such was the start of England's biggest and most colourful circus: a circus which after its London season takes the road and puts on its shows under a "big top" which contains 8,000 people and costs £5,000.

THE ramified province of athletic sports represents probably a £20,000,000 industry. I have one estimate which rates it at more than treble that figure, by an intricate tracing of sport equipment, clothes, sport stadium equipment, and what not, through to the raw material of field and mine. The giant Wembley stadium and the Empire arena, the Madison Square Garden of Britain, gives a bird's-eye view of the general field. Swimming, boxing, ice sport, speedway racing, dog racing, wrestling, tennis—all these different types of contest, organised and presented as shows and spectacles, are staged at Wembley. The presiding genius in this realm is Mr. A. J. Elvin, a prematurely bald gentleman with a genial smile, ginger eyebrows and an impregnable calm.

Mr. Elvin first saw Wembley from a tobacco kiosk. That was during the British Empire Exhibition there. When the exhibition finished he secured a demolition contract. Having finished pulling Wembley down he conceived the idea of building it up again—as a sport centre. The result is the present Wembley, with its elaborate equipment and organisation for switching over from sport to sport and spectacle to spectacle—they can change over from a turfed football field to a cinder speedway track, and back again, in four days, and from a boxing arena to an ice-hockey rink overnight.

This show magnate is a modest man. Waving a jewelled arm in a gesture which included the enormous concrete building, the seats rising tier upon tier to the roof far above, the batteries of floodlights, the stadium and the arena together, a lady once said to him: "But this is perfectly marvellous! I didn't know there was such a place in England. Who did it?" To which Mr. Elvin replied, in his soft, even voice: "Well, if you mean who laid the egg, I did."

Boxing used to be the big-money sport for any arena. But times have changed. The spectacle of ice hockey now produces more revenue than boxing over a year. The last of the million-dollar gates departed with Jack Dempsey. That redoubtable pugilist is reputed to have taken £250,000 out of boxing, which is about £50,000 more than Tunney retired with. It seems improbable that any other fighter in our time will equal those prizes of a brief career, although Mr. Joe Louis, also known as the Brown Bomber and the Detroit Torpedo, has announced that he may retire in 1938, as he already has £100,000, and it seems enough for his modest needs.

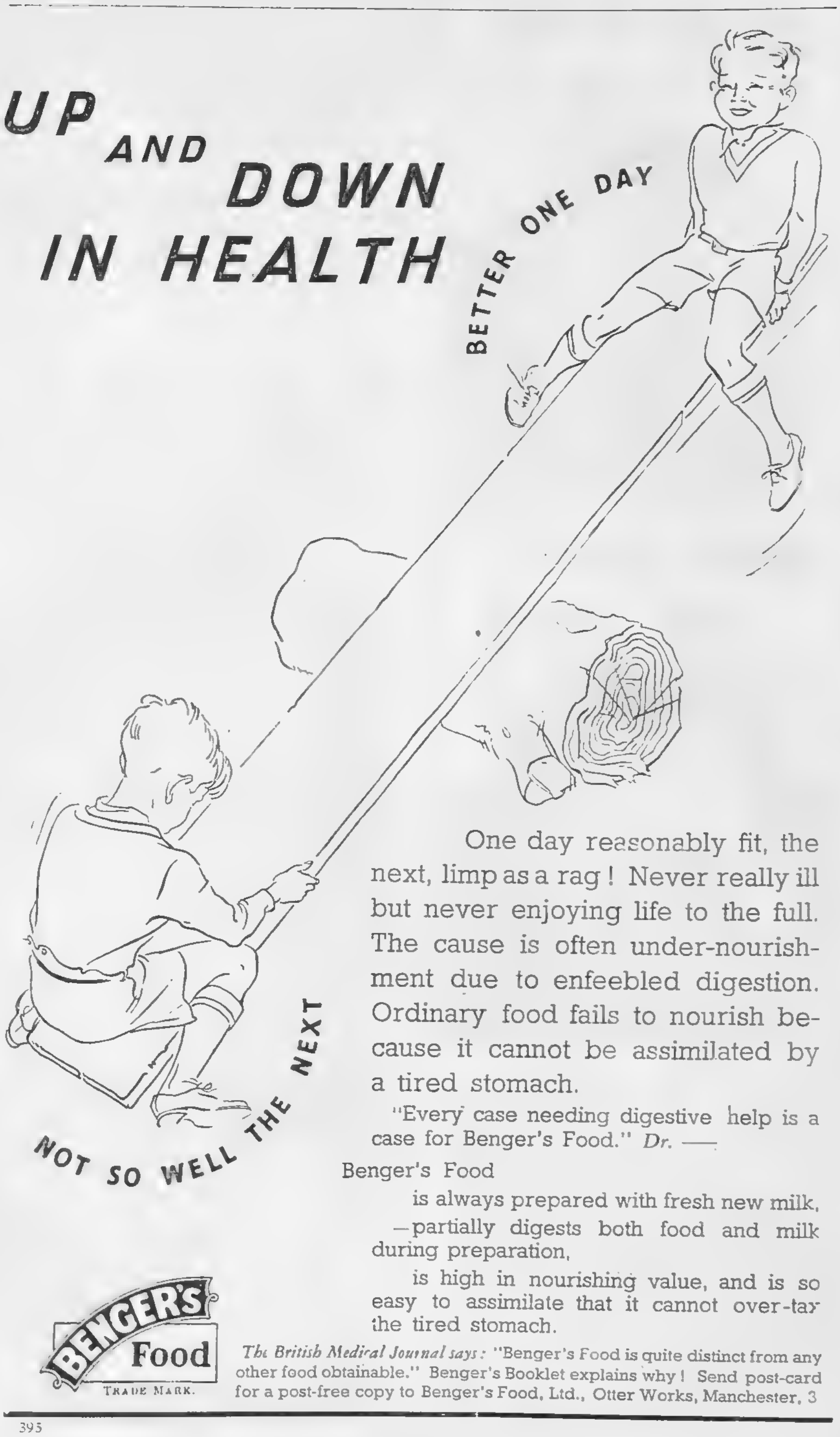
Wrestlers, of the gorilla variety, appear to earn more, and to offer a steadier business to the sport promoter and the entrepreneurs of the arenas.

CRICKET, as a sport, is not much of a business. But a business it is, with clubs deploring losses, or worrying about overdrafts, or smiling over a profit of a thousand or three, and secretaries and managers who have to show a profit, or explain why. . . . Wrestling, boxing, yachting, quoits, rackets, baseball, athletics, badminton, cycling (especially of the six-day variety), hockey (ordinary and ice), skating, swimming, archery, billiards, football of the two varieties, gymnastics, fencing, lacrosse, polo, motoring, rowing, aviation, and even chess, are forced, or drift, into the field of commerce, there to become businesses, with their profit-and-loss accounts, and their business organisation and boards and managers concerned with the financial problem of making money out of the interest their shows arouse, or the excitement or emotions they generate.

Tens of thousands of pounds are made every year out of tennis—tennis as a sport spectacle. Such men as Tilden and Vines make an excellent income, playing exhibition tennis. Crowd interest in the players' personalities gives the sport spectacle a dramatic human interest. The game makes world-famous figures of women like Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills.

A shop assistant serves customers, assiduously, in 1929. He goes in for ping-pong. Ping-pong is a more strenuous and exciting game than one might suppose. Our shop assistant enters tournaments, and at last wins a world ping-pong championship. He turns his attention seriously then to tennis. He does so well that he aspires to play at Wimbledon, and when he proves his right, by qualifying, to challenge the aces, he makes his début on the famous courts. Within a few months he becomes an English international. He leaps to the fore, spends eighteen months playing tennis in fourteen foreign countries, conquers all comers, carries off

(*Continued on page* 120)


UP AND DOWN IN HEALTH
BETTER ONE DAY
NOT SO WELL THE NEXT

One day reasonably fit, the next, limp as a rag! Never really ill but never enjoying life to the full. The cause is often under-nourishment due to enfeebled digestion. Ordinary food fails to nourish because it cannot be assimilated by a tired stomach.

"Every case needing digestive help is a case for Benger's Food." *Dr.* ——

Benger's Food

is always prepared with fresh new milk,

—partially digests both food and milk during preparation,

is high in nourishing value, and is so easy to assimilate that it cannot over-tax the tired stomach.

BENGER'S Food
TRADE MARK.

The British Medical Journal says: "Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable." Benger's Booklet explains why! Send post-card for a post-free copy to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, 3

395

Let "RANEE" read your character from your HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

If you do this
you must do this

SLEEPY eyes sound romantic in a negro lullaby. In real life, they aren't. If your eyes get tired before the rest of you, it means that your eyes need attention. And—it will mean serious trouble if they don't get it.

Eyes that get their daily Optrex eye bath never feel they need rubbing, and they open in the morning with the lids light and the whites bright. Sparkling and clear! Young looking!

Let there be a new daily routine in the family—the daily eye bath. Let every member, from baby upwards, face life in future with eyes that you know are protected against germs, dust and smoke; eyes that won't get tired first. Optrex is especially valuable in cases of eye inflammation, redness, excessive watering irritation, styes and waxed up lashes. It is recommended by doctors and opticians everywhere.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex
BRAND
EYE LOTION

On sale at all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye bath), Triple Size 3/6 (without eye bath). For interesting booklet "Sight—the Master Sense", full of vital information, write to Dept. B.E.50, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Rd., London, N.W.2.

Show Business is Breaking all Records

all the titles offering, marries a celebrated Hollywood film actress, becomes a world-known personality. That is what the tennis spectacle, and business, does for Frederick John Perry.

Golf is a bigger business than tennis—or was, until tennis, too, began to get commercialised, and the leading exponents found they could earn five-figure incomes at the sport-spectacle. A golf ace like Cotton, a club professional, commands £60 for an exhibition match. Walter Hagen at his peak earned £10,000 a year, and Leo Diegel got £3,000 a year as a pro. at a club—in Mexico! The world golf title is said to be worth anything from £5,000 to £15,000 a year to the man who holds it—while he holds it, which usually is not for long.

The magnitude of the football business may be gauged from the fact that every Saturday afternoon over an eight months' season around three million people attend football matches, the majority of them paying a transportation fare to get to the ground, and spending extra on food and drink on these sport days. And all the week during the football season some 12,000 workmen, from grass tenders to carpenters, are kept busy preparing for the brief combat spectacle in which two teams, of eleven men each, fight over a ball in a highly organised and disciplined manner, and to an elaborate and rigidly-coded pattern, in a space measuring ninety yards by a hundred and twenty.

There are eighty-eight league clubs, and these club teams play once a week. The biggest of the grounds they play on seat 50,000 and 60,000 in four or five miles of seats around the rim. The spectators in all are estimated to leave five tons of debris, from cigarette ends to paper bags and banana skins, behind them: for which some hundreds of men wanting a wage-paying job of work bless them. A single big club will employ over £200's worth of casual labour a week in the season. It will also have to spend £200 on boots and sweaters for the team, £2,000 for police, £500 to £700 for medical attention to players, £50 for balls, £100 to £200 for grass seed, £3,000 to £4,000 for hotel and transportation bills; and it will take from £3,000 to £5,000 at each match.

Athletic trainers, clerks, managers at £1,000 a year, secretaries, typists, seedsmen, carpenters, printers, compositors, transport workers, and many other categories of wage- and salary-earning men find whole-time employment in the national ball game. If it went the government would have to foster or create some other industry to take its place: the economic life of the island would otherwise feel too severe a draught.

One could find a "king" of football, I suppose, but it would not be worth while: the game is naturally big business, and if one man did not move in to organise it another would. It, and racing, are the mastodons of the British show industry. Around both, of course, whirl terrific spirals of wagering. The British, like the Romans, have always been eager to wager on the contest of man against man, team against team, and speed animal against speed animal.

Wagering must be noted in any economic survey of football and racing, for the "pools" betting business that has been organised to cover the football field is now a £30,000,000 one, giving direct employment to over 50,000 people, and adding enormously to the business and profits of His Majesty's Post Office; while, as for racing, the Aga Khan is authority for the figure of £100,000,000, no less, as the volume of credit betting which takes place away from the race-course every year. One must add to that trifle of £100,000,000 the "tote" take, and the cash and credit betting with bookmakers on the course.

There are about nine million horses in the island; and racing in all its ramifications is the biggest single item in the horse business. Racing stables alone represent an investment running into millions. A racing stable has

SHE WAS A HUMAN POISON FACTORY

Full of Uric Acid and Unable to Move

If all your joints were so stiff with uric acid that you thought yourself fortunate even to be able to sit all day in a chair, let alone walk or bend, you would do anything to get well. One thing this woman did was to have all her teeth out—but still she suffered, until she took Kruschen. She writes:—

'I had terrible rheumatism in both knees. They were very swollen—just like puddings. I could not rise from a chair without assistance and to go upstairs was agony. I have been into hospital and had my teeth extracted. Afterwards I started taking Kruschen. Now I can run upstairs and kneel as much as I like. My age is 37, I am 5 feet 10 inches in height and weigh 13 stone, so you might guess my legs have a weight to carry. I have just got another bottle of Kruschen—after taking a dose I can work like a horse.'—(Mrs.) H. S.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients of these Salts assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists at 6d., 1/- and 1/9 per bottle.

MRS. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies' waited on. Only Address—

122 Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames

Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.

This Helmet is No. 82. Price 2/-.
WEAR A
Ladye Jayne
SLUMBER HELMET

WITH *or* WITHOUT CHIN-TIE

The perfect cut of a Ladye Jayne Helmet makes it unrivalled for preserving your waves during sleep or after a wave set. Many attractive designs. From good HAIR-DRESSERS, STORES & Boots

From 1/- to 6/6

Beauty Sleep
EVERY NIGHT

★ A Ladye Jayne ENSURES HAIR BEAUTY

earned in a year over £90,000 in prize money for the owners whose horses have been trained in that stable. But that is reaching to peaks. £10,000 to £30,000 is a more normal figure.

There are about 130 recognised jockeys riding regularly in flat races. Add apprentices and stablemen holding riding licences and getting an occasional mount in races, and you can bring the total up to 350. The jockeys have a hard time here compared to most other countries. In some other countries racing is concentrated in one or two centres. Here it is scattered all over the island. The jockeys and horses race at York, and then at Derby, then they go to Brighton, and then off to the other side of the kingdom. You will often see the jockeys running for the train while pulling on their greatcoats immediately after a race.

A big stable will pay a retainer of from £5,000 to £7,000 for the right to have first call on one of the crack riders. A Gordon Richards can earn £20,000 a year in his heyday. A dozen other leading jockeys command from £5,000 to £10,000 a year, and the routine capable jockey can earn £1,000 a year. But the expenses of these professionals are heavy, and few retire with fortunes after eight to twelve years of a riding career. Some of those who have commanded the highest fame and fees have managed to achieve bankruptcy, although none could plead that the normal expenses of a racing jockey brought them to that plight.

As for the race meetings, you can make your own guess—not forgetting to add in the champagne and the frocks. It is a toss up whether Epsom during Derby week, or Royal Ascot represents the bigger business. Probably the latter, if one eliminates the volume and value of the betting.

At the first Ascot meeting the prizes for two days' racing were pieces of plate valued at 40 and 100 guineas. Now between £50,000 and £60,000 is offered in four days. The Ascot Gold Cup race, over two and a half miles, is worth nearly £4,000. I have by me all the figures, an immensely long list, relating to Ascot. It would bore you to peruse these items in accountancy—the financial "back-stage" of the most brilliant and picturesque of all race meetings, distinguished by the maintenance of the tradition, founded in 1820 by George IV, of the semi-state royal drive in landaus, each drawn by four horses with outriders in scarlet and gold and postilions in Ascot blue and scarlet, from Duke's Drive in Windsor Great Park to the course and down it, amid cheers and to the music of the National Anthem, to the royal box. But I can assure you that beside these items, those of such a course as Kempton Park, which has sixteen meetings a year, are minor phenomena.

And yet at Kempton Park they pay out of the "take" £10,000 a year in entertainment tax, £4,000 in rates and taxes, £400 a year for conditioning fences and jumps, £6,000 in wages, £2,000 in sundry fees to officials, £250 for music, £4,000 for estate rent and £120 as a fee to the Jockey Club, while they take between £3,000 and £4,000 from the bookmakers for their stands, £3,000 for race-card sales and a cut of the profit on food and drink, and between £40,000 and £50,000 for admissions and car park charges, with £14,000 for entrance fees and surplus sales percentages.

END

Hollywood's Matrimonial League of Nations

(*Continued from page 23*)

proves how little we know our own minds.

To celebrate the run of a play, Mr. Robinson invited a few acting pals to visit his bachelor flat one evening, after the show. One of the pals, unconsciously living up to that title, brought a young actress along; Gladys Lloyd was her name. As she walked into the room in a trailing white evening gown, Eddie Robinson fell in love with her, without making the slightest effort to stick to his always-a-bachelor intentions. But it took him several days to summon up enough courage to telephone Miss Lloyd and invite her to watch a matinée of his show, *The Firebrand.* Which doesn't sound very much like *Little Cæsar,* somehow, but is none the less true.

Gladys found the tiny kitchen in Eddie's flat a good place to practise cooking; the slap-dish meals Mr. Robinson had been handing out to himself seemed all wrong to her practical housekeeper's intelligence. The end of it was the purchase of three train tickets for Eddie, Gladys and the lawyer who went along to keep them company, with an elopement as the reason for the journey. Eddie and Gladys Robinson have proved that a Romanian man and a Welsh girl can get along together very happily indeed. To-day they have a son, "Manny" by nickname, to add a further touch of perfection to their beautiful house in Beverly Hills.

Gladys Robinson has devised a way of giving her husband a real he-man's treat once a year. She plans an all-male party for him, down to the tiniest detail. In the café built below their music-room she caters for sixty men; every screen actor of note, musicians, artists, authors arrive at the house in droves. When Gladys has made sure that sixty juicy steaks are grilling over charcoal, that the caviare is icy cold and the coffee steaming hot, she puts on her hat and sneaks out for a quiet game of bridge with three girl friends, leaving her husband to be a veritable king in his own castle.

LIKE Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak, Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, met on board ship. The Atlantic, though it divides nations, geographically has a neat way of drawing them together romantically. It was in May, 1931, on board the *Ile de France* that Spanish-born Valentin Parera first saw (*Continued on page 122*)

I keep fit and well-

because I eat plenty of bread with every meal. Not only does bread help me to get more good from other foods, but it is the cheapest and most efficient source of energy.

Eat

BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.370

FIGS LIKE THESE DON'T GROW ON TREES

No, they are not just figments of the imagination, but real fresh figs made more delicious than you could possibly imagine. Tree-grown figs with all their natural goodness but jellied, shaped and showered with sugar for your sweet-tooth . . . at Dessert, Bridge Drives and Parties . . . figs that won't stick to your fingers but *will* stick in your mind as the choicest confections you've ever tasted.

Get a drum of Batger's original 'Chinese' Figs to-day, but be sure they *are* BATGER'S!—always fresh, always in season.

Batger's original 'CHINESE' FIGS

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sold in Wooden Drums by all Grocers and Stores

'PER-FIG-LY DELICIOUS'
BATGER & CO.

TYROL

Snow and Sun. All Winter Sports. 2,000 Beginners' Slopes—3,000 Ski Trails. World-famed Ski Schools.

Information and booklets at all Tourist Agencies and Official Tourist Bureau of Innsbruck, Tyrol:

You can do 15,000 ft. downhill Ski-ing a day with the new

GALZIG—Cable-Railway (6,900 ft.)

from **St. Anton am Arlberg (4,300 ft.)**

1,000 Beds.

Hannes Schneider's Ski-ing School

BERWANG (4,008 ft.)

All Winter Sports. Modern Comfort. Snow from middle of December to middle of April.

Pension S. 8 to 16 – Booklet.

SEEFELD (3,600 ft.)

The sunny Terrace of Tyrol with its ideal Ski-ing slopes.

Toni Seelos' World-famed Ski School.

Hollywood's Matrimonial League of Nations

Grace Moore, blonde singer from Tennessee who has become world-famous. On the promenade deck, as the ship ploughed her way towards France, sat a fair-haired girl playing backgammon with another girl, who was her secretary. The fair-haired girl banged one of her men down, so that it bounced and fell on the deck. On his daily promenade, Valentin Parera saw the backgammon counter, picked it up and restored it to the girl who had dropped it.

She looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were blue, like gentians. She smiled, and he saw that her teeth were like two rows of pearls. He bowed, as she thanked him for restoring her counter, and continued his walk while the two girls continued their game. As he marched steadily round the deck Mr. Parera told himself he had met, at last, his ideal girl; the one woman in the world he wanted to marry.

He had no idea who she was; he imagined she must be English. The next day he hunted for her, but she was invisible. As he was walking on deck with the captain, she came in sight, and bowed slightly as they passed. To the captain Mr. Parera ventured to say that he would like to have the honour of meeting the slim young lady who had just gone by. To which the captain's only reply was a smile. *He* knew who the young lady really was—and imagined that Valentin Parera did, too.

Next night it was announced that Grace Moore, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House, would give a concert on board in aid of a seamen's charity. A banquet, given by the captain, in honour of Miss Moore was to follow the concert. In the concert lounge Mr. Parera met the girl who had opposed his unknown fair-haired divinity at backgammon. The girl stopped him, and said: "Of course, you will be at the concert to-night, Monsieur?" He replied that he thought not; he did not know anybody, and did not want to be alone. Then she said: "Oh, but you *must* hear Grace Moore sing—you remember, she was playing backgammon with me, the day you returned one of her counters."

So the girl was Grace Moore—*the* Grace Moore! That evening the captain introduced Valentin Parera to Miss Moore, and one of the first things he asked was—did she talk French, as his English was so bad. She *did* talk French, and everything moved along swimmingly from that moment. They sat on deck after the banquet, until three in the morning, with a blanket wrapped round their feet and a full moon shining on the ocean. Full moons on shining oceans have been responsible for countless romances; and that full moon saw the beginning of this one.

When Valentin Parera wrote to his family in Spain that he was in Paris and had fallen in love with an American prima donna whom he wanted them to meet before the marriage took place, they advised him most strongly against making any such alliance. Their idea was that modern American girls are brought up far too freely to make good wives for a Castilian. They said no Latin-born man could hope to be happy with an American wife. But Valentin Parera disagreed; he knew he loved Grace Moore, and she loved him. Their friendship was based on absolute sincerity and honesty; they had no secrets from each other. So they were married, in Cannes on the Riviera, with such celebrities as Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson and Maurice Chevalier representing the film world, in which Grace Moore was destined to make such a dramatic success a few years later.

THERE is one curious thing attached to the meeting and marriage of Valentin Parera and Grace Moore. Originally, he had booked his passage back to Europe on the *Paris*; but business delayed him in New York, and he postponed his sailing to the *Ile de France*—on which he met his wife. When he told her this, she stared at him and said: "But I did exactly the same thing! I was booked on

Allenburys Pastilles keep the throat free from winter troubles, and children love the blackcurrant flavour

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT **PASTILLES**

FOR YOUR **THROAT**

New? No it's VITA-Cleaned

You won't fancy mere Dry-Cleaning once you've seen how Vita-Cleaning renews the life of the fabric. And our fashion trained finishers make such a difference. See how little it costs, even to have a change of colour—and Plus-Dyeing includes Vita-Cleaning.

	Vita-Cl'n'd	Plus Dyed
Lady's Costume *Skirt & Jacket),* **Plain Frock or Long Coat**	4/-	7/-
Evening Gown *from*	5/-	*from* 7/6
Plain Skirt	2/-	3/6

Extra if fur-trimmed, pleated or ruched.)

48-HOUR SERVICE FOR VITA-CLEANING.

FREE! **"YOU SHALL DYE"!** A book full of ideas and facts about saving smartly with Vita-Cleaning and Plus-Dyeing. Also Price List and (if specially requested) a range of 18 colour patterns in actual fabric. Send p.c to Liaison Bureau.

We pay Return Postage

CLARK'S DYE WORKS LTD **RETFORD**

Here's That Remarkable New Make Up

SO MANY WOMEN ARE ASKING ABOUT

In handsome gilt case 3/6

Rouge Angelus Calligenique is a *pâté* rouge, applied with its own special puff. In 15 seconds the colour is distributed evenly and naturally, and your make-up is perfect—for the whole day. It adapts *itself* naturally to all differing lights—sun, cloudy days, electricity—no evening change of make-up necessary. Colour *alone* remains on skin—no painted look. Stands *hours* of sea or sun bathing without changing tone. Blends perfectly with your favourite powder shade.

PÂTÉ ROUGE ANGELUS
Louis Philippe
CALLIGENIQUE

Sponsored by the creator of the most distinguished lipstick in the world.

You drink it like Tea

—and make it like tea, too . . . Let Slendene-Valetta be your first drink every morning and you will find that not only does it disperse that unwanted adipose, but tones up the whole system at the same time.

"There are no harmful drugs in Slendene Valetta. The formula contains over 40 carefully blended herbs. A six weeks extensive treatment costs only 7/6. Send a P.O. or cheque to-day and regain your youthful health and vigour.

SLENDENE-VALETTA
SLIMMING TONIC

Dr. H. E. P. CLASSICS, Ltd.
Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

the *Paris;* some dresses were not ready, so I had to wait in New York, and my reservations were switched to the *Ile de France.* So Fate intended us to meet, anyhow."

Luise Rainer, of the pansy-brown eyes, the wind-blown hair and the quiveringly sensitive mouth, had Hollywood gaping in amazement when the announcement of her surprise wedding to Clifford Odets hit the newspapers on January 8, 1937. Luise, twenty-five years old, a brilliant screen star, Clifford Odets, thirty years old, a firebrand of a playwright, with an uncompromisingly bitter soul, the appearance of a college professor and spectacles that magnify everything in sight. Odets is a fighter of the most virulent type; fearless, outspoken, a fanatic where his interest and sympathies lie.

Luise Rainer arrived in Hollywood, from her native Vienna, with a trunkful of sorrow. The actress with a load of misery, one might have called her. Clifford Odets arrived in Hollywood bearing his own particular kind of cross. From the left-wing theatre of New York to the right-wing studios of California is a bit of a jump; ideals are apt to collapse on the carpet when studios hand out large pay-cheques. And so it was with Clifford Odets. He came west to labour on the script of *The General Died at Dawn.* Back east, his pals in the Group Theatre and the rest of New York's artistic citizens, sent sneers and stabs of sarcasm hurtling after the man who deserted them to make some *real* money.

So Clifford, in his room in the Writer's Building at Paramount, and Luise in her luxurious dressing-room suite at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and her lovely house at the beach with Max Reinhardt as her next-door neighbour, found themselves the loneliest people in the State of California. The trouble was that they were lonely *alone,* at the beginning of the story. Only when they met, and became lonely *together,* did Romance step into the picture. Two alert, vigorous minds, two striking personalities both conscious of the horrid fate which stalks all those who think too much and feel too deeply, in a somewhat inarticulate way.

It was Max Reinhardt who put a match to the bundle of heart-sick temperamentality that was Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets. He gave a dinner party at his house next door to Luise's mansion; and, sad to say, it is rumoured in Hollywood that at their first meeting Miss Rainer and Mr. Odets regarded each other as a jar of poison. Soon, Clifford Odets, once an obscure actor who had never done any good when he tried to utter words written by another man, but found himself famous when he started to write words which he handed over for other men to speak, ceased to regard the Viennese actress as poison. After the Reinhardt party he met again and changed his mind about the Luise strange dreamy-eyed girl who spoke his own language with considerable difficulty.

Music was an interest they shared, and Hollywood gaped when the aloof Rainer and the firebrand Odets were seen together at concerts and the opera. A strangely unorthodox courtship began, unlike the love affairs to which Hollywood has grown painfully accustomed. The next move was the departure of Mr. Odets to New York, his work on *The General* completed. Later, Miss Rainer followed him; and New York's gossipists took delight in recording the fact that these two unusual people were being seen about together, here and there. Back went Miss Rainer to Hollywood and her work, denying that there was any possibility of a marriage in the near future.

Clifford Odets saw his new play produced; *Paradise Lost* he called it, and New York critics decided that it was a complete loss, so far as they were concerned. It flopped badly; so Clifford Odets turned a furious back on Times Square and a stormy face towards Hollywood, to become a screen writer in earnest for United Artists. On January 4, 1937, Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets were married, thus uniting Austria and America in no uncertain fashion. A few weeks later rumours of their separation and impending divorce hit the papers. But they are still married—or were,

(Continued on page 124)

New Edition Copiously Illustrated

The 'HUMAN HAIR'

"How to keep it in Health."
"How to treat it in Disease."

By PROF. HARLEY PARKER

The Renowned Consulting Hair Specialist.

Author of "Scalp and Facial Massage," "Uric Acid and the Hair," "The Hair and the Nervous System," "Alopecia Areata," "Anæmia and the Hair," "Beauty's Quest," "The Lady's Toilet Table," etc.

PRESS NOTICES

"Everybody should read this little book."—*Scotsman.*

"The new facts related by the Professor have come upon us as a kind of revelation."—*The Guardian.*

"The precepts he lays down for the management, preservation and restoration of the hair are at once simple, lucid and convincing."—*Medical Record.*

CONTENTS

Some recent discoveries in connection with the effect of Vitamin " F " upon hair growth and colour.
Skin diseases that affect the hair.
Diet and hair health.
Correct treatment of scurf and scalp irritation.
Varied treatments for dry, and for greasy hair.
Why excessive washing is inadvisable.
How to prevent the hair falling to excess.
How to treat the hair in childhood.
How to obtain an exact diagnosis of your particular hair trouble.

Send 2d. (postage) for a copy of this useful little manual, to

PROF. HARLEY PARKER
DESK 31
117 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD
BELGRAVIA .. S.W.1

Call here for free expert advice, or special treatment. Send combings for chemical test, and detail report on existing conditions.

ONLY WOMEN UNDERSTAND

what a boon and a blessing Cephos is on " certain days." This prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician really gives wonderful relief in cases of intense pain and discomfort.

Cephos is quite harmless and does not affect the heart. It is also sold for headache, colds and 'flu by all Chemists and Stores. 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose, 2d.

Cephos REGD
Pronounced See-foss
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

FREE sample sent on receipt of a p.c. giving name and address to the Lady Supervisor, Cephos Ltd., (Dept. 52 W.), Blackburn.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

FEBRUARY, 1938

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Page

A

Allenburys Diet 102
Allenburys Pastilles 122
Arden, Elizabeth 87
Arrid Cream 100

B

Barnardo's Homes 4
Batger's 'Chinese' Figs 122
Bear Brand Stockings 89
Benger's Food 119
Bentley Motors 78
Bread 121
Byard Mfg. Co. Ltd. 118

C

Cannon Iron Foundries 116
Cardinal Polish 115
Carr's Biscuits 5
Cephos, Ltd. 123
Clark's Dyeworks 122
Cow & Gate 113
Cuticura 103

D

Drene Shampoo 100

E

Esse Cooker Co. 84
Ever Ready 125

F

Firth-Vickers Stainless Steels Ltd. .. 104
Ford Motors 76
Forhans 102

G

Gelty Distributing Co. 115
Golden Eagle Knitting Wools .. 4
Grant, Helen, Ltd. 115

H

Haig Whisky 93
Harley Parker, J. 123
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream .. 106
Hofels, J. A. Curative Foods 102
Hoover, Ltd. 101
Horlicks Malted Milk 105
Horrockses, Crewdson & Co., Ltd. .. 107

K

Kruschen Salts 120

L

Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet .. 120
Lagonda Motors 78
Lamport & Holt Line Ltd. 4
Larola 5
Lawrence, Helen 100
Leichner Hormone Cream 108
Louis Philippe 123

Page

M

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder .. 114
Main, R. & A., Ltd. .. .. Cover iii
Mansion Polish 106
Milk of Magnesia 100
Min Cream 118
Minty Bookcases 5
Minty Chairs 111
Morris Motors 82
Motor Combine 80

N

New Zealand Butter 73
Nugget Polish 108

O

Optrex Eye Lotion 120
Oxborow & Fuller, Ltd. 80

P

Palace Hotel, Torquay 84
Palmolive Face Powder 117
Palmolive Soap 112
P.D.S.A. 109
Pepsodent Tooth Paste 114
Phosferine 107
Player's Cigarettes 6
Pond's Creams 1
Potter & Clarke Asthma Cure .. 118

R

Radiation, Ltd. 95
Redex Proprietaries 104
Rowland's Macassar Oil 4

S

Sashena 108
Schweppes 74
Seagers Egg Flip 80
Shackleton, Mrs. 120
Shredded Wheat .. .. Cover ii
Slendene-Valetta 123
" Swan Brand " Aluminium Ware .. 109

T

Tampax, Ltd. 97
Tangee Lipstick 104
Tattoo Lipstick .. .. Cover iv
Triplex Cooker 91
Tyrol 122

V

Vandre, Ltd. 108
Vapex 110
Vauxhall Motors 2
Vick-Vatronol 114
Viyella Knitting Wools 84
Vulcan Stoves 80

W

Warner Corsets 4
Wills's Gold Flake 125

Y

Yardley Lavender Water 99

Hollywood's Matrimonial League of Nations

at the time this article was written.

Dolores del Rio, daughter of Mexico and married originally to a Spaniard, met Cedric Gibbons at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios when she was making *The Trail of '98*, way back in the days of silent pictures. Mr. Gibbons is the brilliant American designer who creates those luscious sets for the big M-G-M productions. The lovely Mexican girl and good-looking Mr. Gibbons fell in love; they have been married for several years now, and the house Cedric designed for his wife is one of the most original and beautiful I have ever seen.

ERROL FLYNN and Lili Damita—Irish and French respectively—met on an ocean liner; just another of those "on-the-steam-ship-coming-over" things! Their marriage has been a series of separations, divorce rumours and reconciliations. At one time it seemed certain that they would be divorced, but the next thing anyone knew was that they had been found dining very much *tête à tête* at Café Lamaze, their favourite night-haunt in Hollywood.

Another couple of battlers who stay married in spite of all that is said or written to the contrary may be found in Mexican Lupe Velez and German-American Johnny Weissmuller. Lupe and her Johhny scream their family quarrels and makings-up at the top of their lungs in all sorts of public places. They fight, and kiss, and fight again. But Lupe, the fiery little Mexican wild-cat, remains Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller in spite of all the shouting.

The *entente cordiale* is well represented by Monsieur and Madame Charles Boyer—Pat Paterson to her fans. The English girl who went to Hollywood and found fame there, met the suave French actor when they were working in the studios. Pat Paterson had not been very long in Hollywood; Charles Boyer had been there, and left in a fury of disappointed indignation, only to return again and settle down. His engagement to more than one lovely actress had been talked about, but after he met blonde Pat Paterson nobody else meant anything. They staged a spur-of-the-moment elopement one week-end, and Pat returned to her studio to announce, dramatically, that she had become Mrs. Charles Boyer between Saturday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson (Ruby Keeler) link Ireland and Russia, through their happy marriage. Al, whose real name is Asa Yoelson, was born in St. Petersburg; Ruby was born in one of the crowded avenues of New York's Eastside, one of a large family of Irish children who still retain a touch of the Emerald Isle though they were born in a strange new country. Their marriage caused gasps of astonishment, but the Russian and the Irish girl are showing a lot of other husbands and wives what true happiness in marriage can mean.

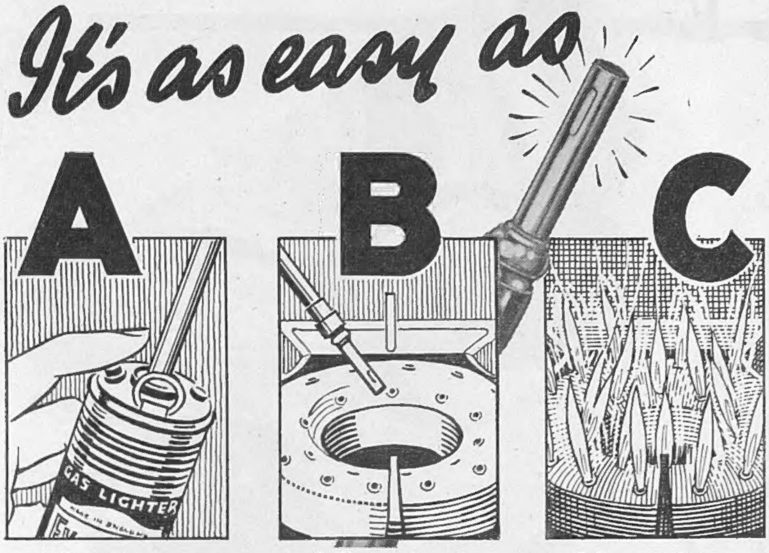
FRANCIS LEDERER, the actor from Czecho-slovakia who captured the affections of London playgoers through his performance in *Autumn Crocus;* was one of Hollywood's most chased bachelors until he fell in love with Margo, the dancing girl who was born in Mexico City, and who came to Hollywood to find herself hailed as a fine dramatic actress. They were married a few months ago; two definite personalities, neither of them inclined to suffer fools gladly. Hollywood hopes this union will work out well, as marriages go.

Mary Astor has taken as her third husband a Mexican, Marcel del Campo; Maureen O'Sullivan, from Ireland, and John Farrow, from Australia, had to travel half round the world before they met in California and fell in love. Karen Morley, who is an American, is the wife of Charles Vidor, a film director whose birthplace was Hungary.

So do the countries of the world shake hands through the medium of Hollywood's matrimonial League of Nations.

END

It's as easy as A B C

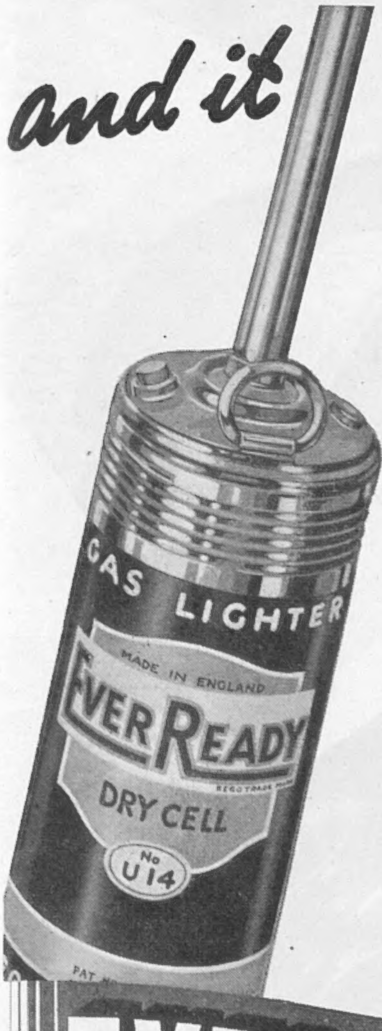


A. Turn on the gas and depress switch of Ever Ready Gaslighter.

B. Direct glowing end of Gaslighter to gas jet.

C. Your gas is lit immediately without mess, fuss or bother. A child could do it.

and it saves you £-s-d



Apart from being so easy to operate, an Ever Ready Gaslighter saves good, hard cash. In fact, by the time you have used two batteries you will be about 13/6 better off than if you had continued to use matches. Remember, too, the Ever Ready Gaslighter has a neat ring-hanger, which ensures its always being in place . . . never in the way and yet never out of it. Also it is all chromium plated and therefore will not tarnish. Switch over now to an Ever Ready Gaslighter and save!

See how you SAVE

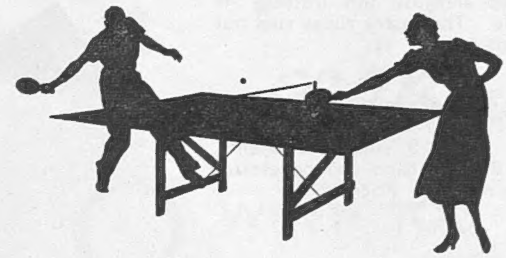
Lighter with battery - - -	5/-
Refill battery - - - - -	1/6
Total Cost - - - - - -	6/6
Equivalent to 14,000 matches costing about - - - - -	20/-
Nett Saving - - - - -	13/6

EVER READY

5/- GAS LIGHTER

INCLUDING 1/- TAX PAID

The Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) Ltd., Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.7, manufacturers of Torches and Dry Cells, Cycle Lamps, H.T. Batteries, Radio Receivers, etc.



Now for a rest to enjoy

the distinctive flavour of a

WILL'S

GOLD FLAKE

the man's cigarette that

women like

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

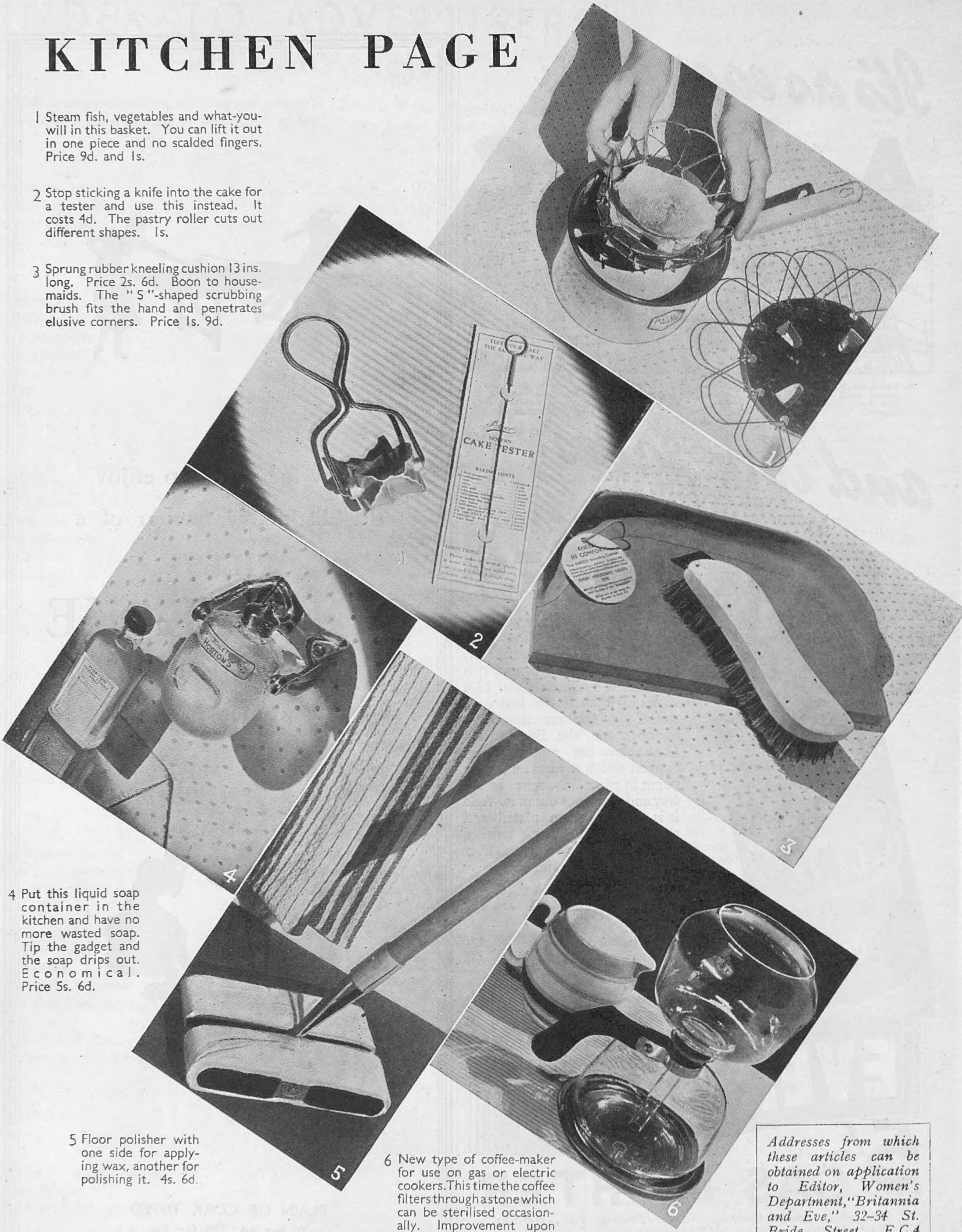
G.F.B. 361

KITCHEN PAGE

1 Steam fish, vegetables and what-you-will in this basket. You can lift it out in one piece and no scalded fingers. Price 9d. and 1s.

2 Stop sticking a knife into the cake for a tester and use this instead. It costs 4d. The pastry roller cuts out different shapes. 1s.

3 Sprung rubber kneeling cushion 13 ins. long. Price 2s. 6d. Boon to housemaids. The "S"-shaped scrubbing brush fits the hand and penetrates elusive corners. Price 1s. 9d.



4 Put this liquid soap container in the kitchen and have no more wasted soap. Tip the gadget and the soap drips out. Economical. Price 5s. 6d.

5 Floor polisher with one side for applying wax, another for polishing it. 4s. 6d.

6 New type of coffee-maker for use on gas or electric cookers. This time the coffee filters through a stone which can be sterilised occasionally. Improvement upon filter paper. Price 15s.

Addresses from which these articles can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879 Sec. 397. P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd

So simple to cook—

WHEN YOU HAVE THE PROPER APPLIANCE

How the MAINSTAT controls the cooking

It first establishes the correct heat in the oven. Then it automatically turns down the gas to the exact size of flame required for the cooking. At the end of an exact time the food is ready.

The marks on the MAINSTAT enable it to be set to give any heat required for any sort of food.

The MAINSTAT abolishes the "hit-or-miss" method of cooking, and ensures that only the exact amount of gas necessary will be used — and no more.

To have your kitchen fitted with a MAIN Gas Cooker is the first step to easier and better cooking.

The oven, with its patent removable shelf supports and reversible grid shelves, cooks the food to perfection under the most economical conditions, and without attention, because of its MAINSTAT automatic oven control.

The hotplate provides a selection of boiling and grilling burners with that fine adjustment of heat that prevents waste.

In addition, you have in the MAIN Gas Cooker, an appliance that is an ornament to any kitchen —all glistening enamel and chromium plate.

● *Further particulars of MAIN Cookers in green and cream, blue and white, or dapple grey enamel finishes are given in the MAIN RECIPE BOOK.*

FILL IN AND POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

MAIN *Mainstat*

OVEN-HEAT CONTROLLED

GAS COOKERS

Call and inspect these Cookers at your local Gas Showrooms

Please send me a copy of your FREE RECIPE BOOK, post free

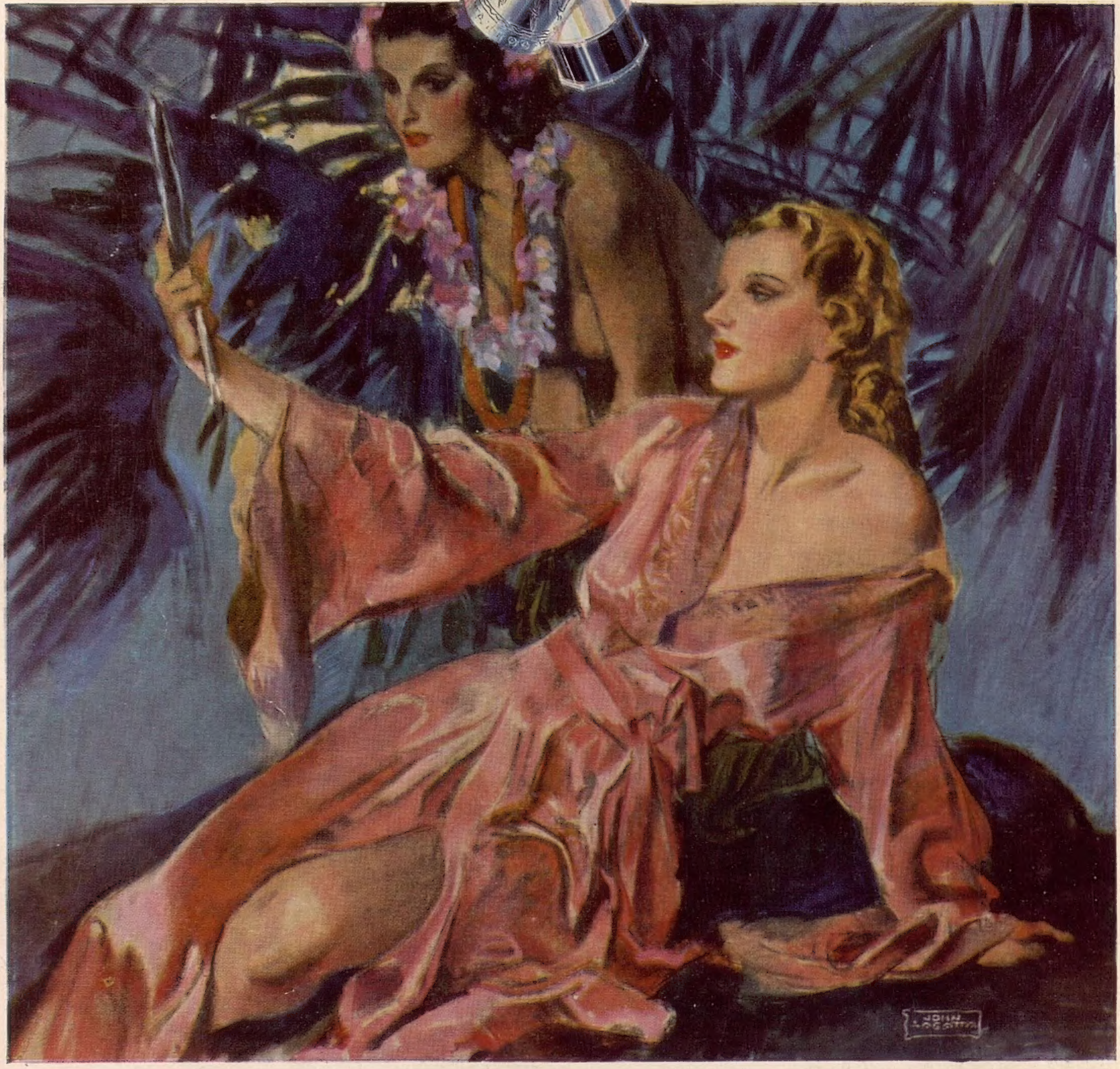
Name ....

Address ....

....

R. & A. MAIN LIMITED (Dept. 38)
48 Grosvenor Gardens, LONDON, S.W.1.

So lovely are lips . . . by TATTOO!



Who's going to say what beauty (feminine) is to-day? It's a matter of dress and the way you walk and talk. It's being *you* to the nth degree—and in more dimensions than three! That's why Tattoo has been claimed and acclaimed by earth's loveliest creatures as *their* lipstick. Tattoo answers that final question—"Is my mouth on straight?" Tattoo brings exotic, heart-throbbing shades—plus dew-kissed stain instead of greasy coating . . . that South Sea Tattoo secret is yours! Tattoo lipstick stays on *definitely!* All the loveliest lips are . . . by Tattoo! Lovely—and loveable!

CORAL
EXOTIC
NATURAL
PASTEL
HAWAIIAN

4/6 (refill 3/6)

Tattoo Ltd.